Edited by

LIN YUTANG

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Contents

INTRODUCTION 9

INDIAN PIETY

Hymns from the Rigveda
- Introduction 17
- To Indra 20
- To Prajāpati 21
- To Varuna 22
- To Indra 23
- To the Purusha 24
- To Night 25
- To the Dawn 26

The Upanishads
- Introduction 28
- The Story of the Creation 31
- The Subtle Essence 35
- The True Brahman 37
- Emancipation 37
- The Conquest of Death 38
- The One God 42
- The Immanence of God 44
- God Is Within You 46
- Know God 47

The Lord's Song (The Bhagavad-Gita)
- Introduction 50
- The Blessed Lord's Song 53

The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali
- Introduction 106
- Concentration: Its Spiritual Uses 111
- Concentration: Its Practice 114
- Powers 117
- Independence 120

INDIAN IMAGINATION

The Ramayana
Introduction 125
Book I Sita-Swayamvara 130
Book II Vana-Gamana-Adesa 140
Book III Dasa-Ratha-Viyoga 153
Book IV Rama-Bharata-Sambada 169
Book V Panchavati 178
Book VI Sita-Harana 185
Book VII Kishkindha 195
Book VIII Sita-Sandesa 204
Book IX Ravana-Sabha 210
Book X Yuddha 216
Book XI Rajya-Abhisheka 231
Book XII Aswa-Medha 237

INDIAN HUMOUR

The Fables of Panchatantra
Introduction 245
Introduction to the Stories 250
The Frogs That Rode Snakeback 252
The Unforgiving Monkey 253
The Lion-Makers 256
Mouse-Maid Made Mouse 257
The Duel Between Elephant and Sparrow 259
The Heron That Liked Crabmeat 261
The Unteachable Monkey 263
The Brahman's Goat 263
The Snake in the Prince's Belly 265
The Gullible Husband 266
The Butter-Blinded Brahman 268
The Brahman, the Thief and the Ghost 268
The Loyal Mungoose 270
The Mice That Set Elephants Free 270
The Ass in the Tiger-Skin 272
The Farmer's Wife 272
The Brahman's Dream 274
Shell-Neck, Slim, and Grim 274
The Enchanted Parrot
Introduction 270
Yasodevī and Her Transmigrations 279
The Queen and the Laughing Fish 280
The Son of Promise 288

Devikā and Her Foolish Husband 291
The Lady and the Tiger 292
The Concluding Story 293

BUDDHISM

The Dhammapada
Introduction 299
The Dhammapada 305
Three Sermons by Buddha
Introduction 333
The Sermon at Benares 335
The Sermon on Abuse 338
The Fire Sermon 339
Some Buddhist Parables and Legends
Introduction 341
Kisā Gotamī 343
The Marriage-Feast in Jambūnada 345
Following the Master over the Stream 346
The Greedy Monk 347
A Courtesan Tempts the Monk Ocean-of-Beauty 349
The Light of Asia
Introduction 353
The Light of Asia 356
The Surangama Sutra
Introduction 459
The Surangama Sutra 463
What Is Nirvana?
Introduction 514
What Is Nirvana? 516

GLOSSARY OF HINDU WORDS 521

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Introduction

I AM NOT a Sanskrit or Pali scholar, but, better than that, a lover of books that are eternal in their wisdom. The purpose of this book is to communicate a joyful experience of the beauty and wisdom of India's literature and share it with my readers. In the process of compilation, I could not have enjoyed it more if I had taken a trip to India. How could it be otherwise? The contact with poets, forest saints and the best wits of the land, the glimpse into the first awakening of Ancient India's mind as it searched, at times childishly and naïvely, at times with a deep intuition, but at all times earnestly and passionately, for the spiritual truths and the meaning of existence—this experience must be highly stimulating to anyone, particularly because the Hindu culture is so different and therefore has so much to offer. One sees the ideas and the ethos of a nation as revealed in its literature, which have activated and moulded that people for three thousand years. Not until we see the richness of the Hindu mind and its essential spirituality can we understand India or hope to share with it the freedom and equality of peoples which we in some lame and halting fashion are trying to create out of this morally and politically chaotic world.

I strongly suspect that the average reader does not suspect India has as rich a culture, as creative an imagination and wit and humour as any China has to offer, and that India was China's teacher in religion and imaginative literature, and the world's teacher in trigonometry, quadratic equations, grammar, phonetics, Arabian Nights, animal fables, chess, as well as in philosophy, and that she inspired Boccaccio, Goethe, Herder, Schopenhauer, Emerson, and probably also old Æsop.

But the great age of Western appreciation of Indian literature and philosophy, the age of Sir William Jones, Franz Bopp and Sir Edwin Arnold, has passed. The enthusiasm that came with the discovery of Sanskrit and the founding of the science of Indo-Germanic philology, directly inspired by it, soon evaporated. 1860 marked the turning point. G. T. Garratt writes in his extremely informative article "Indo-British

Civilization" in *The Legacy of India* (Oxford): "This phase was not fated to last. His [Sir William Jones's] successors soon began to adopt that slightly hostile and superior attitude which characterizes the work of Englishmen writing on Indian subjects. . . . From about 1836, this tradition had become firmly established. India was the 'Land of Regrets' in which Englishmen spent years of exile amongst a people half savage, half decadent." "After the Mutiny . . . new types of Englishmen went out East, including journalists and schoolmasters; they brought their wives, and were visited by tourists; within India a domiciled English and Eurasian population was growing in numbers and developing a life of its own. . . . The British were rapidly developing into a separate caste, strongly reinforced by the new officials, planters, and business men who came crowding out East after 1860. There was a natural tendency for writers to concentrate more upon this colony of their expatriated countrymen," producing a mass of cheap novels, "nearly all of which are grossly offensive to (the Hindu) race." "They are interesting for the light they throw upon the bureaucracy during the most static, self-satisfied, and sterile era of British rule, from about 1870, till the end of the century. The greater part of Rudyard Kipling's Indian works is directly in this tradition, though it is illumined by his own genius. . . . Apart from the 'Jungle' books, the greater part of his Indian fiction and verse is concerned with these two [European and Eurasian] tiny communities, the officials and military officers, and the subordinate Europeans and Eurasians. Round them surges the immense sea of Indians, but nearly all of this subjected race who appear as individuals are minor characters, mostly domestic servants or women kept by Englishmen. The few educated Indians who come into his pages seem to have been introduced to satisfy the deep-seated prejudices of the English in India. . . . Kipling allowed himself the most astounding generalizations about Indian duplicity and mendacity, or the physical cowardice of certain races." When Sir Edwin Arnold wrote about 1860 in his Preface to his translation of the *Hitopadesa*, "No one listens now to the precipitate ignorance which would set aside as 'heathenish' the high civilization of this great race," he did not know what he was talking about. India today has become an untouchable topic, and the most untouchable topic is about the untouchable caste of the Englishmen in India—I must forbear to touch the topic now.

The average Western attitude toward India may be summed up in a sentence which contains a fourfold untruth: "All I know about India is that the Hindus are Buddhists, and as the Nirvana of Buddha's teachings means extinction, obviously India has nothing to contribute to the world civilization." The first untruth is that the Hindus are

Buddhists, which they as a nation are not. Characteristically, the Hindus have rejected Buddhism as the Jews have rejected Christianity. The second untruth is the assumption that the meaning of Nirvana is ever understood by the conditioned, finite, logical intelligence of man. The third untruth rises from the fact that India has actually produced a vast, rich imaginative literature and philosophy, besides Buddhism, and that the Indian culture is highly creative, and in fact has enriched the world literature with the droll humour that we associate with the *Arabian Nights*. And the fourth untruth is the denial that the essential spiritual concept of man in both Hinduism and Buddhism, their essential denial of materialism, and their stand on non-violence arising from those religions, have anything to teach to the modern world. Buddha taught that the greatest sin is ignorance or thoughtlessness, and that the holy life begins with, and is founded upon, moral earnestness and the spirit of inquiry and self-examination. This sin of thoughtlessness about India has to cease. Nobody is going to profit by making the problem of India or British rule in India an untouchable topic. It is my firm belief that this generation of elderly statesmen is hopeless, and that we must begin by educating a new generation towards a more correct view of the Indian nation.

The basic material concerning the beliefs of Hinduism, the national religion of present-day Hindus and their leaders like Gandhi and Nehru, is to be found in the first section on Hindu piety. It is characteristic of Indian thought that, in India, religion and philosophy are inseparable. In India, no "link" between philosophy and religion is necessary, and the problem of finding that fatal missing link in the modern world does not exist. Hindu philosophy and the knowledge of God are inseparable as Chinese philosophy and the questions of human conduct are inseparable. We do not know whether we are coming to the close of an epoch; we do not know whether our highly specialized and departmentalized thinkers are capable of reuniting science, philosophy and religion. But it is evident that India is a land overflowing with religion and with the religious spirit. India produced too much religion, and China, too little. A trickle of Indian religious spirit overflowed to China and inundated the whole of Eastern Asia. Not too little, but too much is India's trouble. It would seem logical and appropriate that any one suffering from a deficiency of the religious spirit should turn to India rather than to any other country in the world. It is apparent that only in India is religion still a living emotion today, and that the Christian doctrine of turning the other cheek could be turned into a national movement, practised by the masses, only in India and in no other country in the world. India's paradox is the pacifist's paradox the

world over. But peace can come only from non-violence and disbelief in force, and non-violence can come only from India, because the Indians seem really to believe in it.

In the realm of imaginative literature the great Indian epics will speak for themselves. The comparison with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is inevitable. I have preferred to give the whole story of the *Ramayana*, rather than give incomplete selections from both; those interested may read the *Mahabharata* in the Everyman's Library edition. I have, for reasons of space, also found it necessary to exclude the great dramatic poetry of *Shakuntala*, by Kalidasa, "the Indian Shakespeare" (Everyman's) and the popular classical drama, *Little Clay Cart* (tr. by Arthur William Ryder, Harvard Oriental Series).

It may also be a complete revelation to find that the fabulous Hindu mind is responsible for the genre of animal fables and many stories of the *Arabian Nights* type, in which Buddhist and non-Buddhist literature abounds. "Numerous European fairy stories, to be found in Grimm or Hans Andersen, including the magic mirror, the seven-leagued boots, Jack and the beanstalk, and the purse of Fortunatus, have been traced to Indian sources," writes H. G. Rawlinson, in his article "India in European Literature and Thought" in *The Legacy of India*. "Many of them are to be found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Decameron*, and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*." The story of the Three Caskets, used in the *Merchant of Venice*, is found in the romance of *Barlaam and Josaphat*, which is too clearly the story of Buddha, who was changed into a Christian garb, and later canonized as a Christian saint as St. Josaphat! And everyone of course knows the story of the Milkmaid who dreamt of her wedding and overthrew the milk pail, now to be recognized in its original form as the story of the Brahman's Dream, included in the selections from the *Panchatantra*.

Lastly, I have included important selections from Buddhist canons and non-canonical works, chiefly from the Mahayana, or the "Greater Vehicle School," or the school of "Northern Buddhism." I confess to a personal bias, and have largely used Mahayana texts based on Chinese translations from the Sanskrit. The study of Pali, which rose to importance about 1880, has shifted the emphasis to the Hinayana texts of the school of "Southern Buddhism." And I believe that, apart from scholarly convenience in the study of Pali, any satisfactory interpretation of Buddhism as a religion for the common man must come from the Mahayana texts. This I have tried to make plain in my introduction to the selection from the *Surangama Sutra*. In spite of the wealth of the Pali *Tripitaka*, I rather think the final gleanings as a living belief for the student of larger human truths must be somewhat barren.

I think it is possible to take the three selections, the *Hymns from the Rigveda*, the *Bhagavad-Gita* and the *Dhammapada*, the latter two being reproduced here complete, as milestones in the development of Hindu thought and find therein the best fruit of the Hindu speculation about the meaning of man's existence on earth.

India's achievements in the field of the positive sciences have naturally not been included. It is interesting to note that when Houston Chamberlain, the English apostle of Aryanism, wanted to prove Aryan superiority, he had to point out Panini as the world's first grammarian. Readers who are interested should read the relevant chapters in *The Legacy of India* or the less obtainable "*Positive Sciences of the Ancient Hindus*" by Sarkar.

In a book for the general reader such as this, it is advisable to use a simple system of transcription of Indian words. I have, therefore, eliminated all accent marks except those for long vowels in the selections. For variations in spellings of the same word, see the short note preceding the "Glossary of Hindu Words."

Finally, I have to thank Dr. Taraknath Das of the College of the City of New York, who has been helpful in guiding me to certain interesting references, as well as explaining certain obscure Indian terms, and in going over the proofs of this book.

INDIAN PIETY

Hymns from the Rigveda

INTRODUCTION

INDIA IS A LAND and a people intoxicated with God. This is the impression of anyone who reads through the Hymns from the *Rigveda*, and follows through the *Upanishads* to the arrival of Buddha in 563 B.C. The Hindu preoccupation with questions of the world soul and the individual soul is so intense that at times it must seem oppressive to a less spiritual people. I doubt there is a nation on earth that equals the Hindus in religious emotional intensity except the Jews. It is therefore entirely natural that we find the earliest creation of the Hindu spirit assumed a form and passion very similar to the Psalms of the Old Testament.

Max Müller has called the *Rigveda* (*rig* means "verse" and *veda* means "knowledge," the title meaning "songs of spiritual knowledge") "the first word spoken by the Aryan man." The *Vedas* cover ten books and 1,028 hymns. In point of antiquity, the earliest of the *Vedas* probably went as far back as 1,500 or 1,200 B.C., covering eight centuries of development, during which they grew to their present form. Throughout this development and down to present-day Hinduism, we see this preoccupation with God and the mystic conception of the universe. Hindus are natural mystics, mysticism meaning a form of religion aiming at achieving direct union with God. To achieve the union of the individual soul (*atman*) with the world soul (*brahma*) behind all things may be said to be the whole effort of the Vedic philosophy.

In these Hymns one sees, at the very birth of this religious spirit, such utterances expressing an awakening of man's soul and sense of wonder and doubt and intellectual inquiry, in such characteristic fashion like something that hits one in the eye. It may sound frivolous, yet profoundly true to say that Hindu intoxication with God began with the

drink of the soma-juice, a fermented drink from the soma-plant, used in Vedic rituals. For, says the early Hindu poet:

In no wise are the five peoples aught to me. Have I not drunk of the Soma?
Not the half part of me are both the two worlds (Heaven and Earth). Have I not drunk of the Soma?
The Heaven I have overpassed in greatness and this great Earth. Have I not drunk of the Soma?
Lo! I will put down this Earth here or yonder. Have I not drunk of the Soma?
In Heaven is one-half of me. Down below I have drawn the other. Have I not drunk of the Soma? (*Song of Indra.*)

The case for intoxication with God is therefore established. And readers may well regard these Hymns as the first cocktail sips of the Hindu religious philosophy.

The suggestion of similarity with the Psalms is inevitable, when one reads lines like the following, in the able version by E. J. Thomas:

And to my own self I say this: when shall I come into the presence of Varuna? What oblation of mine will he accept without wrath? When may I with a cheerful heart behold his mercy?

Our father's sins loose from us, loose those which we have committed of ourselves. O king, loose Vasishtha,[1] as a thief that delights in cattle, as a calf from its halter.

O Varuna, who preservest thine own nature, may this hymn of praise abide in thy heart. Blessing be on us in acquiring and on us in protection.[2] Protect us ever with blessings. (*To Varuna.*)

Or listen to the first fervent cry of joy at the glories of the sunrise at dawn:

The Dawn born in the Sky has revealed herself duly, and has come manifesting her majesty. She has uncovered hostile things and hateful darkness. She, the best of Angirases, has wakened the paths.

The red spotted horses have appeared bringing the gleaming Dawn. Shining she goes on her chariot that is bedecked with all adornments; she bestows treasure on the man that serves her.

True with the true, great with the great, A Goddess with the Gods, worshipped with the worshipful, breaking down the strong places, giving kine—the cows are eager for the Dawn.

[1] The seer to whom this hymn with the whole of Book VII is attributed.
[2] Mr. Bijapurkar says: "To a Hindu mind there need be no difficulty as to the explanation of this line. *Yoga* means 'acquisition'; *kshema* means 'protection'." Grassmann says, "work" and "rest."

Give us treasure of cattle, or heroes, O Dawn, treasure of horses that nourishes many. Make not our altar-grass a reproach among men. Ye Gods, protect us ever with blessings. (*To Ushas, the Dawn.*)

Equally reminiscent of the Psalms are the Hymns to Indra, the "fierce god":

Who slew with his bolt many who wrought great evil, while they thought not of it; who yields not at the boldness of the bold, who is the slayer of the Dasyu—he, O men, is Indra.

Heaven and Earth bow before him, the mountains are in fear for his might; who is known as the soma-drinker, with thunderbolt on his arm, with thunderbolt in his hand—he, O men, is Indra. (*To Indra.*)

And the sense of intellectual inquiry naturally followed the sense of wonder and worship:

Which was the former, which of them the latter? How born? O sages, who discerns? They bear of themselves all that has existence. Day and Night revolve as on a wheel. (*To Heaven and Earth.*)

Scepticism arose at the end of the Song of Creation, "The Beginning of Things":

Whence this creation has come into existence, whether he established it or did not, he who is its overseer in the highest firmament, he verily knows, or he knows not.

And so on, until in the Hymn to Prajāpati (the Creator), which Max Müller has entitled "To the Unknown God," the Vedic poet in ten successive verses asks the question, "What god with our oblation shall we worship?"

I notice among certain European students of Hinduism the constant insinuation of polytheism with a tone of reproach. That Hindu monotheism developed in the *Upanishads* with the Vedanta belief in the One behind all things is a minor point. It is my belief that it is entirely unimportant what god one worships, monotheistic or polytheistic; what is important is that belief should produce the true spirit of devotion in the life of the worshipper. In modern terms, what is important is that religion be "efficient," that is, that it produce results, and I may say that modern monotheism is less efficient than when men believed in the spirituality of trees and rocks, and mountains and rivers.

SONG OF INDRA

Indra is the god most frequently celebrated in the Veda. The traditional view is that he is a god who brings rain. His chief feat is the slaying of the demon Vritra and letting loose the waters. This to the people in the plains of India undoubtedly referred to the coming of rain and the victory over drought. In the Brāhmanas the mountains that are split open by Indra are explained as clouds. . . . The description fits much better the letting loose of the streams after being imprisoned by frost. Hence Hillebrandt holds that at the time when the Vedic peoples inhabited a colder region, Indra must have been a Sun-god who melts the frost on the approach of spring. Indra is especially celebrated as drinking the Soma at the midday pressing, and as god of battle is invoked for victory. Maghavan, "the generous," is his special epithet.

1. Thus indeed, thus is my mind: kine and horses will I win. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

2. Like the roaring winds the draughts of Soma have roused me up. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

3. The draughts have roused me up, as swift horses a chariot. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

4. The hymn has drawn nigh to me, as a lowing cow to her dear calf. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

5. As a carpenter (making) a seat for the chariot, round my heart I bend the hymn. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

6. In no wise are the five peoples[1] aught to me. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

7. Not the half part of me are both the two worlds (Heaven and Earth). Have I not drunk of the Soma?

8. The Heaven I have overpassed in greatness and this great Earth. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

9. Lo! I will put down this Earth here or yonder. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

10. Swiftly will I smite the Earth here or yonder. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

11. In Heaven is one-half of me. Down below have I drawn the other. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

12. I am most mighty. Nigh to the clouds have I risen. Have I not drunk of the Soma?

13. I go into the house (of him) that is ready. To the Gods goes the oblation-bearer (Agni). Have I not drunk of the Soma? (*Book X*, 119.)

[1] Who the five peoples were is not known, probably five tribes among the Vedic Indians. The commentators say the four castes and the nishādas (barbarians), but give as alternative the gods, men, gandharvas (heavenly musicians), nāgas (serpent-demons), and the Fathers.

TO PRAJĀPATI

Prajāpati, "Lord of offspring," found only in late hymns, is in one place an epithet of Savitar, and thus may have developed from the Sun-god. To this his name Golden Germ (*hiranyagarbha*) points. Later with Brihaspati he is identified with Brahmā. *Brahma* (neuter) in the Veda means prayer, magical formula, or spell, and *brahmā* (masculine) is the priest who exercises the magic power. Brahmā as a god is post-Vedic, and appears to have been developed from Brihaspati or Brahmanaspati, "Lord of prayer," the divine priest, and to have taken over the characteristics of Prajāpati the creator. This hymn occurs in a corrupt form in the Atharvaveda, and also in the Yajurveda, which omits the last three verses that identify the god with Prajāpati. Hence in the Brāhmanas, "Who (*ka*) is the god?" is interpreted as "the god is Who (*ka*)," and Ka is made a proper name.

1. As the Golden Germ he arose in the beginning; when born he was the one lord of the existent. He supported the earth and this heaven. What God with our oblation shall we worship?

2. He who gives breath, who gives strength, whose command all the Gods wait upon, whose shadow is immortality, is death—what God with our oblation shall we worship?

3. Who through his greatness over that which breathes and closes the eyes is only king of the world, who is Lord of the two-footed and four-footed—what God with our oblation shall we worship?

4. Whose are the snowy mountains through his greatness, whose, as they say, are the ocean and the Rasa,[1] whose are the regions, whose the arms[2]—what God with our oblation shall we worship?

5. Through whom the mighty heaven and the earth have been fixed, through whom the sun has been established, through whom the firmament; who in the middle sky measures out the air—what God with our oblation shall we worship?

6. To whom the two realms (heaven and earth), sustained by his aid, looked up, trembling in spirit, over whom the risen sun shines—what God with our oblation shall we worship?

7. When the great waters came, bearing all as the Germ, and generating fire (Agni), then arose the one life-spirit of the Gods—what God with our oblation shall we worship?

8. Who through his greatness beheld the waters, that bore power and generated the sacrifice, who was the one God above the Gods—what God with our oblation shall we worship?

[1] A mythical river surrounding the world.

[2] Perhaps the all-embracing arms of Prajāpati. Sāyana (the commentator) understands the four quarters, and by the regions the intermediate quarters

9. May he not injure us, who is the generator of the earth, he of true ordinances, who produced the heaven, who produced the shining mighty waters.

10. O Prajāpati, none other than thôu has encompassed all these created things. May that for which we desiring have invoked thee be ours. May we become lords of wealth. (*Book X*, 121.)

TO VARUNA

Owing to the resemblance of the name Varuna to the Greek Ouranos, Varuna has often been explained as the sky, but no etymologist has shown that the names are realled related, and it is certain that the Indians never recognized Varuna as a Sky-god. He is the companion of Mitra, who appears to have been a sun-god in Iranian, and hence the theory has been put forth that Varuna was a Moon-god. There is no evidence in the Veda for this, and as the name of neither has been explained, both divinities may have been borrowed from another religion, in which they were sun and moon, and in that case it is needless to seek for their origin as Indian gods in any natural phenomena.

1. Sing a great sublime prayer (*brahma*), dear to the ruler Varuna, the glorious, who, as a (sacrificial) slaughterer a skin, has stretched out the earth to be a carpet for the Sun.

2. Varuna spread abroad the air through the forests, he put speed in horses, milk in cows, intellect in the heart, Agni in the waters, the Sun in the sky, Soma on the mountain.

3. Varuna poured the upturned vessel (of the clouds) over heaven, earth, and the middle sky; therewith the king of all beings sprinkles the earth, as rain the barley.

4. Varuna sprinkles the broad earth and sky, when he desires milk. The mountains clothe themselves in the cloud, and the mighty heroes (Maruts) let them loose.

5. I will tell forth the great wondrous power of Varuna the Asura-son, the glorious, who, standing in the middle sky, measured out the earth with the Sun as with a measure.

6. None has dared to question this great wondrous power of the most wise God, in that the shining rivers with their water fill not the one sea into which they flow.

7. What sin we have ever committed against an intimate, O Varuna, against a friend or companion at any time, a brother, a neighbour. or a stranger, that, O Varuna, loose from us.

8. If like gamblers at play we have cheated, whether in truth or without knowing, all that loose from us, O God. So may we be dear to thee, O Varuna. (*Book V*, 85.)

TO INDRA

1. The God, who as soon as born, the first endowed with spirit, who with his power protected the Gods; at whose might, at the greatness of whose virility, the two worlds were terrified—he, O men, is Indra.

2. Who fixed the shaking Earth, who made firm the trembling mountains; who spread out wide the air, who established the Heaven—he, O men, is Indra.

3. Who smote the Serpent, and made the seven rivers to flow, who drove out the cattle from the cave of Vala;[1] who begat Fire between two stones, the spoiler in battles—he, O men, is Indra.

4. By whom all these beings were made to move, who made subject the Dāsa[2] colour; who like a gambler winning a stake laid hold of the enemy's wealth—he, O men, is Indra.

5. The terrible one, of whom they ask, "Where is he?" and say of him, "He is not;" he brings to nought the treasure of the foe, like (a gambler's) stake, believe ye in him—he, O men, is Indra.

6. Who is the furtherer of the rich, of the poor, of the brahman-priest, the singer, seeking refuge; who, the mighty-jawed, helps the soma-presser that has prepared the soma-stones—he, O men, is Indra.

7. In whose command are the horses, the cattle, the villages, and all the chariots; who begot the Sun and the Dawn, who is the leader of the Waters—he, O men, is Indra.

8. Whom the two battle-ranks meeting in conflict invoke, vanguard and rearguard, both the enemies; mounting the same chariot (of Indra) they utter various invocations—he, O men, is Indra.

9. Without whom men do not conquer, whom in battle they invoke for help; who is the pattern for all, who is the shaker of the unshaken—he, O men, is Indra.

10. Who slew with his bolt many who wrought great evil, while they thought not of it; who yields not at the boldness of the bold, who is the slayer of the Dasyu—he, O men, is Indra.

11. Who in the fortieth autumn found out Sambara dwelling in the mountains; who slew the serpent that boasted of his strength, the demon lying (in his lair)—he, O men, is Indra.

12. Who, the mighty Bull with seven reins, let loose to flow the seven rivers; who with thunderbolt on his arm slew Rauhina as he was climbing heaven—he, O men, is Indra.

[1] The demon who hid the cattle. Sambara and Rauhina, below, are other demons.
[2] The Dāsas and Dasyus were the black non-Aryans. Sāyana understands Sūdras or demons (asuras).

5. Home have come the villagers, the footed creatures and the birds, home have come even the greedy falcons.

6. Ward off the she-wolf and the wolf, ward off the thief, O flickering[1] Night. So be thou easy for us to pass through.

7. The darkness bedecking itself, black and anointed, has approached me. O Dawn, remove it like debts.

8. To thee I have driven (this hymn) like oxen. Choose it, O Night, daughter of heaven, like a hymn of praise to a victor. (*Book X*, 127.)

TO THE DAWN

The hymns to Ushas are the most poetical in the Veda in their descriptions of the beauty of the dawn. The name Ushas is related to the Greek Eos and the Latin Aurora, but the Latin mythology is a mere copying of the Greek. She has been identified with the Old English Eostre, whose name partly corresponds, not to the Sanskrit *Ushas*, but to *usrā*, "red." All we really know of Eostre is that Bede says she was a goddess formerly worshipped in April (Eostur-monath), but it is impossible to tell whether Bede had any actual knowledge of some pagan practice or whether he was making a guess.

1. This light, best of lights, has come. The brilliant shining forerunner has been born. As Night is impelled according to the impulse of Savitar (the Sun), so has she abandoned her seat for the Dawn.

2. With her bright offspring[2] the bright one gleaming has come, and the dark one has abandoned her dwelling. Of the same race, immortal, following one another, both heavens (Dawn and Night) move blotting out each other's colour.

3. Common is the path of the two sisters, unending. One after another they traverse it, instructed by the Gods. They quarrel not, they stay not, firmly established, Night and Dawn, of one mind, of different hues.

4. The shining bringer of youthful vigours has appeared. The brilliant one has opened our doors. Rousing the world she has discovered for us wealth. The Dawn has awakened all living things.

5. The generous one, that he who lies down may go, one to his enjoyment, one to his desire, another to wealth, that those who behold little may see widely, the Dawn has awakened all living things.

6. That one may win rule, another fame, another his desire, another achieve his end, to behold their different livelihoods the Dawn has awakened all living things.

7. She, the daughter of the sky, has appeared shining afar, the young

[1] Lit., moving like waves.
[2] Lit., "calf," i.e. Agni, the fire of the sacrifice.

maid in white robes. Ruling over all earthly treasure, O Dawn, here to-day, auspicious one, shine afar.

8. She follows the course of the Dawns that have passed away, she is the first of the endless Dawns to come. Shining afar, rousing up the living, the Dawn awakens none that is dead.

9. As thou, O Dawn, hast put Agni in the kindling-wood, as thou has shone forth with the light of Sūrya (the Sun), as thou hast awakened men to offer sacrifice, so hast thou procured among the Gods fair wealth.

10. How long (has this been)? While she abides between those that have shone and those that shine now, she longs desirous for the former ones, looking forward with joy she goes with the others.

11. Those mortals are gone, who beheld the former Dawn shining afar. Now has she come to our sight. They are coming who shall behold in future times.

12. Removing foes, protector of Law, born from Law, kindly one, stirring youthful vigours, auspicious one, bearing food for the Gods, here to-day, O Dawn, most excellent one, shine afar.

13. Endlessly from of old the Dawn, the Goddess, has shone afar. To-day has gleamed afar the generous one. So will she shine upon days to come. Ageless and immortal she goes on in her own wont.

14. With unguents at the threshold of the day she has beamed forth. The Goddess has thrown aside the robe of darkness. Awakening (the world), with ruddy horses the Dawn comes with well-yoked chariot.

15. Bringing prosperity and riches, showing herself she raises her brilliant banner, last of the endless Dawns that have passed away, first of the shining ones (to come) the Dawn has beamed forth.

16. Rise up. Living life has come to us. The dark has passed away. The light comes. She has abandoned the path for the sun to go. We have come where men prolong their life.

17. With the rein (of speech) the singer on the car raises hymns, praising the far-beaming Dawns. Shine then to-day on the singer, O generous one. Beaming down upon us grant us life with offspring.

18. The Dawns bounteous in kine, in offspring of men-children, who shine afar on the pious mortal, when his hymns have raised youthful vigours (refreshing) as the wind, those Dawns that bestow horses may the Soma-presser win.

19. Mother of Gods, the face of Aditi, the banner of sacrifice, O great one, beam forth. Bestowing renown on the prayer, shine afar upon us. Make us to be fruitful among the people, bestower of all blessings.

20. The brilliant wealth that the Dawns bring to the devout one, who worships auspiciously, may Mitra and Varuna grant us, and Aditi, Sindhu, Earth, and Heaven. (*Book I*, 113.)

The Upanishads

INTRODUCTION

SCHOPENHAUER IS CREDITED to have read a Latin translation of a Persian translation of the *Upanishads*, which influenced his philosophic speculations about the world as will and as idea, and I trust many English readers hear of the *Upanishads* in connection with Schopenhauer, if not with Emerson. The age of "Brahmin" transcendentalism has passed, yet W. B. Yeats, George Russell and a number of contemporary poets seem to entertain a curiosity about what is contained in the mystic-metaphysical view of man and God and the universe in the *Upanishads*.[1] When one comes to read the *Upanishads* themselves, many may have been repelled by what Yeats calls the "polyglot, hyphenated, latinised, muddied muddle of distortion that froze belief" in some of the scholarly translations. Furthermore, the *Upanishads*, being the earliest speculations about the universe and encasing some very naïve dogmatizations as well as later and more mature developments, are often not easy to follow or enjoy, made worse by commentaries by scholars, who help to split the hair, not yet split fine enough by the forest sages of ancient India. A discriminating selection is therefore necessary. Personally I have been kept away from many of the world's masterpieces because in my young days I happened to stumble upon some bad edition or translation of a certain work.

The *Upanishads* are believed to have been mostly written before the time of Buddha, although some (the last five in the present selection) might be as late as 400 B.C. They represented the development of probably three or four centuries, and this fact explains why the different *Upanishads* are of uneven value to the modern reader. Compare, for instance, the first selection with the last in the present volume, and one can readily see the difference in language and thought. It may be

[1] See Yeats' Preface to *The Ten Principal Upanishads* which he helped to translate in collaboration with a Hindu scholar Shree Purohit Swami (Macmillan, 1937).

surprising that the *Upanishads* as a whole are regarded by the Hindus to-day as holy scriptures, which are still sung daily as a form of devotion by the learned Brahmans. Yet an analogy with the Old Testament should make the matter clear. The fact that the books of the Old Testament present different views of Jahveh, now a tribal god, now a supreme ruler, now jealous and fierce with vengeance, and now benevolent, does not make any difference to the average believer in Christianity. The modern Christian who believes God is the Father of all mankind still finds it possible to enjoy the story of Joshua who prayed to God to stay the sun in order to allow him time to annihilate the enemy.

The *Upanishads* are strictly speaking the speculations of the Indian forest sages about the world system, and therefore quite different from the Hymns of the *Rigveda*. "It is this brooding on the meaning of existence which distinguishes the spirit of the Hymns from the *Upanishads*," says Tagore. The entire collection breathes the spirit of a troubled inquiry into the problems of the reality, the individual soul and the world soul behind the phenomena. What is the Ultimate Self, the Atman? What is the spirit of the universe, the Brahman? What is mind and what is matter, and what is that personality behind our consciousness, the Purusha? Finally, what is God? Is he transcendent or immanent? The Sankhya philosophers believed that the world consists of two principles, souls and the material world, the *Prakriti*, or Nature, while the Vedanta philosophers believed in one all-comprising unity. Out of such debates in the forest grew these books. These questions are vexing in their very nature, whether to the ancient or to the better-equipped modern man. Two important conclusions are: first, that the ultimate reality, or Brahman, is incomprehensible and surpasses all understanding. "And he (the Atman) can only be described as no, no!" The second result, the most important discovery, is that the individual soul, or Self, within is identical with the soul without, and that by discovering this real Self, man achieves freedom and emancipation from Maya, or the illusions. Still, as Tagore rightly points out, the whole approach is too intellectual, and the final consummation of Vedic philosophy is to be found in *Bhagavad-Gita*, written perhaps two centuries later, when an ardent devotion to a personal God took the place of these barren speculations. According to Buddhist records, there were as many as sixty-three confusing schools of philosophy at the time of Buddha (563–483 B.C.), which explained Buddha's revolt at their futile reasonings and ritualism. Buddha came as a giant, and attacked the same problem from a human approach, and preached the fourfold truth: that there is human suffering, that there is a cause for this suffering, that there is an escape, and that his teachings of emancipation from illusions

and senses and desires constitute that escape. Against that Brahmanic background, Buddhism had an austere clarity of method and goal, but as will be seen from the *Upanishads*, it was from this soil that Buddha's teachings naturally grew.

It is the "troubled intensity" of man's search after the soul and its moral earnestness that seems to constitute the value and significance of the *Upanishads*. Nor can it be said that the final message of the *Upanishads* can be ignored even to-day:

> "Only when men shall roll up the sky like a hide, will there be an end to misery, unless God has first been known."
>
> —*The Svetāsvatara Upanishad*

The Upanishads

Translated by F. Max Müller

THE STORY OF THE CREATION[1]

IN THE BEGINNING this was Self alone, in the shape of a person (*Purusha*). He looking round saw nothing but his Self. He first said, 'This is I'; therefore he became I by name. Therefore even now, if a man is asked, he first says, 'This is I,' and then pronounces the other name which he may have. And because before all this, he burnt down all evils, therefore he was a person. Verily he who knows this, burns down everyone who tries to be before him.

He feared, and therefore anyone who is lonely fears. He thought, 'As there is nothing but myself, why should I fear?' Thence his fear passed away. For what should he have feared? Verily fear arises from a second only.

But he felt no delight. Therefore a man who is lonely feels no delight. He wished for a second. He was so large as man and wife together. He then made this his Self to fall in two and thence arose husband and wife. Therefore Yājnavalkya said: 'We two are thus (each of us) like half a shell.' Therefore the void which was there, is filled by the wife. He embraced her, and men were born.

She thought, 'How can he embrace me, after having produced me from himself? I shall hide myself.'

She then became a cow, the other became a bull and embraced her, and hence cows were born. The one became a mare, the other a stallion; the one a male ass, the other a female ass. He embraced her, and hence one-hoofed animals were born. The one became a she-goat, the other a he-goat; the one became a ewe, the other a ram. He embraced her, and hence goats and sheep were born. And thus he created everything that exists in pairs, down to the ants.

[1] This curious and rather crude story of the creation contains nevertheless many germinal ideas of Hinduism.

He knew, 'I indeed am this creation, for I created all this.' Hence he became the creation, and he who knows this lives in this his creation.

Next he thus produced fire by rubbing. From the mouth, as from the fire-hole, and from the hands he created fire. Therefore both the mouth and the hands are inside without hair, for the fire-hole is inside without hair.

And when they say, 'Sacrifice to this or sacrifice to that god,' each god is but his manifestation, for he is all gods.

Now, whatever there is moist, that he created from seed; this is Soma. So far verily is this universe either food or eater. Soma indeed is food, Agni eater. This is the highest creation of Brahman, when he created the gods from his better part, and when he, who was (then) mortal, created the immortals. Therefore it was the highest creation. And he who knows this, lives in this his highest creation.

Now all this was then undeveloped. It became developed by form and name, so that one could say, 'He, called so and so, is such a one.' Therefore at present also all this is developed by name and form, so that one can say, 'He, called so and so, is such a one.'

He (Brahman or the Self) entered thither, to the very tips of the finger-nails, as a razor might be fitted in a razor-case, or as fire in a fire-place.

He cannot be seen, for, in part only, when breathing, he is breath by name; when speaking, speech by name; when seeing, eye by name; when hearing, ear by name; when thinking, mind by name. All these are but the names of his acts. And he who worships (regards) him as the one or the other, does not know him, for he is apart from this (when qualified) by the one or the other (predicate). Let men worship him as Self, for in the Self all these are one.[1] This Self is the footstep of everything, for through it one knows everything. And as one can find again by footsteps what was lost, thus he who knows this finds glory and praise.

This, which is nearer to us than anything, this Self, is dearer than a son, dearer than wealth, dearer than all else.

And if one were to say to one who declares another than the Self dear, that he will lose what is dear to him, very likely it would be so. Let him worship the Self alone as dear. He who worships the Self alone as dear, the object of his love will never perish.

Here they say: 'If men think that by knowledge of Brahman they will become everything, what then did that Brahman know, from whence all this sprang?'

Verily in the beginning this was Brahman, that Brahman knew (its)

[1] The Brahman "Self" is almost what we mean by the divine nature immanent in ourselves as well as in the external world.

Self only, saying, 'I am Brahman.' From it all this sprang. Thus, whatever Deva was awakened (so as to know Brahman), he indeed became that (Brahman); and the same with Rishis and men. The Rishi Vāmadeva saw and understood it, singing, 'I was Manu (moon), I was the sun.' Therefore now also he who thus knows that he is Brahman, becomes all this, and even the Devas cannot prevent it, for he himself is their Self.

Now if a man worships another deity, thinking the deity is one and he another, he does not know. He is like a beast for the Devas. For verily, as many beasts nourish a man, thus does every man nourish the Devas. If only one beast is taken away, it is not pleasant; how much more when many are taken! Therefore it is not pleasant to the Devas that men should know this.

Verily in the beginning this was Brahman, one only. That being one, was not strong enough. It created still further the most excellent Kshatra (power), viz. those Kshatras (powers) among the Devas—Indra, Varuna, Soma, Rudra, Parjanya, Yama, Mrityu, Isāna. Therefore there is nothing beyond the Kshatra, and therefore at the Rājasūya sacrifice the Brāhmana sits down below the Kshatriya. He confers that glory on the Kshatra alone. But Brahman is (nevertheless) the birthplace of the Kshatra. Therefore though a king is exalted, he sits down at the end (of the sacrifice) below the Brahman, as his birthplace. He who injures him, injures his own birthplace. He becomes worse, because he has injured one better than himself.

He was not strong enough. He created the people, the classes of Devas which in their different orders are called Vasus, Rudras, Ādityas, Visve Devas, Maruts.

He was not strong enough. He created the Sūdra caste, as nourisher. This earth verily is Pūshan (the nourisher); for the earth nourishes all this whatsoever.

He was not strong enough. He created still further the most excellent Law. Law is the Kshatra (power) of the Kshatra, therefore there is nothing higher than the Law. Thenceforth even a weak man rules a stronger with the help of the Law, as with the help of a king. Thus the Law is what is called the true. And if a man declares what is true, they say he declares the Law; and if he declares the Law, they say he declares what is true. Thus both are the same.

There are then this Brahman, Kshatra, Vis, and Sūdra. Among the Devas that Brahman existed as fire only, among men as Brāhmana, as Kshatriya through the (divine) Kshatriya, as Vaisya through the (divine) Vaisya, as Sūdra through the (divine) Sūdra. Therefore people wish for their future state among the Devas through the sacrificial fire

only; and among men through the Brāhmana, for in these two forms did Brahman exist.

Now if a man departs this life without having seen his true future life (in the Self), then that Self, not being known, does not receive and bless him as if the Veda had not been read, or as if a good work had not been done. Nay, even if one who does not know that (Self), should perform here on earth some great holy work, it will perish for him in the end. Let a man worship the Self only as his true state. If a man worships the Self only as his true state, his work does not perish, for whatever he desires that he gets from that Self.

Now verily this Self (of the ignorant man) is the world of all creatures. In so far as man sacrifices and pours out libations, he is the world of the Devas; in so far as he repeats the hymns, etc., he is the world of the Rishis; in so far as he offers cakes to the fathers and tries to obtain offspring, he is the world of the fathers; in so far as he gives shelter and food to men, he is the world of men; in so far as he finds fodder and water for the animals, he is the world of the animals; in so far as quadrupeds, birds, and even ants live in his houses, he is their world. And as everyone wishes his own world not to be injured, thus all beings wish that he who knows this should not be injured. Verily this is known and has been well reasoned.

In the beginning this was Self alone, one only. He desired, 'Let there be a wife for me that I may have offspring, and let there be wealth for me that I may offer sacrifices.' Verily this is the whole desire, and, even if wishing for more, he would not find it. Therefore now also a lonely person desires, 'Let there be a wife for me that I may have offspring, and let there be wealth for me that I may offer sacrifices.' And so long as he does not obtain either of these things, he thinks he is incomplete. Now his completeness (is made up as follows): mind is his Self (husband); speech the wife; breath the child; the eye all wordly wealth, for he finds it with the eye; the ear his divine wealth, for he hears it with the ear. The body (ātman) is his work, for with the body he works. This is the fivefold sacrifice, for fivefold is the animal, fivefold man, fivefold all this whatsoever. He who knows this, obtains all this.

(*From the Brihadāranyaka Upanishad*)

THE SUBTLE ESSENCE[1]

'As the bees, my son, make honey by collecting the juices of distant trees, and reduce the juice into one form.

'And as these juices have no discrimination, so that they might say, I am the juice of this tree or that, in the same manner, my son, all these creatures, when they have become merged in the True (either in deep sleep or in death), know not that they are merged in the True.

'Whatever these creatures are here, whether a lion, or a wolf, or a boar, or a worm, or a midge, or a gnat, or a mosquito, that they become again and again.

'Now that which is that subtle essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it.'

'Please, sir, inform me still more,' said the son.

'Be it so, my child,' the father replied.

'These rivers, my son, run, the eastern (like the Gangā) toward the east, the western (like the Sindhu) toward the west. They go from sea to sea. They become indeed sea. And as those rivers, when they are in the sea, do not know, I am this or that river,

'In the same manner, my son, all these creatures, when they have come back from the True, know not that they have come back from the True. Whatever these creatures are here, whether a lion, or a wolf, or a boar, or a worm, or a midge, or a gnat, or a mosquito, that they become again and again.

'That which is that subtle essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it.'

'Please, Sir, inform me still more,' said the son.

'Be it so, my child,' the father replied.

'If someone were to strike at the root of this large tree here, it would bleed, but live. If he were to strike at its stem, it would bleed, but live. If he were to strike at its top, it would bleed, but live. Pervaded by the living Self that tree stands firm, drinking in its nourishment and rejoicing;

'But if the living Self leaves one of its branches, that branch withers; if it leaves a second, that branch withers; if it leaves a third, that branch withers. If it leaves the whole tree, the whole tree withers. In exactly the same manner, my son, know this.' Thus he spoke;

[1] This is the teaching of Uddālaka Aruni to his son Svetaketu.

'This body indeed withers and dies when the living Self has left it; the living Self dies not.

'That which is that subtle essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the Self, and thou, Svetaketu, art it.'

'Please, Sir, inform me still more,' said the son.

'Be it so, my child,' the father replied.

'Fetch me from thence a fruit of the nyagrodha tree.'

'Here is one, Sir.'

'Break it.'

'It is broken, Sir.'

'What do you see there?'

'These seeds, almost infinitesimal.'

'Break one of them.'

'It is broken, Sir.'

'What do you see there?'

'Not anything, Sir.'

The father said: 'My son, that subtle essence which you do not perceive there, of that very essence this great nyagrodha tree exists.

'Believe it, my son. That which is the subtle essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it.'

'Please, Sir, inform me still more,' said the son.

'Be it so, my child,' the father replied.

'Place this salt in water, and then wait on me in the morning.'

The son did as he was commanded.

The father said to him: 'Bring me the salt, which you placed in the water last night.'

The son having looked for it, found it not, for, of course, it was melted.

The father said: 'Taste it from the surface of the water. How is it?'

The son replied: 'It is salt.'

'Taste it from the middle. How is it?'

The son replied: 'It is salt.'

'Taste it from the bottom. How is it?'

The son replied: 'It is salt.'

The father said: 'Throw it away and then wait on me.

He did so; but salt exists for ever.

Then the father said: 'Here also, in this body, forsooth, you do not perceive the True, my son; but there indeed it is.

'That which is subtle essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, Svetaketu, art it.'

'Please, Sir, inform me still more,' said the son.
'Be it so, my child,' the father replied.

(From the Chhāndogya Upanishad)

THE TRUE BRAHMAN

All this is Brahman. Let a man meditate on that visible world as beginning, ending, and breathing in it.

Now man is a creature of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he has departed this life. Let him therefore have this will and belief:

The intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether, from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed; he who embraces all this, who never speaks, and is never surprised,

He is my self within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a corn of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed. He also is my self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds.

He from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed, who embraces all this, who never speaks and who is never surprised, he, my self within the heart, is that Brahman. When I shall have departed from hence, I shall obtain that Self. He who has this faith has no doubt; thus said Sāndilya,[1] yea, thus he said.

(From the Chhāndogya Upanishad)

EMANCIPATION

Hari, Om. There is this city of Brahman (the body), and in it the palace, the small lotus of the heart, and in it that small ether. Now what exists within that small ether, that is to be sought for, that is to be understood.

And if they should say to him: 'Now with regard to that city of Brahman, and the palace in it, i.e. the small lotus of the heart, and the small ether within the heart, what is there within it that deserves to be sought for, or that is to be understood?'

Then he should say: 'As large as this ether is, so large is that ether within the heart. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both

[1] This chapter is frequently quoted as the Sāndilya-vidyā.

fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of him here in the world, and whatever is not, all that is contained within it.'

And if they should say to him: 'If everything that exists is contained in that city of Brahman, all beings and all desires, then what is left of it, when old age reaches it and scatters it, or when it falls to pieces?'

Then he should say: 'By the old age of the body, the ether does not age; by the death of the body, the ether is not killed. That is the true Brahma-city. In it all desires are contained. It is the Self, free from sin, free from old age, from death and grief, from hunger and thirst, which desires nothing but what it ought to desire, and imagines nothing but what it ought to imagine. Now as here on earth people follow as they are commanded, and depend on the object which they are attached to, be it a country or a piece of land.

'And as here on earth, whatever has been acquired by exertion perishes, so perishes whatever is acquired for the next world by sacrifices and other good actions performed on earth. Those who depart from hence without having discovered the Self and those true desires, for them there is no freedom in all the worlds. But those who depart from hence, after having discovered the Self and those true desires, for them there is freedom in all the worlds.'

(*From the Chhāndogya Upanishad*)

THE CONQUEST OF DEATH

I

VĀJASRAVASA, desirous of heavenly rewards, surrendered at a sacrifice all that he possessed. He had a son of the name of Nachiketas.

When the promised presents were being given (to the priests), faith entered into the heart of Nachiketas, who was still a boy, and he thought:

'Unblessed, surely, are the worlds to which a man goes by giving cows which have drunk water, eaten hay, given their milk, and are barren.'

He (knowing that his father had promised to give up all that he possessed, and therefore his son also) said to his father: 'Dear father, to whom wilt thou give me?'

He said it a second and a third time. Then the father replied:

'I shall give thee unto Death.'

(The father, having once said so, though in haste, had to be true to his word and to sacrifice his son.)

The son said: 'I go as the first, at the head of many (who have still

to die); I go in the midst of many (who are now dying). What will be the work of Yama[1] which to-day he has to do unto me?

'Look back how it was with those who came before, look forward how it will be with those who come hereafter. A mortal ripens like corn, like corn he springs up again.'

(Nachiketas enters into the abode of Yama Vaivasvata, and there is no one to receive him. Thereupon one of the attendants of Yama is supposed to say):

'Fire enters into the houses, when a Brāhmana enters as a guest. That fire is quenched by this peace-offering—bring water, O Vaivasvata!

'A Brāhmana that dwells in the house of a foolish man without receiving food to eat, destroys his hopes and expectations, his possessions, his righteousness, his sacred and his good deeds, and all his sons and cattle.'

(Yama, returning to his house after an absence of three nights, during which time Nachiketas had received no hospitality from him, says:)

'O Brāhmana, as thou, a venerable guest, hast dwelt in my house three nights without eating, therefore choose now three boons. Hail to thee! and welfare to me!'

II

Nachiketas said: 'O Death, as the first of the three boons I choose that Gautama, my father, be pacified, kind, and free from anger towards me; and that he may know me and greet me, when I shall have been dismissed by thee."

Yama said: 'Through my favour Auddālaki Āruni, thy father, will know thee, and be again towards thee as he was before. He shall sleep peacefully through the night, and free from anger, after having seen thee freed from the mouth of death.'

Nachiketas said: 'In the heaven-world there is no fear; thou art not there, O Death, and no one is afraid on account of old age. Leaving behind both hunger and thirst, and out of the reach of sorrow, all rejoice in the world of heaven.

'Thou knowest, O Death, the fire-sacrifice which leads us to heaven; tell it to me, for I am full of faith. Those who live in the heaven-world reach immortality—this I ask as my second boon.'

Yama said: 'I tell it thee, learn it from me, and when thou understandest that fire-sacrifice which leads to heaven, know, O Nachiketas, that it is the attainment of the endless worlds, and their firm support, hidden in darkness.'

[1] The King of Death.

Yama then told him that fire-sacrifice, the beginning of all the worlds, and what bricks are required for the altar, and how many, and how they are to be placed. And Nachiketas repeated all as it had been told to him. Then Mrityu, being pleased with him, said again:

The generous, being satisfied, said to him: 'I give thee now another boon; that fire-sacrifice shall be named after thee, take also this many-coloured chain.

'He who has three times performed this Nāchiketa rite, and has been united with the three (father, mother, and teacher), and has performed the three duties (study, sacrifice, almsgiving) overcomes birth and death. When he has learnt and understood this fire, which knows (or makes us know) all that is born of Brahman, which is venerable and divine, then he obtains everlasting peace.

'He who knows the three Nāchiketa fires, and knowing the three, piles up the Nāchiketa sacrifice, he, having first thrown off the chains of death, rejoices in the world of heaven, beyond the reach of grief.

'This, O Nachiketas, is thy fire which leads to heaven, and which thou hast chosen as thy second boon. That fire all men will proclaim. Choose now, O Nachiketas, thy third boon.'

Nachiketas said: 'There is that doubt, when a man is dead—some saying, he is; others, he is not. This I should like to know, taught by thee; this is the third of my boons.'

Death said: 'On this point even the gods have doubted formerly; it is not easy to understand. That subject is subtle. Choose another boon, O Nachiketas, do not press me, and let me off that boon.'

Nachiketas said: 'On this point even the gods have doubted indeed, and thou, Death, hast declared it to be not easy to understand, and another teacher like thee is not to be found—surely no other boon is like unto this.'

Death said: 'Choose sons and grandsons who shall live a hundred years, herds of cattle, elephants, gold, and horses. Choose the wide abode of the earth, and live thyself as many harvests as thou desirest.

'If you can think of any boon equal to that, choose wealth, and long life. Be king, Nachiketas, on the wide earth. I make thee the enjoyer of all desires.

'Whatever desires are difficult to attain among mortals, ask for them according to thy wish; these fair maidens with their chariots and musical instruments—such are indeed not to be obtained by men—be waited on by them whom I give to thee, but do not ask me about dying.'

Nachiketas said: 'These things last till to-morrow, O Death, for they wear out this vigour of all the senses. Even the whole of life is short. Keep thou thy horses, keep dance and song for thyself.

'No man can be made happy by wealth. Shall we possess wealth, when we see thee? Shall we live, as long as thou rulest? Only that boon which I have chosen is to be chosen by me.

'What mortal, slowly decaying here below, and knowing, after having approached them, the freedom from decay enjoyed by the immortals, would delight in a long life, after he has pondered on the pleasures which arise from beauty and love?

'No, that on which there is this doubt, O Death, tell us what there is in that great hereafter. Nachiketas does not choose another boon but that which enters into the hidden world.'

III

Death said: 'The good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant, misses his end.

'The good and pleasant approach man: the wise goes round about them and distinguishes them. Yea, the wise prefers the good to the pleasant, but the fool chooses the pleasant through greed and avarice.

'Thou, O Nachiketas, after pondering all pleasures that are or seem delightful, hast dismissed them all. Thou hast not gone into the road that leadeth to wealth, in which many men perish.

'Wide apart and leading to different points are these two, ignorance, and what is known as wisdom. I believe Nachiketas to be one who desires knowledge, for even many pleasures did not tear thee away.

'Fools dwelling in darkness, wise in their own conceit, and puffed up with vain knowledge, go round and round, staggering to and fro, like blind men led by the blind.

'The hereafter never rises before the eyes of the careless child, deluded by the delusion of wealth. "This is the world," he thinks, "there is no other"—thus he falls again and again under my sway.

'He (the Self) of whom many are not even able to hear, whom many, even when they hear of him, do not comprehend; wonderful is a man, when found, who is able to teach him (the Self); wonderful is he who comprehends him, when taught by an able teacher.

'That Self, when taught by an inferior man, is not easy to be known, even though often thought upon; unless it be taught by another, there is no way to it, for it is inconceivably smaller than what is small.

'That doctrine is not to be obtained by argument, but when it is declared by another, then, O dearest, it is easy to understand. Thou hast obtained it now; thou art truly a man of true resolve. May we have always an inquirer like thee!'

Nachiketas said: 'I know that what is called a treasure is transient, for that eternal is not obtained by things which are not eternal. Hence the Nāchiketa fire-sacrifice has been laid by me first; then, by means of transient things, I have obtained what is not transient.'

Yama said: 'Though thou hadst seen the fulfilment of all desires, the foundation of the world, the endless rewards of good deeds, the shore where there is no fear, that which is magnified by praise, the wide abode, the rest, yet being wise thou hast with firm resolve dismissed it all. . . .

'The knowing Self is not born, it dies not; it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. The Ancient is unborn, eternal, everlasting; he is not killed, though the body is killed.

'If the killer thinks that he kills, if the killed thinks that he is killed, they do not understand; for this one does not kill, nor is that one killed.

'The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of that creature. A man who is free from desires and free from grief, sees the majesty of the Self by the grace of the Creator.

'Though sitting still, he walks far; though lying down, he goes everywhere. Who, save myself, is able to know that God who rejoices and rejoices not?

'The wise who knows the Self as bodiless within the bodies, as unchanging among changing things, as great and omnipresent, does never grieve.

'That Self cannot be gained by the Veda, nor by understanding, nor by much learning. He whom the Self chooses, by him the Self can be gained. The Self chooses his body as his own.

'But he who has not first turned away from his wickedness, who is not tranquil, and subdued, or whose mind is not at rest, he can never obtain the Self even by knowledge.

'Who then knows where He is, He to whom the Brahmans and Kshatriyas are (as it were) but food, and death itself a condiment?'

(*From the Katha Upanishad*)

THE ONE GOD

The snarer who rules alone by his powers, who rules all the worlds by his powers, who is one and the same, while things arise and exist—they who know this are immortal.

For there is one Rudra only, they do not allow a second, who rules all the worlds by his powers. He stands behind all persons, and after having created all worlds he, the protector, rolls it up at the end of time.

That one god, having his eyes, his face, his arms, and his feet in every place, when producing heaven and earth, forges them together with his arms and his wings.

He, the creator and supporter of the gods, Rudra, the great seer, the lord of all, he who formerly gave birth to Hiranyagarbha, may he endow us with good thoughts.

O Rudra, thou dweller in the mountains, look upon us with that most blessed form of thine which is auspicious, not terrible, and reveals no evil!

O lord of the mountains, make lucky that arrow which thou, a dweller in the mountains, holdest in thy hand to shoot. Do not hurt man or beast!

Those who know beyond this the High Brahman, the vast, hidden in the bodies of all creatures, and alone enveloping everything, as the Lord, they become immortal.

I know that great person (purusha) of sunlike lustre beyond the darkness. A man who knows him truly, passes over death; there is no other path to go.

This whole universe is filled by this person (purusha), to whom there is nothing superior, from whom there is nothing different, than whom there is nothing smaller or larger, who stands alone, fixed like a tree in the sky.

That which is beyond this world is without form and without suffering. They who know it, become immortal, but others suffer pain indeed.

That Bhagavat exists in the faces, the heads, the necks of all, he dwells in the cave (of the heart) of all beings, he is all-pervading, therefore he is the omnipresent Siva.

That person is the great lord; he is the mover of existence, he possesses that purest power of reaching everything; he is light, he is undecaying.

The person, not larger than a thumb, dwelling within, always dwelling in the heart of man, is perceived by the heart, the thought, the mind; they who know it become immortal.

The person with a thousand heads, a thousand eyes, a thousand feet, having compassed the earth on every side, extends beyond it by ten fingers' breadth.

That person alone (purusha) is all this, what has been and what will be; he is also the lord of immortality; he is whatever grows by food.

Its hands and feet are everywhere, its eyes and head are everywhere, its ears are everywhere, it stands encompassing all in the world.

Separate from all the senses, yet reflecting the qualities of all the senses, it is the lord and ruler of all, it is the great refuge of all.

The embodied spirit within the town with nine gates, the bird, flutters

outwards, the ruler of the whole world, of all that rests and of all that moves.

Grasping without hands, hasting without feet, he sees without eyes, he hears without ears. He knows what can be known, but no one knows him; they call him the first, the great person.

The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of the creature. A man who has left all grief behind, sees the majesty, the Lord, the passionless, by the grace of the creator.

I know this undecaying, ancient one, the self of all things, being infinite and omnipresent. They declare that in him all birth is stopped, for the Brahma-students proclaim him to be eternal.

(From the Svetāsvatara Upanishad)

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD

He, the sun, without any colour, who with set purpose by means of his power produces endless colours, in whom all this comes together in the beginning, and comes asunder in the end—may he, the god, endow us with good thoughts.

That Self indeed is fire, it is the sun, it is wind, it is moon; the same also is the starry firmament, it is Brahman, it is water, it is Prajāpati.

Thou art woman, thou art man; thou art youth, thou art maiden; thou, as an old man, totterest along on thy staff; thou art born with thy face turned everywhere.

Thou art the dark-blue bee, thou art the green parrot with red eyes, thou art the thunder-cloud, the seasons, the seas. Thou art without beginning, because thou art infinite, thou from whom all worlds are born.

There is one unborn being (female), red, white, and black, uniform, but producing manifold offspring. There is one unborn being (male) who loves her and lies by her; there is another who leaves her, while she is eating what has to be eaten.

Two birds, inseparable friends, cling to the same tree. One of them eats the sweet fruit, the other looks on without eating.

On the same tree man sits grieving, immersed, bewildered, by his own impotence. But when he sees the other lord contented, and knows his glory, then his grief passes away.

He who does not know that indestructible being of the Rigveda, that highest ether-like Self wherein all the gods reside, of what use is the Rigveda to him? Those only who know it, rest contented.

That from which the maker (māyin) sends forth all this—the sacred

verses, the offerings, the sacrifices, the panaceas, the past, the future, and all that the Vedas declare—in that the other is bound up through that art (māyā).

Know then nature is art, and the great Lord the maker; the whole world is filled with what are his members.

If a man has discerned him, who being one only, rules over every cause, in whom all this comes together and comes asunder again, who is the lord, the bestower of blessing, the adorable god, then he passes for ever into that peace.

He, the creator and supporter of the gods, Rudra, the great seer, the lord of all, who saw Hiranyagarbha being born, may he endow us with good thoughts.

He who is the sovereign of the gods, he in whom all the world rests, he who rules over all two-footed and four-footed beings, to that god let us sacrifice an oblation.

He who has known him who is more subtle than subtle, in the midst of chaos, creating all things, having many forms, alone enveloping everything, the happy one (Siva) passes into peace for ever.

He also was in time the guardian of this world, the lord of all, hidden in all beings. In him the Brahmarshis and the deities are united, and he who knows him cuts the fetters of death asunder.

He who knows the blessed (Siva) hidden in all beings, like the subtle film that rises from out the clarified butter, alone enveloping everything —he who knows the god, is freed from all fetters.

That god, the maker of all things, the great Self, always dwelling in the heart of man, is perceived by the heart, the soul, the mind;—they who know it become immortal.

When the light has risen, there is no day, no night, neither existence nor non-existence; the blessed (Siva) alone is there. That is the eternal, the adorable light of Savitri—and the ancient wisdom proceeded thence.

No one has grasped him above, or across, or in the middle. There is no image of him whose name is Great Glory.

His form cannot be seen, no one perceives him with the eye. Those who through heart and mind know him thus abiding in the heart, become immortal.

'Thou art unborn,' with these words some one comes near to thee, trembling. O Rudra, let thy gracious face protect me for ever!

O Rudra! hurt us not in our offspring and descendants, hurt us not in our own lives, nor in our cows, nor in our horses! Do not slay our men in thy wrath, for, holding oblations, we call on thee always.

(*From the Svetāsvatara Upanishad*)

GOD IS WITHIN YOU

In the imperishable and infinite Highest Brahman, wherein the two, knowledge and ignorance, are hidden, the one, ignorance, perishes, the other, knowledge, is immortal; but he who controls both, knowledge and ignorance, is another.

It is he who, being one only, rules over every cause, over all forms, and over all germs; it is he who, in the beginning, bears in his thoughts the wise son, the fiery, whom he wishes to look on while he is born.

In that field in which the god, after spreading out one net after another in various ways, draws it together again, the Lord, the great Self, having further created the lords, thus carries on his lordship over all.

As the car of the sun shines, lighting up all quarters, above, below, and across, thus does that god, the holy, the adorable, being one, rule over all that has the nature of a germ.

He, being one, rules over all and everything, so that the universal germ ripens its nature, diversifies all natures that can be ripened, and determines all qualities.

Brahma knows this, which is hidden in the Upanishads, which are hidden in the Vedas, as the Brahma-germ. The ancient gods and poets who knew it, they became it and were immortal.

But he who is endowed with qualities, and performs works that are to bear fruit, and enjoys the reward of whatever he has done, migrates through his own works, the lord of life, assuming all forms, led by the three Gunas,[1] and following the three paths.

That lower one also, not larger than a thumb, but brilliant like the sun, who is endowed with personality and thoughts, with the quality of mind and the quality of body, is seen small even like the point of a goad.

That living soul is to be known as part of the hundredth part of the point of a hair, divided a hundred times, and yet it is to be infinite.

It is not woman, it is not man, nor is it neuter; whatever body it takes, with that it is joined only.

By means of thoughts, touching, seeing, and passions the incarnate Self assumes successively in various places various forms, in accordance with his deeds, just as the body grows when food and drink are poured into it.

[1] Three primeval elements, light, passion and dullness which compose the world. See the Glossary under *Gunas*.

That incarnate Self, according to his own qualities, assumes many shapes, coarse or subtile, and having himself caused his union with them, he is seen as another and another, through the qualities of his acts, and through the qualities of his body.

He who knows him who has no beginning and no end, in the midst of chaos, creating all things, having many forms, alone enveloping everything, is freed from all fetters.

Those who know him who is to be grasped by the mind, who is not to be called the body, who makes existence and non-existence, the happy one (Siva), who also creates the elements, they have left the body.

(*From the Svetāsvatara Upanishad*)

KNOW GOD

Some wise men, deluded, speak of Nature, and others of Time as the cause of everything; but it is the greatness of God by which this Brahma-wheel is made to turn.

It is at the command of him who always covers this world, the knower, the time of time, who assumes qualities and all knowledge, it is at his command that this creation unfolds itself, which is called earth, water, fire, air, and ether;

He who, after he has done that work and rested again, and after he has brought together the self with matter, with one, two, three, or eight, with time also and with the subtle qualities of the mind,

Who after starting the works endowed with the three qualities,[1] can order all things, yet when, in the absence of all these, he has caused the destruction of the work, goes on, being in truth different from all he has produced;

He is the beginning, producing the causes which unite the soul with the body, and, being above the three kinds of time, past, present, future, he is seen as without parts, after we have first worshipped that adorable god, who has many forms, and who is the true source of all things, as dwelling in our own mind.

He is beyond all the forms of the world and of time, he is the other, from whom this world moves round, when one has known him who brings good and removes evil, the lord of bliss, as dwelling within the self, the immortal, the support of all.

Let us know that highest great lord of lords, the highest deity of

[1] The Gunas referred to in the preceding section.

deities, the master of masters, the highest above, as God, the lord of the world, the adorable.

There is no effect and no cause known of him, no one is seen like unto him or better; his high power is revealed as manifold, as inherent, acting as force and knowledge.

There is no master of his in the world, no ruler of his, not even a sign of him. He is the cause, the lord of the lords of the organs, and there is of him neither parent nor lord.

That only God who spontaneously covered himself, like a spider, with threads drawn from the first cause, grant us entrance into Brahman.

He is the one God, hidden in all beings, all-pervading, the self within all beings, watching over all works, dwelling in all beings, the witness, the perceiver, the only one, free from qualities.

He is the one ruler of many who do not act; he makes the one seed manifold. The wise who perceive him within their self, to them belongs eternal happiness, not to others.

He is the eternal among eternals, the thinker among thinkers, who, though one, fulfils the desires of many. He who has known that cause which is to be apprehended by Sāmkhya (philosophy) and Yoga (religious discipline), he is freed from all fetters.

The sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, and much less this fire. When he shines, everything shines after him; by his light all this is lightened.

He is the one bird in the midst of the world; he is also like the sun that has set in the ocean. A man who knows him truly, passes over death; there is no other path to go.

He makes all, he knows all, the self-caused, the knower, the destroyer of time, who assumes qualities and knows everything, the master of nature and of man, the lord of the three qualities, the cause of the bondage, the existence, and the liberation of the world.

He who has become that, he is the immortal, remaining the lord, the knower, the ever-present guardian of this world, who rules this world for ever, for no one else is able to rule it.

Seeking for freedom I go for refuge to that God who is the light of his own thoughts, he who first creates Brahman and delivers the Vedas to him;

Who is without parts, without actions, tranquil, without fault, without taint, the highest bridge to immortality—like a fire that has consumed its fuel.

Only when men shall roll up the sky like a hide, will there be an end of misery, unless God has first been known.[1]

[1] This may be considered the final message of the Upanishads.

Through the power of his penance and through the grace of God has the wise Svetāsvatara truly proclaimed Brahman, the highest and holiest, to the best of ascetics, as approved by the company of Rishis.

This highest mystery in the Vedānta, delivered in a former age, should not be given to one whose passions have not been subdued, nor to one who is not a son, or who is not a pupil.

If these truths have been told to a high-minded man, who feels the highest devotion for God, and for his Guru[1] as for God, then they will shine forth—then they will shine forth indeed.

(*From the Svetāsvatara Upanishad*)

[1] Preceptor

its teachings, and who knows what the different verses mean, directly and simply, to the Indian people.

The Bhagavad-Gita has engaged the loving labours of many translators, and many excellent translations exist, such as Lionel D. Barnett's "Lord's Song" (Temple Classics) with a long introduction and copious notes, E. J. Thomas's "The Song of the Lord" (Wisdom of the East Series), the well-known version of Annie Besant (Theosophical Press), Sir Edwin Arnold's "The Song Celestial" (Trübner), M. M. Chatterji's "The Lord's Lay" (Houghton), with commentary and notes and references to the Christian Scriptures, and the scholarly translation by Telang in the Sacred Books of the East. I have, however, chosen the translation by Swami Paramananda (The Vedanta Centre) because I believe, more than the others, it shows that mastery of the languages and that profound understanding of the thought content, so that the result is, as it should be, an easy, effective and mature version, without either the cumbersomeness of the scholarly or the surreptitious paraphrasing of the over-interpretative. As the editor of the book remarks, "The letter must be illumined by the spirit; and none can read the translation without feeling convinced that the head, heart, and life have co-operated in the making of it." That is no mean compliment. I have kept the footnotes by Swami Paramananda.

The Blessed Lord's Song

SRIMAD-BHAGAVAD-GITA

Translated by Swami Paramananda

CHAPTER I

Dhritarāshtra asked:

1. O Sanjaya, assembled together on the sacred plain of Kurukshetra, being desirous to fight, what did my people and the Pāndavas do?

Sanjaya replied:

2. The Prince Duryodhana, having seen the Pāndava forces arrayed, approached his teacher (Drona) and spoke these words:

3. Behold this mighty host of the sons of Pāndava arrayed by the son of Drupada, thy gifted pupil.

4-6. Here are heroes, mighty bowmen, equals in battle to Bhima and Arjuna—the great warriors, Yuyudhāna, Virāta, Drupada; valiant Drishtaketu, Chekitāna and the King of Kāshi; Purujit, Kunti-Bhoja and Shaibya, the greatest of men; the powerful Yudhāmanyu and the brave Uttamaujas; the son of Subhadrā and the sons of Draupadī; all of them mighty car-warriors.

7. O best of twice-born,[1] hear also of those who are distinguished among ourselves, the leaders of my army; I relate their names for thy information.

8. Thyself and Bhishma and Karna, and Kripa, the victorious in battle, Aswatthāma, Vikarna, Jayadratha, the son of Somadatta.

9. Also there are many heroes skilful in battle armed with many kinds of weapons, determined to lay down their lives for my sake.

10. Yet this army of ours, though commanded by Bhishma, seems insufficient; but their army, commanded by Bhima, seems sufficient.

[1] A Brāhmin is called a twice-born because he is born for the second time when he receives his holy thread or badge for spiritual life.

11. Therefore ye all, being stationed in your proper places in the divisions of the army, support Bhishma alone.

12. The powerful, the eldest of the Kurus (Bhishma), the grandsire, in order to cheer him (Duryodhana), sounded aloud a lion's roar and blew his conch.

13. Then (following Bhishma), conchs, kettledrums, tabors, trumpets and cowhorns suddenly sounded. The noise was tremendous.

14. Then Mādhava (Krishna) and Pāndava (Arjuna) stationed in their great war chariot, yoked to white horses, also blew their divine conchs.

15. Hrishikesha[1] (Krishna) blew the Pānchajanya; and Dhananjaya[2] (Arjuna), Devadatta[3] (God-given); and Vrikodara[4] (Bhima), doer of terrible deeds, blew his large conch Paundra.

16. King Yudhishthira, son of Kuntī, blew the conch named Anantavijaya (endless victory). Nakula and Sahadeva their Sughosha and Manipushpaka.

17. The King of Kāshi, the great bowman, and the mighty warrior Shikhandi, Dhrishtadyumna, Virāta and the unconquered hero, Sātyaki;

18. (King) Drupada and the sons of Draupadī and the mighty-armed son of Subhadrā, each blew respectively his own conch, O Lord of the Earth!

19. That tremendous uproar, filling earth and sky with sound, rent the hearts of Dhritarāshtra's party.

20. Then, O Lord of the Earth! the son of Pāndu (Arjuna), whose ensign was the monkey, seeing Dhritarāshtra's army arrayed and the throwing of weapons about to begin, raised his bow and spoke the following words to Krishna:

Arjuna said:

21-23. O Achyuta (changeless, Krishna), place my chariot between the two armies desirous of battle, so that I may see with whom I have to fight in this outbreak of war, for I desire to observe those who are assembled here for battle wishing to please the evil-minded son of Dhritarāshtra by taking his side.

Sanjaya said:

24-25. O King! Requested thus by Gudākesha[5] (Arjuna), Krishna, having placed the war chariot between the two armies in front of Bhishma, Drona and all the rulers of the earth, spoke thus: O son of Prithā (Arjuna), behold all the Kuru forces gathered together.

[1] The Lord of the senses.
[2] Conqueror of wealth.
[3] Name of the conch.
[4] Having the belly of a tiger, indicating the physical formation of a hero.
[5] The conqueror of sleep.

26. Then Pārtha (Arjuna) saw there in both armies arrayed grandfathers, fathers-in-law, uncles, brothers and cousins, his own sons and their sons and grandsons, comrades, teachers and friends.

27. Then he, the son of Kuntī (Arjuna), seeing all his kinsmen stationed in their ranks, spoke thus sorrowfully, overwhelmed with deep compassion:

Arjuna said:

28. O Krishna, seeing these my kinsmen, gathered here desirous to fight, my limbs fail me, my mouth is parched;

29. My body shivers, my hair stands on end, my Gāndīva (bow) slips from my hand, my skin is burning.

30. O Keshava (Krishna, the slayer of Keshi), I am not able to stand upright, my mind is in a whirl and I see adverse omens.

31. O Krishna, neither do I see any good in slaying my own people in this strife. I desire neither victory, nor kingdom, nor pleasures.

32-34. Teachers, uncles, sons and grandsons, grandfathers, fathers-in-law, brothers-in-law, besides other kinsmen, for whose sake empire, enjoyment and pleasures are desired, they themselves stand here in battle, forsaking life and wealth. What avail, then, is kingdom, enjoyment, or even life, O Govinda (Krishna)?

35. These warriors I do not wish to kill, even though I am killed by them, not even for the dominion over the three worlds, how much less for the sake of this earth, O slayer of Madhu?

36. O Janārdana (giver of prosperity and salvation, Krishna), what pleasure could there be for us by killing the sons of Dhritarāshtra? Sin alone would take possession of us by slaying these evil-doers.

37. Therefore we ought not to kill these sons of Dhritarāshtra who are our relations; for how can we, O Mādhava (Krishna), obtain happiness by destroying our own kinsmen?

38. Although these (my enemies), their understanding being overpowered by greed, see no evil from extinction of families and no sin in hostility to friends.

39. But, O Janārdana, why should not we turn away from this sin, seeing clearly the evil in destruction of family?

40. From the destruction of a family the immemorial religious rites of that family perish. Spirituality being destroyed, that whole family is overpowered by unrighteousness.

41. O Krishna, from the predominance of unrighteousness, the women of that family become corrupt; and women being corrupted, there arises intermingling of castes.

42. This intermingling of castes leads the destroyers of the family to

hell, as also the family itself; for their ancestors fall, being deprived of the offerings of rice ball and water.[1]

43. By these misdeeds of the slayers of the family, bringing about confusion of caste, the immemorial religious rites of family and caste are destroyed.

44. O Janārdana, we have heard that for such men, whose household religious rites have been destroyed, the dwelling in hell is inevitable.

45. Alas! what a great sin we are resolved to incur, being prepared to slay our kinsmen, actuated by greed of kingdom and pleasure.

46. Verily, it would be better for me if the sons of Dhritarāshtra, weapons in hand, should slay me in the battle, unresisting and unarmed.

Sanjaya said:

47. Speaking thus in the midst of the battlefield, Arjuna sank down on the seat of his war chariot, casting aside his bow and arrows, his mind overwhelmed with sorrow.

Here ends the First Chapter called
"The Grief of Arjuna"

CHAPTER II

Sanjaya said:

1. To him (Arjuna) whose mind was thus overpowered by pity and grief and eyes dimmed with tears, Madhusudana (Krishna) spoke these words:

The Blessed Lord said:

2. O Arjuna, whence comes upon thee in this critical moment this depression unworthy of an Aryan, disgraceful, and contrary to the attainment of heaven?

3. O son of Prithā, yield not to unmanliness; it does not befit thee. Casting off this mean faint-heartedness, arise, O terror of thy foes!

Arjuna said:

4. O destroyer of enemies and slayer of Madhu (Krishna), how can I fight with arrows in battle against Bhishma and Drona, who are worthy to be worshipped (by me).

5. Instead of slaying these great-souled masters, it would be better even to live in this life by begging; but killing them, all our enjoyments of wealth and desires, even in this world, will be stained with blood.

[1] Certain funeral rites performed for the welfare of the departed ones.

6. Indeed I know not which of the two is better for us, whether we should conquer them or they should conquer us. For those very sons of Dhritarāshtra stand before us, after slaying whom we should not care to live.

7. With my nature overpowered by pity and depression and mind confused about duty, I implore Thee (O Krishna) tell me with certainty what is good for me. I am Thy disciple, instruct me, who have taken refuge in Thee.

8. For I see not what can remove this grief which withers my senses, even if I should obtain unrivalled and flourishing dominion over the earth and rulership over the gods.

Sanjaya said:

9. Gudākesha (Arjuna), the conqueror of his foes, having thus spoken to the Lord of the senses (Krishna), said: "I shall not fight, O Govinda!" and became silent.

10. O descendant of King Bharata, Hrishikesha (Krishna), as if smilingly, spoke these words to him (Arjuna), who was thus grief-stricken in the midst of the two armies.

The Blessed Lord said:

11. Thou hast been mourning for those who should not be mourned for and yet thou speakest (apparent) words of wisdom; but the truly wise mourn not either for the dead or for the living.

12. It is not that I have never existed before, nor thou, nor all these kings. Nor is it that all of us shall cease to exist hereafter.

13. As in this body the embodied soul passes through childhood, youth and old age, in the same manner it goes from one body to another; therefore the wise are never deluded regarding it (the soul).

14. O son of Kunti, the feelings of heat, cold, pleasure, pain, are produced from the contact of the senses with sense-objects; they are with beginning and end, transitory. Therefore, O Bhārata, endure them (bravely).

15. O mighty among men, he is fit to attain immortality who is serene and not afflicted by these sensations, but is the same in pleasure and pain.

16. There is no existence for the unreal and the real can never be non-existent. The Seers of Truth know the nature and final ends of both.

17. Know That to be indestructible by which all this is pervaded. No one is ever able to destroy that Immutable.

18. These bodies are perishable; but the dwellers in these bodies are eternal, indestructible and impenetrable. Therefore fight, O descendant of Bharata!

19. He who considers this (Self) as a slayer or he who thinks that this (Self) is slain, neither of these knows the Truth. For It does not slay, nor is It slain.

20. This (Self) is never born, nor does It die, nor after once having been, does It go into non-being. This (Self) is unborn, eternal, changeless, ancient. It is never destroyed even when the body is destroyed.

21. O son of Prithā, how can he slay or cause the slaying of another who knows this (Self) to be indestructible, eternal, unborn and immutable?

22. As man casts off worn-out garments and puts on others which are new, similarly the embodied soul, casting off worn-out bodies, enters into others which are new.

23. Swo.d cannot pierce It (Self), fire cannot burn It, water cannot wet It, and air cannot dry It.

24. It cannot be pierced, nor burned, nor wet, nor dried. It is eternal, all-pervading, unchangeable, immovable, everlasting.

25. This (Self) is said to be unmanifested, unthinkable, unchangeable; therefore knowing this to be so, thou shouldst not grieve.

26. But even if thou thinkest that this (Self) is subject to constant birth and death, even then, O mighty-armed, thou shouldst not grieve.

27. For that which is born death is certain, and for the dead birth is certain. Therefore grieve not over that which is unavoidable.

28. O Bhārata, all creatures are unmanifested in the beginning, manifested in their middle state, unmanifested again in the end. What is there to grieve about?

29. Some look upon It (Self) with wonder, some speak about It with wonder, some hear about It with wonder and yet others, even after hearing about It, know It not.

30. The dweller in the body of everyone is ever indestructible; therefore, O Bhārata, thou shouldst not grieve over any creature.

31. Looking upon it even from the standpoint of thine own Dharma,[1] thou shouldst not waver, for nothing is higher for a Kshatriya (warrior) than a righteous war.

32. O son of Prithā, fortunate indeed are Kshatriyas to whom comes unsought, as an open gate to heaven, such a war.

33. But if thou shouldst not take part in this righteous war, then forfeiting thine own duty and honour, thou shalt incur sin.

34. People will ever speak ill of thee; for the esteemed, dishonour is even worse than death.

35. These great car-warriors will think that thou hast withdrawn

[1] Moral and religious duty.

from the battle through fear. And thou shalt be thought of lightly by those who once honoured thee highly.

36. Thine enemies will speak unutterable disgraceful things against thee and blame thy valour. What can be more painful than this?

37. If thou fallest in battle, thou shalt obtain heaven; if thou conquerest, thou shalt enjoy the earth. Therefore, O son of Kuntī, arise and be resolved to fight.

38. Regarding alike pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, fight thou the battle. Thus sin will not stain thee.

39. Thus I have declared unto thee the wisdom of Self-realization. Listen now, O son of Prithā, regarding Yoga, by knowing which thou shalt be freed from the bonds of Karma (cause and effect).

40. In this (Yoga) there is neither waste of effort nor possibility of evil results. Even a little practice of this (Yoga) delivers one from great fear.

41. O son of Kuru, in this (Yoga), the well-resolved mind is single and one-pointed; but the purposes of the irresolute mind are many-branched and endless.

42. O son of Prithā, those who delight in the flowery speech of the unwise and are satisfied with the mere letter of the Vedas (Scriptures) saying: "There is naught else";

43. And those who are full of desires for self-gratification, regarding heaven[1] as their highest goal, and are engaged in many intricate Scriptural rites just to secure pleasure and power as the result of their deeds for their future incarnations;

44. Whose discrimination is stolen away by the love of power and pleasure and who are thus deeply attached therein, (for such people) it is impossible to obtain either firm conviction (in purpose) or God-consciousness.

45. The Vedas deal with the three *Gunas*.[2] O Arjuna, be thou free from these three Gunas; free from the pairs of opposites (cold and heat, pleasure and pain); ever steadfast, be thou free from (thoughts of) acquiring or keeping and self-possessed.

46. To the Brāhmana, the knower of Truth, all the Vedas are of as little use as a small water-tank is during the time of a flood, when water is everywhere.[3]

47. To work alone thou hast the right, but never to the fruits thereof. Be thou neither actuated by the fruits of action, nor be thou attached to inaction.

[1] Heaven is the temporary abode of highest pleasure.
[2] Sattwa, quality of goodness; Rajas, quality of activity and passion; Tamas, quality of darkness and inertia.
[3] This verse shows the difference between mere book knowledge and direct vision of Truth.

48. O Dhananjaya, abandoning attachment and regarding success and failure alike, be steadfast in Yoga and perform thy duties. Even-mindedness is called Yoga.

49. O Dhananjaya, work (with desire for results) is far inferior to work with understanding. Therefore seek refuge in the Yoga of understanding. Wretched indeed are those who work for results.

50. Being possessed with this understanding, one frees one's self even in this life from good and evil. Therefore engage thyself in this Yoga. Skilfulness in action is called Yoga.

51. The wise, possessed with knowledge, abandoning the fruits of their actions, become freed from the fetters of birth and reach that state which is beyond all evil.

52. When thine intellect will cross beyond the mire of delusion, then alone shalt thou attain to indifference regarding things heard and yet to be heard.

53. When thine intellect, tossed by the various conflicting opinions of the Scriptures, will become firmly established in the Self, then thou shalt attain Yoga (Self-realization or union with God).

Arjuna said:

54. O Keshava, what are the signs of the man of steady wisdom, one who has attained God-consciousness? How does the man of steady wisdom speak? How does he sit? How does he walk?

The Blessed Lord said:

55. O Pārtha, when a man is satisfied in the Self by Self alone and has completely cast out all desires from the mind, then he is said to be of steady wisdom.

56. He whose mind is not agitated in calamities and who has no longing for pleasure, free from attachment, fear and anger, he indeed is said to be a saint of steady wisdom.

57. He who is free from all attachment and neither rejoices on receiving good nor is vexed on receiving evil, his wisdom is well-established.

58. When he completely withdraws his senses from sense-objects as the tortoise withdraws its limbs, then his wisdom becomes well-established.

59. The embodied, through the practice of abstinence (i.e. not giving food to the senses), can deaden the feelings of the senses, but longing still lingers in the heart; all longings drop off when he has seen the Supreme.

60. O son of Kuntī, dangerous are the senses, they even carry away forcibly the mind of a discriminative man who is striving for perfection.

61. The man of steady wisdom, having subdued them all (senses),

becomes fixed in Me, the Supreme. His wisdom is well-established whose senses are under control.

Thinking of sense-objects, man becomes attached thereto. From attachment arises longing and from longing anger is born.

63. From anger arises delusion; from delusion, loss of memory is caused. From loss of memory, the discriminative faculty is ruined and from the ruin of discrimination, he perishes.[1]

64. But the self-subjugated attains peace and moves among objects with the senses under control, free from any longing or aversion.

65. In peace there is an end to all misery and the peaceful mind soon becomes well-established in wisdom.

66. There is no wisdom for the unsteady and there is no meditation for the unsteady and for the unmeditative there is no peace. How can there be any happiness for the peaceless?

67 For the mind that yields to the uncontrolled and wandering senses, carries away his wisdom just as a boat on water is carried away by wind.

68 Therefore, O mighty-armed, his wisdom is established whose senses are well-restrained from all objects of sense.

69. That which is night to all beings, therein the self-subjugated remains awake; and in that where all beings are awake, that is night for the knower of Self.[2]

70. As the ocean remains calm and unaltered though the waters flow into it, similarly a self-controlled saint remains unmoved when desires enter into him; such a saint alone attains peace, but not he who craves the objects of desire.

71. That man attains peace who, abandoning all desires, moves about without attachment and longing, without the sense of "I" and "mine."

72. O son of Prithā, this is the state of dwelling in Brahman (absolute Truth); having attained this, no one is ever deluded. Being established in this knowledge even at the end of life, one attains oneness with Brahman (the Supreme).

Here ends the Second Chapter called
"Sānkhya-Yoga, or The Path of Wisdom"

[1] When a greedy man sees a bag of gold and begins to think of its value, attachment for the thing grows in his heart; from attachment he feels intense longing to get possession of it, and when anything or anybody interferes with the gratification of his desire, it results in anger. From anger delusion rises, i.e., confusion of understanding; then his memory fails him, i.e., he forgets his position and duty in life; and when he is in this state, without discrimination of right and wrong, he does things to cause his own ruin.

[2] The spiritual plane, which to ordinary mortals is like night, full of darkness, is like day, full of clearness and light, to the wise ones; and the sense plane, where the ordinary minds are wide awake and active, there the wise men are as if asleep, knowing the futility of sense desire. These are the two poles of human existence represented by night and day.

CHAPTER III

Arjuna said:

1. O Janārdana, O Keshava (Krishna), if to thy mind (the path of) wisdom is superior to (the path of) action, then why art thou engaging me in this terrible action?

2. By these seemingly conflicting words[1] thou art bewildering my understanding; therefore tell me with certainty that one of these, by following which I can attain the highest.

The Blessed Lord said:

3. O sinless one, in this world twofold is the path already described by me. The path of wisdom is for the meditative and the path of work is for the active.

4. A man does not attain to freedom from action by non-performance of action, nor does he attain to perfection merely by giving up action.

5. No one can ever rest even for an instant without performing action, for all are impelled by the Gunas (qualities), born of Prakriti (Nature), to act incessantly.

He who, restraining the organs of action, sits holding thoughts of sense-objects in his mind, that self-deluded one is called a hypocrite.

7. But, O Arjuna, he who, controlling the senses by the mind, follows without attachment the path of action with his organs of action, he is esteemed.

8. Do thou therefore perform right and obligatory actions, for action is superior to inaction. Without work, even the bare maintenance of thy body would not be possible.

9. This world is bound by actions, except when they are performed for the sake of *Yajna*.[2] Therefore, O son of Kuntī, do thou perform action without attachment.

10. In the beginning the Lord of creatures, having created mankind, together with Yajna, said: "By this (Yajna) ye shall prosper and obtain all desired results, like Kāmadhuk.[3]

11. "By this (Yajna) ye shall please the Devas (bright ones) and the Devas, in their turn, will cherish you. Thus by cherishing one another, ye shall obtain the highest good.

[1] Sometimes praising work, sometimes praising wisdom.
[2] Religious ceremonies, sacrifices, worship, etc.
[3] The symbolic cow who possesses the extraordinary quality of giving to the milker whatever he desires.

12. "The Devas, pleased by the Yajna, will bestow upon you all the objects of your desire." He who enjoys the objects given by the Devas without offering to them, he is indeed a thief.

13. The righteous, eating the remnants of Yajna (sacrifice), become free from all sins; but the unrighteous, who cook for themselves, eat sin.

14. Creatures come forth from food; food is produced from rain; rain comes as the result of Yajna; and Yajna is born of Karma (action).

15. Know that Karma rises from the Vedas and the Vedas from the Imperishable. Therefore the all-pervading Truth (Brahman) is ever established in Yajna (sacrifice).

16. He who here (on earth) does not follow the wheel thus set revolving, lives in sin and sensuality; O Pārtha, he lives in vain.

17. That man, who is devoted to the Self, is satisfied with Self and is content in the Self alone, for him there is nothing to do.

18. For him there is nothing in this world to gain by action or to lose by inaction; nor does he need to depend on any being for any object.

19. Therefore, being unattached, perform thy duties (the work that ought to be done) unceasingly; for through the performance of action, unattached, man attains the highest.

20. Verily, by work alone, Janaka[1] and other (great souls) attained perfection. Also just from the point of view of benefiting mankind, thou shouldst perform action.

21. Whatsoever a superior (man) does, that alone inferior men do. Whatever example he sets by his actions, that the people (masses) follow.

22. O Pārtha, there is nothing for Me to accomplish; nothing there is in the three worlds unattained or to be attained by Me, and yet I continue in action.

23. For if I do not work unceasingly, O Pārtha, men would follow my path (example) in every way.

24. If I did not work, these worlds would perish.[2] I should cause the confusion of castes,[3] and also the destruction of all beings.

25. O descendant of Bharata, as the ignorant (who are attached to results) work, so also (with the same fervour) the wise should act, devoid of attachment, being desirous to help mankind.

26. One should not unsettle the understanding of the ignorant who are attached to action; the man of wisdom, by steadily performing actions, should engage (the ignorant) in all right action.

[1] The great king who was noted for his wisdom and non-attachment.
[2] From the lack of social, moral and spiritual examples.
[3] Order or division of qualities among men.

27. All actions are performed by the Gunas, born of Prakriti (Nature). One whose understanding is deluded by egoism alone thinks: "I am the doer."

28. But, O mighty-armed, the Seer of Truth, understanding the divisions of Guna and Karma (qualities, senses and actions), and knowing that it is only the senses which run after sense-objects, does not become deluded therein.

29. A man of perfect wisdom should not unsettle the people of small and imperfect understanding, who are deluded by the qualities born of Nature and are attached to the function of the Gunas (senses).

30. Surrendering all action to Me and fixing the mind on the Self, devoid of hope[1] and egoism,[2] and free from the fever (of grief), fight, O Arjuna.

31. Those who constantly practise this teaching of Mine with true faith and devotion and unflinching heart, they too are freed from (the fetters of) action.

32. But those who find fault with my teaching and do not follow it, such self-deluded ones, devoid of all knowledge and discrimination, know them to be ruined.

33. Even a wise man acts according to his nature; beings follow nature: What can restraint do?

34. Attachment and aversion of the senses are based on sense-objects; let none come under the sway of these two. They are his enemies.

35. Better one's own duty, though devoid of merit, than the duty of another, well performed. Better is death, in following one's own duty; the duty of another is full of danger.

Arjuna said:

36. But, O Descendant of Vrishni (Krishna), impelled by what power does a man commit sin even against his wish, constrained, as it were, by force?

The Blessed Lord said:

37. It is desire, it is anger, born of Rajo-Guna (quality of passion); of unappeasable craving and of great sin; know this as the foe in this world.[3]

38. As fire is enveloped by smoke, as a mirror by dust, as an embryo by the womb, so is this (Self) covered by that.

39. O son of Kuntī, wisdom is covered by this insatiable fire of desire, the constant enemy of the wise.

[1] Longing for results.
[2] Sense of "I" and "Mine."
[3] Desire and anger are inseparable, as anger is caused by obstructed desire.

40. The senses, mind and intellect are said to be its seats; through these it deludes the embodied one by covering his wisdom.

41. Therefore, O mightiest of the Bharata race, first subduing the senses, kill this (desire), the sinful, destroyer of wisdom and Self-knowledge.

42. The senses are said to be superior (to the body), the mind is superior to the senses and intellect is superior to the mind; and that which is superior to the intellect is He (Atman, Self).

43. O mighty-armed, thus knowing Him who is superior to the intellect, and subduing self by the Self, destroy this enemy in the form of desire, difficult to overcome.

Here ends the Third Chapter called
"Karma-Yoga, or The Path of Work"

CHAPTER IV

The Blessed Lord said:

1. I declared this imperishable Yoga to Vivasvān, and Vivasvān told it to Manu, Manu taught it to Ikshvāku.

2. Thus, handed down in regular succession, the royal sages knew it. This Yoga through long lapse of time has been lost in this world, O Parantapa (Arjuna).

3. That same ancient Yoga has been (again) to-day declared to thee by Me, for thou art my devotee and my friend. This is the supreme secret.

Arjuna said:

4. Later was thy birth and the birth of Vivasvān was prior to thine. How, then, am I to know that thou didst declare this in the beginning?

The Blessed Lord said:

5. O Arjuna, both you and I have gone through many births. I know them all, but thou knowest them not, O Parantapa.

6. Though I am unborn and of unchangeable nature, and though I am Lord of all beings, yet by ruling over my Prakriti (Nature) I come into being by my own Māyā (mysterious power).

7. O Bhārata, whenever there is decline of virtue and predominance of vice, then I embody Myself.

8. For the protection of the good and for the destruction of evil-doers and for the re-establishment of Dharma (virtue and religion) I am born from age to age.

9. He who thus understands truly My Divine birth and action is no born again on leaving his body, O Arjuna, but he attains unto Me.

10. Freed from attachment, fear and anger, being absorbed in Me and taking refuge in Me, purified by the fire of wisdom, many have attained My Being.

11. In whatever way men worship Me, in the same way I fulfil their desires. O Pārtha, in every way men follow My path.

12. Those who long for success in this world worship the gods, for in the human world success is quickly attained by actions.

13. The fourfold caste[1] was created by Me according to Guna and Karma (qualities and actions). Although I am the author (of that), yet know me to be the non-doer and changeless.

14. Actions pollute Me not, nor have I any desire for the fruits of action. He who knows Me thus, is not bound by action.

15. Knowing this, the ancient seekers after liberation performed action. Do thou, therefore, also perform action as did the ancients in olden time.

16. Even wise men are bewildered regarding what is action and what is inaction. Therefore I shall teach thee that action, by knowing which thou shalt be freed from all evil.

17. For verily the nature of right action should be understood, also that of unlawful action and of inaction. The nature of Karma (action) is indeed very difficult to understand.

18. He who sees inaction in action and action in inaction, he is intelligent among men; he is a man of established wisdom and a true performer of all actions.[2]

19. Him the sages call wise whose undertakings are devoid of desire for results and of plans, whose actions are burned by the fire of wisdom.

20. Having abandoned attachment for the fruits of action, ever content and dependent on none, though engaged in action, yet he does nothing.

21. Being freed from longing, with self under control, and giving up all sense of possession (ownership), he is not tainted by sin merely by performing bodily action.

22. Content with whatever comes without effort, undisturbed by the

[1] Brāhmana represents spiritual qualities—goodness, serenity, etc. Kshatrya stands for the combination of Sattwa (goodness) and Rajas (passion, ambition). Vaisya, merchant class, is represented by Rajas (passion) and Tamas (dullness). Sudra, or the servant class, is typified by Tamas (dullness, ignorance and inertia). In short, this fourfold caste gives an organized form of division of labour, placing each one in a position according to his quality and capacity.

[2] This verse means that a truly wise man knows how to differentiate body, mind and senses from the Self. Even when activity is going on, on the physical plane, he knows that the true Self is not acting.

pairs of opposites (pleasure and pain, heat and cold), free from envy, even-minded in success and failure, though acting (he) is not bound.

23. One whose attachment is gone, who is liberated, whose mind is well-established in wisdom, who works for sacrifice alone, his whole Karma melts away.

24. Brahman (absolute Truth) is the offering, Brahman is the oblation, the sacrificial fire is (another form of) Brahman and by Brahman is the sacrifice performed. Thus, by performing actions with the consciousness of Brahman, he reaches Brahman alone.

25. Some Yogis offer sacrifices to the Devas, while others perform sacrifice in the fire of Brahman by offering self by the self alone.

26. Some offer the sense of hearing and other senses as oblation in the fire of control; still others offer sound and other sense-objects as oblation in the fire of the senses.

27. Others offer all the actions of the senses and the functions of the vital forces as oblation in the fire of self-control, lighted by wisdom.

28. Some offer wealth as sacrifice; some, austerity and Yoga as sacrifice; still others, of rigid vow and self-control, offer study of the Scriptures and wisdom as sacrifice.

29. Yet others offer as sacrifice the outgoing breath in the incoming and the incoming breath in the outgoing, stopping the courses of the outgoing and incoming breaths; thus they constantly practise Prānāyāma.[1] Whereas others, regulating their food, offer the functions of the vital forces in the Prāna itself as sacrifice.

30-31. All the knowers of sacrifice, burning off their sins (impurities) by the performance of sacrifice and drinking the nectar of the remnant of sacrifice, go to the eternal Brahman (absolute Truth). O best of the Kurus (Arjuna), not even this world is for the non-performer of sacrifice, how much less is the other (world).

32. All these various sacrifices are given in the Vedas (the revelation of Brahman or absolute Truth). Know them all to be born of action; knowing thus thou shalt be freed.

33. O Parantapa (Arjuna), wisdom-sacrifice is far superior to the sacrifice performed with material objects. The entire realm of action, O Pārtha, ends in wisdom.

34. Learn this by reverence, by enquiry and by humble service. Those men of wisdom, who have realized the Truth, will teach thee supreme wisdom.

35. Knowing which, O Pāndava, thou shalt not again fall into error (delusion) and by which thou shalt see all beings in (thy) Self and also in Me.

[1] Certain breathing exercises for the control of Prāna; vital force.

36. Even if thou art the most sinful of the sinful, thou shalt cross over (the ocean of) sin by the bark of wisdom.

37. As kindled fire reduces fuel to ashes, O Arjuna, so does the wisdom fire reduce all actions (Karma) to ashes.

38. Nothing indeed in this world purifies like wisdom. He who is perfected by Yoga, finds it in time within himself by himself.

39. The man of (unflinching) faith, who has mastered his senses, attains wisdom. Having gained wisdom, immediately he attains to supreme peace.

40. The ignorant, the faithless and one of doubting mind perishes. There is neither this world nor the next nor any happiness for the doubting self.

41. O Dhananjaya, one who has renounced actions by Yoga and has cut asunder doubt by wisdom and who is self-possessed, actions bind him not.

42. Therefore, cutting asunder with the sword of wisdom this doubt of Self, born of ignorance, lying in the heart, take refuge in Yoga and arise, O Bhārata!

Here ends the Fourth Chapter called
"Jnāna-Yoga, or The Path of Wisdom"

CHAPTER V

Arjuna said:

1. O Krishna, renunciation of action thou praisest and then again Yoga (performance of action); tell me with certainty which of the two is better?

The Blessed Lord said:

2. Renunciation (of action) and performance of action both lead to liberation. But of the two, performance of action is superior to renunciation of action.

3. Know him to be a perpetual renouncer (Sannyāsi) who has neither longing nor aversion, O mighty-armed; being free from the pairs of opposites (cold and heat, pleasure and pain, etc.), he is easily liberated from all bondage.

4. Children (the ignorant) alone say, not wise men, that wisdom and Yoga are different. He who is truly established in one obtains the fruits of both.

5. That place which is attained by the Jnānis (wise men), is also

reached by the Karma Yogins (men of action). He who looks upon wisdom and the performance of action as one, is a true Seer.

6. O mighty-armed, renunciation of action is difficult to attain without performance of action. The wise man, being devoted to Yoga (action), ere long attains to Brahman (absolute Truth).

7. One who is devoted to Yoga, of purified mind, self-subjugated and a master of the senses, realizes his Self as the Self of all beings; though acting he is not tainted.

8–9. The self-possessed knower of Truth should think: "I do nothing at all," though seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, eating, walking, sleeping, breathing, speaking, letting go and holding, opening and closing the eyes, firmly convinced that senses alone move among sense-objects.

10. He who performs actions, surrendering them to Brahman and abandoning all attachment, is not polluted by sin, as a lotus-leaf[1] by water.

11. Karma Yogins, for self-purification alone, perform actions with body, with mind, with intellect, even with the senses, abandoning all attachment.

12. The steady-minded, by giving up all (attachment for) the fruits of action, obtains peace, born of steadfastness. The unsteady (fickle), being attached to fruits through desire, is ever bound (by action).

13. The self-subjugated embodied one, by renouncing all actions through mental discrimination, rests happily in the city of nine gates (body), neither acting (himself) nor causing (others) to act.

14. The Lord creates neither the agency (sense of "I"), nor actions for the world, nor union with the fruit of action. It is nature that leads to action.

15. The omnipresent Lord partakes neither of the good nor of the evil deed of any. Wisdom is covered by ignorance, thus mortals are deluded.

16. But those, whose ignorance is destroyed by Self-knowledge, their knowledge of the Self, like the sun, illumines the Supreme.

17. Those whose heart and soul are absorbed in That (Supreme), who are steadily devoted to That and regard That as their highest goal, they go never to return, their sins (impurities) being washed off by wisdom.

18. The wise look upon a Brāhmana endowed with learning and humility, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and a Pariah (dog-eater) with equal regard.[2]

19. Even here (in this world), existence (earthly life) is conquered by them whose mind rests in equality, for Brahman is without imperfection and equal. Therefore they abide in Brahman.

[1] The lotus-leaf, though it grows in water, is not moistened by it.
[2] They see the same underlying Self everywhere.

20. The steady-minded, undeluded knower of Brahman, being well-established in Brahman, neither rejoices on receiving the pleasant nor grieves on receiving the unpleasant.

21. He, whose heart is unattached to external contacts (of the senses), realizes the happiness that is in the Self; being united with Brahman by meditation, he attains to eternal bliss.

22. The enjoyments which are born through contact (with sense-objects) are ever generators of misery; (they are) with beginning and end. O son of Kuntī, the wise do not seek pleasure in them.

23. He who can withstand the impulse of lust and anger even here (in this life), before he is separated from the body, is steadfast and truly a happy man.

24. He whose joy is within, whose pleasure is within, and whose light is within, that Yogi, being well-established in Brahman, attains to absolute freedom.

25. The self-subjugated Rishis (Truth-Seers), whose impurities are washed off, whose doubts are destroyed, and who are engaged in doing good to all beings, attain supreme liberation.

26. The Sannyāsins, who are freed from lust and anger, with hearts well-subdued and Self realized, for them absolute freedom exists here and hereafter.

27-28. Shutting out the external contact with sense-objects, the eyes fixed between the eyebrows,[1] and equalizing the currents of Prāna (incoming breath) and Apāna (the outgoing breath) inside the nostrils, the meditative man, having mastered the senses, mind and intellect, being freed from desire, fear and anger, and regarding freedom as his supreme goal, is liberated forever.

29. Knowing Me to be the receiver and dispenser of Yajna (sacrifice) and austerity, the Supreme Lord of the Universe and the Friend of all beings, he attains to peace.

Here ends the Fifth Chapter called
"Sannyāsa-Yoga, or The Path of Renunciation"

CHAPTER VI

The Blessed Lord said:

1. He who performs his duty without depending on the fruits of action, he is a Sannyāsi (a true renouncer), and a Yogi (a true worker), not he who is without sacrificial fire or without action.

[1] A form of concentration.

2. O Pāndava, that which is called Sannyāsa (renunciation) know that to be also Yoga (true performance of action), for none can become a Yogi without giving up fancies for the fruits of action.

3. For the meditative who is striving to attain Yoga, action is said to be the means ; for the same man, when he has attained to Yoga, inaction is said to be the means.

4. He who is unattached to sense-objects and to actions, and has given up all fancies for the fruits of action, he is said to have attained Yoga.

5. Let a man raise himself by his Self, let him never lower himself; for he alone is the friend of himself and he alone is the enemy of himself.

6. He who has conquered himself by the Self, he is the friend of himself; but he whose self is unconquered, his self acts as his own enemy like an external foe.

7. The Supreme Self of the self-subjugated and serene-minded, is ever undisturbed in heat and cold, pleasure and pain, as well as in honour and dishonour.

8. He who is satisfied with wisdom and direct vision of Truth, who has conquered the senses and is ever undisturbed, to whom a lump of earth, a stone and gold are the same, that Yogi is said to be a Yukta (a saint of established wisdom).

9. He is esteemed who looks with equal regard upon well-wishers, friends, enemies, neutrals, a mediator, the hateful, relatives, upon the righteous and the unrighteous.

10. A Yogi[1] should constantly practise concentration of the heart, remaining in seclusion alone, subduing his body and mind and being free from longing and possession (sense of ownership).

11. In a cleanly spot having established his seat firmly, neither too high nor too low, with a cloth, skin and Kusha grass, placed one on the other;

12. Being seated there, making the mind one-pointed and subduing the activities of mind and senses, let him practise Yoga for self-purification.

13. Let him hold his body, head and neck erect and motionless, fixing the gaze on the tip of his nose, not looking around.[2]

14. Being serene-hearted and fearless, ever steadfast in the vow of Brahmacharya[3] and controlling the mind, let him sit steadfastly absorbed in thoughts of Me, regarding Me as his supreme goal.

[1] One who is striving for union with God through the practice of concentration and meditation.
[2] A form of concentration.
[3] Vow of godly life and continence.

15. Thus ever keeping himself steadfast, the Yogi of subdued mind attains eternal peace and freedom, which abide in Me.

16. But, O Arjuna, (the practice of) Yoga is not for him who eats too much or who does not eat at all, nor for him who sleeps too much or keeps awake (in excess).

17. He who is moderate in eating and recreation, moderate in his efforts in work, moderate in sleep and wakefulness (his practice of) Yoga becomes the destroyer of all misery.

18. When the mind, completely subdued, rests in Self alone, free from longing for all objects of desire, then he is said to be a Yukta (steadfast in Self-knowledge).

19. As a lamp placed in a windless spot does not flicker, the same simile is used to define a Yogi of subdued mind, practising union with the Self.

20. In that state, when the mind is completely subdued by the practice of Yoga and has attained serenity, in that state, seeing Self by the self, he is satisfied in the Self alone.

21. In that state, transcending the senses, he (the Yogi) feels that infinite bliss which is perceived by the purified understanding; knowing that and being established therein, he never falls back from his real state (of Self-knowledge);

22. After having attained which, no other gain seems greater; being established wherein, he is not overwhelmed even by great sorrow.

23. Know that (state) of separation from the contact with pain as Yoga. This Yoga should be practised with perseverance and undepressed heart.

24. Abandoning without reserve all the desires born of mental fancies, and restraining completely by the mind the entire group of the senses from all directions.

25. With understanding held by firmness, and mind established in the Self, let him (thus) by degrees attain tranquillity; let him not think of anything else.

26. Wheresoever the restless and unsteady mind may wander away, let him withdraw it from there and bring it under the control of the Self alone.

27. He whose passions are quieted and mind perfectly tranquil, who has become one with Brahman, being freed from all impurities, to such a Yogi comes supreme bliss.

28. Thus constantly holding the mind steadfast, the Yogi, whose sins are shaken off, easily attains the infinite bliss, born of contact with Brahman.

29. He whose heart is steadfastly engaged in Yoga, looks everywhere

with the eyes of equality, seeing the Self in all beings and all beings in the Self.

30. He who sees Me in all and all in Me, from him I vanish not, nor does he vanish from Me.

31. He who, being established in unity, worships Me dwelling in all beings, that Yogi, howsoever living, abides in Me.

32. O Arjuna, he who looks upon pleasure and pain everywhere with the same regard as when it is applied to himself, that Yogi is highly esteemed.

Arjuna said:

33. O Destroyer of Madhu (Krishna), this Yoga, which has been declared by Thee as even-mindedness, I do not see (the possibility) of its lasting existence, owing to the restlessness of the mind.

34. O Krishna, the mind is restless, turbulent, strong and unyielding; I consider it as difficult to subdue as the wind.

The Blessed Lord said:

35. Doubtless, O mighty-armed, the mind is restless and difficult to control; but O son of Kuntī, through practice and dispassion (renunciation) it can be conquered.

36. Yoga is difficult to attain by him who is of uncontrolled self: such is my conviction; but the self-subjugated can attain it by following the right means.

Arjuna said:

37. O Krishna, he who, though possessed with faith, yet lacks in control and whose mind wanders away from Yoga, what end does he meet, failing to reach perfection in Yoga?

38. O Mighty-armed (Krishna), does he not perish like a rent cloud, supportless, fallen from both (here and hereafter), deluded in the path of Brahman (Truth)?

39. O Krishna, this doubt of mine Thou oughtest to dispel, for there is none but Thee who is able to destroy this doubt.

The Blessed Lord said:

40. O Pārtha, there is no destruction for him either here or hereafter, for the well-doer (devotee), O Beloved, never comes to an evil end.

41. One who is fallen from Yoga, after having attained the regions of the righteous and dwelling there for unlimited time, reincarnates in the house of the pure and prosperous.

42. Or else he is born in the family of wise Yogis; but such a birth is very rare to obtain in this world.

43. O descendant of Kuru, there (in that incarnation) he gains the

knowledge acquired in his previous incarnation, and he strives again more (fervently) than before for perfection.

44. He is irresistibly led by the previous practice (of Yoga). Even the enquirer of Yoga goes beyond the letter-Brahman.[1]

45. But the Yogi, striving with perseverance, purified from all sin, perfected through many births, reaches the supreme goal.

46. The Yogi is superior to ascetics, and superior to those who have attained wisdom through books; he is also superior to performers of action (according to the Scriptures). Therefore, O Arjuna! be thou a Yogi.

47. And among all the Yogis, to Me he is the highest, who, with his inner self absorbed in Me, worships Me with (unflinching) faith.

Here ends the Sixth Chapter called
"Dhyāna-Yoga, or The Path of Meditation"

CHAPTER VII

The Blessed Lord said:

1. O Pārtha, practising Yoga, with thy mind fixed on Me and taking refuge in Me, do thou hear how without doubt thou shalt know Me fully.

2. I shall declare unto thee without reserve this knowledge (speculative) and wisdom (practical), having known which nothing more here (in this world) remains to be known.

3. Among thousands of human beings, scarcely one strives for perfection; and among (the thousands of) faithful strivers after perfection, scarcely one knows Me in truth.

4. Earth, water, fire, air, ether, mind, intellect, egotism, thus my Prakriti (Nature) is divided eightfold.

5. This Prakriti is inferior; but different from this, know thou, mighty-armed, my higher Prakriti in the form of life-consciousness, by which this universe is supported.

6. Know that all beings are generated from these two (Prakritis). I am the origin and also the dissolution of the entire universe.

7. O Dhananjaya (Arjuna), there is naught else (existing) higher than I. Like pearls on a thread, all this (universe) is strung in Me.

8. O son of Kuntī, I am the sapidity in waters and the radiance in sun and moon, I am Om[2] in all the Vedas, sound in Akāsha (ether), self-consciousness in mankind.

[1] The performance of rites and rituals given in the Scriptures.
[2] The Pranava or Word-God. The same as the *Logos* of Christian theology.

9. I am the sacred fragrance in earth and brilliance in fire; I am the life in all beings and austerity in ascetics.

10. Know Me, O Pārtha, as the eternal seed of all beings. I am the intellect of the intelligent and the prowess of the powerful.

11. O mighty of the Bharata race, of the strong I am the strength, devoid of desire and attachment; I am (also) desire in all beings, unopposed to Dharma (spiritual duty).

12. Whatever conditions there are pertaining to the states of Sattwa (quality of goodness), Rajas (passion), Tamas (ignorance, inertia), know them all to proceed from Me. I am not in them, but they are in Me.

13. Being deluded by these states, composed of the three Gunas (qualities), all this world does not know Me, who am beyond these and immutable.

14. Verily this divine Māyā of mine (elusive mystery), composed of Gunas, is difficult to surmount; those who take refuge in Me alone, they cross over this Māyā.

15. The deluded, evil-doers, the lowest of men, robbed of understanding by Māyā and following demonic tendencies, do not attain unto Me.

16. O Prince of the Bharata race, O Arjuna, four kinds of virtuous men worship Me: the distressed, the seeker of knowledge, the seeker of material prosperity and the wise.

17. Among them the wise, ever steadfast, devoted to the One (to Me), excels; for I am supremely dear to the wise and he is dear to Me.

18. Noble are all these, but I regard the wise as my very Self; for with soul ever steadfast, he is established in Me alone as his supreme goal.

19. At the end of many births the man of wisdom comes unto Me, seeing that all this is (pervaded by) one Self. Such a great-souled one is very difficult to find.

20. Those whose discrimination is stolen away by diverse desires, worship other deities by observing various external rites (with the hope of gaining pleasure, power, etc.), being impelled by their own nature.

21. Whatever devotee seeks to worship whatever (Divine) form with faith, I make his faith unwavering.

22. Possessed with that faith, he engages himself in worship of (that deity); and from that he gains the desired results, those being granted by Me alone.

23. But the fruit (acquired) by these men of small understanding is limited and perishable. The worshippers of the Devas (bright ones) go to the Devas; but my devotees come unto Me.

24. The ignorant, not knowing my Eternal, Immutable and Supreme state, consider Me as the unmanifested coming into manifestation.

25. I am not manifest to all, being veiled by Yoga-Māyā.[1] This deluded world knows Me not, the Unborn and Immutable.

26. O Arjuna, I know the past, present and future of all beings, but no one knows Me.

27. O Bhārata, terror of thy foes, all beings at birth fall into delusion, caused by the pairs of opposites, arising from desire and aversion.

28. But those men of virtuous deeds, whose sin has come to an end, freed from the delusion of the pairs of opposites, worship Me with firm resolve.

29. Those who, having taken refuge in Me, strive to attain freedom from old age and death, they know Brahman, the whole of the individual Self and the entire realm of Karma (action).

30. Those who know Me in the physical realm, in the Divine realm and in the realm of sacrifice, being steadfast in heart, they know Me even at the time of death.

Here ends the Seventh Chapter called "Jnāna-Vijnāna-Yoga, or The Path of Wisdom and Realization"

CHAPTER VIII

Arjuna said:

1. O Best of Beings (Krishna), what is Brahman, what is Adhyātma (embodied soul), and what is Karma? What is the physical realm (Adhibhuta), and what is called the Divine realm (Adhidaiva)?

2. O Destroyer of Madhu, how and who dwells in this body as Adhiyajna (deity of sacrifice); and how art Thou known at the time of death by the self-subjugated ones?

The Blessed Lord said:

3. The Imperishable Supreme Being is Brahman, its manifestation as the embodied soul is called Adhyātman. The prescribed sacrifice, which causes the creation and support of beings, is called Karma.

4. O best of the embodied (Arjuna), perishable existence is called Adhibhuta (the physical); the Supreme Self is the Adhidaivata (Universal Spirit). I am the Adhiyajna (the presiding deity of sacrifice) in the body.

5. He who, at the time of death, thinking of Me alone, goes forth,

[1] Delusion composed of the three Gunas.

leaving the body, he attains unto my Being. There is no doubt in this.

6. O son of Kuntī, whatever state (or being) one dwells upon in the end, at the time of leaving the body, that alone he attains, because of his constant thought of that state or being.

7. Therefore, at all times, think of Me and fight (perform actions). Having offered thy mind and intellect to Me, thou shalt without doubt come unto Me.

8. O son of Prithā, by the steadfast practice of meditation with unwavering mind (not moving elsewhere) and constant thought of the Supreme Divine Being, one goes to Him.

9. He who thinks upon the Omniscient, the Ancient, the Ruler, the minutest of the minute, the Sustainer of all, whose form is inconceivable, Self-effulgent like the sun, and beyond the darkness (of ignorance);

10. (He who thus meditates on Him) at the time of death, with unflinching mind, possessed with devotion, fully fixing the Prāna (life-breath) between the eyebrows by the power of Yoga, he attains to the Supreme Divine Being.

11. That which the knowers of Veda (Truth, Wisdom) speak of as imperishable, that which the unattached Sannyāsins[1] enter into, by desiring which they practise Brahmacharya,[2] that state I shall declare unto thee in brief.

12. Closing all the gates of the senses, confining the mind in the heart, and fixing the Prāna in the head (between the eyebrows), thus engaged in the practice of concentration (Yoga);

13. Uttering the monosyllable "Om," (the sound) Brahman, and meditating on Me, he who departs, leaving his body, he attains the supreme goal.

14. He who is without any other thought (but Me), who remembers Me daily and constantly, O Pārtha, I am easily attained by that ever-devoted Yogi.

15. The great-souled ones, having reached Me, do not come to re-birth, the ever-changing abode of misery, for they have attained the highest perfection.

16. O Arjuna, all worlds, from the abode of Brahmā to this world, are subject to return; but, O son of Kuntī, after having attained Me, there is no re-birth.

17. Those who know that Brahmā's day ends in a thousand Yugas (ages) and his night in a thousand Yugas, they are the true knowers of the night and day.

18. At the approach of (Brahmā's) day, all manifestations proceed

[1] Self-controlled renouncers.
[2] Life of continence and purity.

from the Unmanifested, and at the approach of the night, they merge into that which is called the Unmanifested.[1]

19. O Pārtha, the multitude of beings, coming into birth again and again, helplessly merge into (the Unmanifested) at the approach of night and again remanifest at the approach of day.

20. But beyond this Unmanifested, there is another Unmanifested, which is eternally existent and is not destroyed even when all beings are destroyed.

21. That which has been described as Unmanifested and Imperishable is called the Highest Goal, having attained which there is no return (re-births). That is my Supreme Abode.

22. O son of Prithā, that Supreme Self, in whom all beings abide and by whom all this is pervaded, can be attained by whole-hearted and exclusive devotion to Him.

23. O Prince of the Bharata race, now I shall declare to thee that time, at which in departing (leaving the body) the Yogis return (to re-birth), and also that time at which in departing they do not return.

24. Fire, light, day-time, the bright fortnight (ascending moon), the six months of the sun's northern course, departing at such time, the knowers of Brahman go to Brahman.

25. Smoke, night-time, the dark fortnight (waning moon), the six months of the sun's southern course, the Yogi departing at such time and receiving the lunar light, returns.

26. These two are considered as eternal paths of the world, the bright and the dark (path of wisdom and path of ignorance). By one, (man) attains to non-return (freedom); by the other, he returns again.

27. O son of Prithā, by knowing these (two) paths, the Yogis are never deluded. Therefore, O Arjuna, in all times be thou steadfastly engaged in Yoga.

28. Whatever fruits of good deeds are promised in the study of the Vedas, in sacrifices, in the practice of austerities, in charitable gifts, the Yogi, having known these and rising above all, attains to the primeval Supreme Abode.

Here ends the Eighth Chapter called
"Akshara-Brahma-Yoga, or The Path of the
Imperishable Brahman"

[1] These two verses signify the evolution and involution of the sum-total of Cosmic energy, represented by Brahmā's day and night.

CHAPTER IX

The Blessed Lord said:

1. (Now) I shall declare to thee, who art without evil thought, this great secret, wisdom together with realization, knowing which thou shalt be freed from evil.

2. This is the king of sciences, king of secrets, the supreme purifier; it is realized by direct perception and is endowed with righteousness, easily performed and imperishable.

3. O Parantapa (Arjuna), the men who have no faith in this Dharma (science of Self-knowledge), without attaining Me, return to the path of death and re-birth.

4. By My unmanifested Form all this world is pervaded; all beings dwell in Me, but I do not dwell in them.

5. Behold My Divine Yoga! Beings do all dwell in Me; (although) the Creator and Supporter of all beings, (yet) My Self dwells not in them.

6. As the air, vast and always moving everywhere, exists in Akāsha (space and ether), even so, know thou, all beings exist in Me.

7. O son of Kuntī, all beings, at the end of a cycle, go back to my Prakriti (Nature); again, at the beginning of a cycle, I send them forth.

8. Ruling over My Prakriti, I send forth again and again this vast multitude of beings, who are helplessly impelled by Nature.

9. O conqueror of wealth (Arjuna), these acts (of creation and dissolution) do not bind Me, sitting as one unconcerned and unattached to these acts.

10. O son of Kuntī, with Me as the presiding Deity, Prakriti (Nature) sends forth the moving and the unmoving. For this reason the world wheels round and round.

11. Fools, unaware of My Supreme state, as the great Lord of beings, disregard Me dwelling in human form.

12. They are of vain hopes, of vain deeds, of vain knowledge, and senseless, possessed with the deluding nature of Rākshasas (unclean, passionate and godless creatures) and Asuras (creatures of darkness and of ignorance).

13. But, O son of Kuntī, the great-souled ones, possessing the Divine Nature, knowing Me as Immutable and as the Source of beings, worship Me with single-minded devotion.

14. Ever singing My glory and striving with steadfast vows, bowing down to Me in devotion, (they) perpetually worship Me.

15. Others again by performing the wisdom-sacrifice worship Me, the All-facing, as One, as separate, or in manifold forms.

16. I am Kratu,[1] I am Yajna,[2] I am Svadhā,[3] I am medicinal herbs, I am the Mantra,[4] I am the oblation, I am the fire and I am the act of sacrifice.

17. I am the Father of the universe, the Mother, the Sustainer, the Grandsire, the One to be known, the Purifier, Om (Sound-Brahman), the Rik, Saman and Yajur.[5]

18. (I am) the Way, the Supporter, the Lord, the Witness, the Abode, the Refuge, the Friend, the Origin, the Dissolution, the Resting-Place, the Storehouse and the Eternal Seed.

19. O Arjuna, I give heat, I send forth rain and withhold it; I am Immortality and also Death. I am being and non-being (the manifested and the unmanifested).

20. The knowers of the three Vedas,[6] having worshipped Me with sacrifice, drinking the Soma[7] and thus being purified from sin, pray for the goal of heaven; they, having reached the region of the ruler of the Devas, enjoy in heaven the celestial pleasures of the Devas.

21. Having enjoyed that vast celestial world, they, at the exhaustion of the merit (of their good deeds), again enter into the mortal world; thus following the religion of the three Vedas, with the craving for objects of desire, they attain coming and going (birth and re-birth).

22. Those who worship Me and meditate on Me without any other thought, to these ever steadfast devotees I secure safety and supply all their needs (I carry their burden).

23. O son of Kuntī, even those devotees who worship other gods with faith, they too worship Me, but contrary to the law.

24. For I am alone the Enjoyer and Lord of all sacrifice; but they do not know Me in truth, hence they return (fall into re-birth).

25. The worshippers of the gods go to the gods; to the ancestors go the ancestor-worshippers; the spirit-worshippers go to the spirits; but My worshippers come unto Me.

26. He who, with devotion offereth to Me a leaf, a flower, a fruit and water, that love-offering I accept, made by the pure-hearted.

27. Whatever thou doest, whatever thou eatest, whatever thou offerest as oblation, whatever thou givest and the austerities thou performest, O son of Kuntī, do that as an offering to Me.

[1] Certain Vedic rite.
[2] Sacrifice.
[3] Offering for the benefit of the departed ancestors.
[4] The sacred text, by repeating and meditating on which one is purified.
[5] Different branches of the Vedas.
[6] Mentioned in verse 17.
[7] Nectar, remnant of the sacrifice.

28. Thus thou shalt be freed from the bonds of action that bears good and evil fruit; and thy soul, being steadfastly engaged in this devotion of renunciation, liberated thou shalt come unto me.

29. Alike am I to all beings; hated or beloved there is none to Me. But those who worship Me with devotion, they are in Me and I am in them.

30. Even if the most wicked worships Me with undivided devotion, he should be regarded as good, for he is rightly resolved.

31. Very soon he becomes a righteous soul and attains to eternal peace. Know thou, O son of Kuntī, that my devotee never perishes.

32. O Pārtha, even those who are of inferior birth,—women, Vaishyas (merchant class) and Sūdras (servant class),—even they, by taking refuge in Me, attain to the Supreme Goal.

33. What need is there, then, to speak of the holy Brāhmanas and the royal Sages![1] Having come into this transitory and joyless world, do thou worship Me.

34. Fill thy mind with Me, be thou My devotee, worship Me and bow down to Me; thus, steadfastly uniting thy heart with Me alone and regarding Me as thy Supreme Goal, thou shalt come unto Me.

Here ends the Ninth Chapter called
"The Path of Royal Science
and Royal Secret"

CHAPTER X

The Blessed Lord said:

1. O mighty-armed, again do thou listen to My Supreme Word, which I, wishing thy welfare, declare unto thee who are rejoiced (to hear Me).

2. All the Devas know not My origin, nor do the great Rishis (Seers); for I am the Source of all the Devas and the great Rishis.

3. He who knows Me as birthless and beginningless, the Supreme Lord of the universe, he among mortals is undeluded and is freed from all sins.

4. Intelligence, wisdom, non-delusion, forgiveness, truth, control of the senses, serenity of the heart, pleasure and pain, birth and death, fear and fearlessness.

5. Non-injury, equanimity, contentment, austerity, benevolence, fame and infamy; these different states of beings arise from Me alone.

6. The seven great Rishis, the elder four[2] as well as the Manus, were

[1] How much more easily is the goal attained by them.
[2] Elder than the seven.

born of My mind and endowed with My nature, from whom (are generated) all these creatures in the world.

7. He who comprehends in reality these My various manifestations and My Yoga power, he becomes well-established in unshakable Yoga. There is no doubt in this.

8. I am the Origin of all, everything evolves from Me. Knowing this, the wise worship Me with loving ecstasy.

9. With their heart fixed on Me, with their life absorbed in Me, mutually enlightening (one another), and perpetually singing My glory, they are contented and rejoiced.

10. To these ever steadfast and loving worshippers, I give that Yoga of wisdom by which they come unto Me.

11. Out of pure compassion for them, I, dwelling in their hearts, destroy the darkness born of ignorance, by the effulgent light of wisdom.

Arjuna said:

12–13. Thou art the Supreme Brahman, the Supreme Abode and Supreme Purity. All the Rishis (Sages), the divine saga Nārada, as well as Asita, Devala and Vyāsa, have declared Thee as the Eternal and Self-effulgent Being, the primeval Deity, unborn and all-pervading; and Thou Thyself declarest to me the same.

14. O Keshava (Krishna), I regard all that Thou sayest to me as true. O Blessed Lord, neither the Devas nor the Dānavas (demi-gods) know Thy manifestations.

15. O Supreme Being, O Source of beings, O Lord of beings, O God of gods, O Ruler of the universe, Thou Thyself alone knowest Thyself by Thyself.

16. (O Lord), Thou oughtest to tell me, without reserve, of Thy Divine manifestations, by which Divine attributes Thou abidest, pervading all the worlds.

17. O Yogin (Krishna), how by constantly meditating on Thee shall I know Thee? O Blessed Lord, in what aspects art Thou to be meditated upon by me?

18. O Janārdana (Krishna), tell me again in detail of Thy Yoga power and Divine attributes, for I am never satiated in listening to Thy words of nectar.

The Blessed Lord said:

19. O best of the Kurus, I shall declare to thee My principal Divine attributes, for there is no end to the vastness of My manifestations.

20. O Gudākesha (Arjuna), I am the Self existing in the heart of all beings. I am the beginning, the middle and also the end of beings.

21. I am Vishnu of the Adityas, of the luminaries I am the radiant Sun, among the winds I am Marīchi, among the constellations I am the Moon.

22. Of the Vedas I am the Sāma-Veda, and of the Devas I am Vāsava (Indra). Of the senses I am the mind and I am the consciousness of all living beings.

23. Of the Rudras I am Sankara; I am the Lord of wealth of the Yakshas and Rākshasas; of the Vasus I am the Fire-god; I am Meru among the mountains.

24. O Pārtha, know Me to be Brihaspati, the high priest; of generals, I am Skanda; among waters, I am the ocean.

25. I am Bhrigu among the great Rishis; of words, I am the monosyllable "Om." Of Yajnas (sacrifices), I am Japa;[1] of the immovable, I am the Himālaya.

26. I am Aswattha among all the trees; among the divine Rishis, I am Nārada. I am Chitraratha of the Gandharvas;[2] I am the sage Kapila[3] among the perfected ones.

27. Among horses, know Me as Uchchaisrava, born of nectar; and of the lordly elephants as Airāvata, and among men as Monarch.

28. I am the Thunderbolt among weapons; among cows, I am Kāmadhuk. I am Kandarpa, the cause of offspring; and of serpents, I am Vāsuki.

29. I am Ananta among the snakes; I am Varuna among water-beings; of ancestors, I am Aryamā; I am Yama among rulers.

30. I am Prahlāda among the Daityas; of measures, I am Time; among wild beasts, I am the lord of beasts (the lion); and among birds, I am Vainateya.

31. Among purifiers, I am the wind; among warriors, I am Rāma; among fishes, I am Makara (shark); and among rivers, I am the Ganges.

32. O Arjuna, of all creations I am the beginning, the middle and also the end; of all the sciences, I am the science of Self-knowledge; among the disputants, I am Vāda.[4]

33. Of syllables, I am "A," and Dvandva[5] of all compound words. I am inexhaustible Time; I am the Dispenser (of fruits of actions), facing everywhere.

34. I am all-seizing Death; I am the origin of all that is to be; of the female I am fame, prosperity, speech, memory, intelligence, constancy and forgiveness.

[1] Silent repetition of the sacred text.
[2] Celestial musicians.
[3] Founder of the Sankya system of philosophy.
[4] Truth-seeking arguments.
[5] Copulative.

35. I am the Brihat-sāman of the Vedic hymns; I am Gāyatrī[1] of metres. Of months I am Mārgashirsha and of seasons I am the flowering season.

36. I am gambling among the fraudulent; I am the prowess of the powerful, I am Victory, I am Perseverance, I am the Goodness of the good.

37. Of the Vrishnis I am Vāsudeva; among the Pāndavas I am Dhananjaya; among the saints I am Vyāsa and among the sages I am Ushanā.

38. I am the Rod of disciplinarians; I am the Polity of the seekers of conquest. I am the Silence of secrets; I am the Wisdom of the wise.

39. O Arjuna, whatever is the seed of all beings, that also am I. Without Me there is no being existent, whether moving or unmoving.

40. O Parantapa, there is no end to the manifestations of My Divine Power; what I have declared is only a partial statement of the vastness of my Divine manifestation.

41. Whatever being there is, glorious, prosperous or powerful, know thou that to have sprung from a portion of My splendour.

42. O Arjuna, what need is there for thee to know these details? I alone exist, sustaining this whole universe by a portion of Myself.

Here ends the Tenth Chapter called "Vibhuti-Yoga, or The Path of Divine Manifestation"

CHAPTER XI

Arjuna said:

1. The supremely profound word regarding Self-knowledge, spoken by Thee out of compassion for me, has dispelled this my delusion.

2. O Lotus-Eyed (Krishna), I have heard at length from Thee of the creation and dissolution of beings, as well as of Thine inexhaustible glory.

3. O Great Lord, as Thou hast declared Thyself, so it is. O Supreme Being, I desire to see Thy Godly Form.

4. O Lord, if Thou thinkest me able (worthy) to see that (Form), then, O Lord of Yogis, show me Thine Infinite Self.

The Blessed Lord said:

5. Behold, O Pārtha, My various celestial Forms, of different colours and shapes, by hundreds and by thousands.

6. O descendant of Bharata, behold the Adityas, the Rudras, the

[1] A verse of twenty-four syllables.

Vasus, the twin Asvins and the Maruts.[1] Behold many wonders that were not seen before.

7. O Gudākesha (Arjuna), behold in this body of Mine the entire universe together, with all that is moving and unmoving and whatever else thou desirest to perceive.

8. But with these eyes of thine thou canst not see Me; therefore I give thee Divine sight. Behold my Supreme Yoga power!

Sanjaya said:

9. O King, having spoken thus, the great Lord of Yoga, Hari (Krishna), then showed to Pārtha His Supreme Godly Form.

10. With many faces and eyes, with many wondrous sights, with many celestial ornaments and with many celestial weapons uplifted.

11. Wearing celestial garlands and garments, anointed with celestial fragrant perfumes; the all-wonderful Deity, infinite, facing the universe everywhere.

12. If the effulgence of a thousand suns were to shine at once in the sky, that might resemble the splendour of that great Being.

13. Then the son of Pāndu (Arjuna) saw the entire universe resting together, with its manifold divisions, in the body of the God of gods.

14. Then Dhananjaya, overpowered with wonder, and his hair standing on end, bending down his head in awe to the Deity, spoke with folded hands:

Arjuna said:

15. O God! in Thy body I see all the gods, as well as multitudes of all kinds of beings; the Lord Brahmā, seated on the lotus throne, all the Rishis and all the celestial serpents.

16. O Lord of the universe, O Universal Form, I see Thee with manifold arms, bellies, mouths and eyes, boundless on every side; neither do I see Thy beginning, nor middle nor end.

17. I see Thee with diadems, maces, discus, shiningly effulgent everywhere, blazing all around like the burning fire and the sun, dazzling to the sight and immeasurable.

18. Thou art the Imperishable, the Supreme, the One to be known. Thou art the Supreme Refuge of this universe; Thou art the ever unchanging Guardian of the Eternal Dharma (religion); Thou art, I know, the Ancient Being.

19. I see Thee without beginning, middle or end, with infinite power, with numberless arms, the sun and moon as Thine eyes, Thy mouth as the blazing fire, heating this universe with Thine own radiance.

20. By Thee alone the space between heaven and earth and all the

[1] Names for celestial beings

quarters is pervaded. O Great Soul, seeing this, Thy wonderful and terrifying Form, the three worlds are stricken with fear.

21. Verily, these hosts of Devas are entering into Thee; some in fear, praising Thee with folded hands. The host of great Rishis and Siddhas, saying "Svasti" (peace, may it be well), are singing Thy glory in beautiful hymns.

22. The Rudras, Adityas, Vasus, Sadhyas, the Visvas, the Asvins, the Maruts, the Ushmapās, the host of Gandharvas, Yakshas, Asuras, Siddhas, they are all looking at Thee wonderstruck.

23. O Mighty-armed, seeing Thine immeasurable form, with many mouths and eyes, with many arms, thighs and feet, with many loins, and fearful with many large teeth, the worlds and I, as well, are agitated with terror.

24. O Vishnu, seeing Thee touching the sky, shining in many colours, with mouths wide open, and with large blazing eyes, my heart is terrified and I find neither peace nor tranquillity.

25. O Lord of gods! seeing Thy mouths, terrible with long teeth, blazing like the fires of destruction, I know not the four quarters, nor do I find any peace. Have mercy, O Abode of the universe!

26. All these sons of Dhritarāshtra, with the multitude of monarchs, Bhishma, Drona and Sutaputra (Karna), as well as our own principal warriors,

27. Enter rushingly into Thy mouths, terrible with long teeth and fearful to look at. Some are seen hanging between Thy teeth, with their heads crushed to powder.

28. As the many torrents of rivers rush towards the ocean, similarly do these heroes amongst men enter into Thy mouths, blazing fiercely on all sides.

29. As the moths rush into the burning fire with headlong speed for destruction, in the same manner do these creatures rush into Thy mouths with headlong speed, only to perish.

30. O Vishnu! swallowing all the worlds with Thy blazing flames, Thou art licking all around. Thy fierce, radiant eyes, filling the whole universe, are burning.

31. Tell me, who art Thou, in this terrible Form? Salutation to Thee! O Supreme Deity, have mercy! O Primeval One, I desire to know Thee, for indeed I know not Thy purpose.

The Blessed Lord said:

32. I am eternal, world-destroying Time, manifested here for the destruction of these people. Even without Thee, none of these warriors, arrayed here in the hostile armies, shall live.

33. Therefore, do thou arise and acquire glory. Conquering the enemies, enjoy the unrivalled kingdom. By Me alone have they already been slain; be thou merely an instrumental cause, O Savyasāchin[1] (Arjuna).

34. Drona, Bhishma, Jayadratha, Karna, as well as the other brave warriors, are already slain by Me. Do thou kill and be not distressed by fear. Fight! and thou shalt conquer thine enemies in battle.

Sanjaya said:

35. Having heard these words of Keshava (Krishna), (Arjuna) the diadem-wearer, with folded hands, trembling, prostrating himself, again spoke to Krishna in a choked voice, bowing down, overwhelmed with fear.

Arjuna said:

36. O Lord of the senses (Krishna), it is right that the world delights and rejoices in Thy glory. The Rākshasas (demonic creatures) fly with fear in all directions and the host of Siddhas bow down to Thee in adoration.

37. Why should they not bow down to Thee, O Mighty Being, O Infinite One, O Lord of the gods, O Abode of the universe, greater than Brahmā and even the primeval cause of Brahmā; for Thou art the Imperishable; (Thou art) Existence and Non-existence and all that is beyond.

38. O boundless Form, Thou art the Primeval Deity, the Ancient Being, Thou art the Supreme Refuge of this universe; Thou art the Knower, the One to be known and the Supreme Abode. By Thee alone is this universe pervaded.

39. Thou art Vāyu, Yama, Agni, Varuna, the Moon; Thou art the Lord of creatures and the great Grandsire. Salutations to Thee, my salutations a thousand times, again and again my salutations to Thee!

40. Salutations to Thee before, salutations to Thee behind, salutations to Thee on all sides! O All, infinite in power, and immeasurable in valour, Thou pervadest all, therefore Thou art All.

41. Not knowing this Thy glory and regarding Thee merely as a friend, whatever I may have said presumptuously, out of either carelessness or fondness, addressing Thee as "O Krishna," "O Yādava," "O Friend";

42. O Changeless One, in whatever manner I may have been disrespectful to Thee, in jesting, in walking, in reposing, sitting, or at meals, alone, or in the presence of others; O Unfathomable One, I implore Thee to forgive all that.

1 Who could shoot arrows even with his left hand.

43. Thou art the Father of the moving and unmoving world, and its object of worship; greater than the great, O Incomparable Power, no one in the three worlds exists equal to Thee. How can, then, anyone excel Thee?

44. O Adorable Lord! prostrating my body in adoration, I beg Thy forgiveness. O God, as a father forgives his son, a friend his dear friend, a beloved one his love, even so do Thou forgive me!

45. O God, joyous am I to have seen (Thy form) which I never saw before; yet my heart is agitated with terror, therefore show me that Form of Thine. O God of gods! O Abode of the universe, have mercy.

46. I desire to see Thee as before, with diadem, mace and discus. O Universal Form of thousand arms, do Thou manifest Thyself in that same Four-armed Form (form of Vishnu).

The Blessed Lord said

47. O Arjuna, mercifully have I shown thee this Supreme Form by My own Yoga power. This effulgent, infinite, primeval, great universal Form of Mine, which has not been seen by anyone else before thee.

48. O great hero of the Kurus, not by the study of the sacred Vedas or by sacrifice, not by charity or rituals, not by severe austerities, am I visible in such Form in this world of men to any other than thee.

49. Be not frightened, nor bewildered, having seen this terrific Form of Mine, getting rid of thy fear and with gladdened heart, behold thou again this My former Form.

Sanjaya said:

50. Vāsudeva (Krishna), having thus spoken to Arjuna, showed again His own Form. The Great-souled One, having assumed again His gentle Form, pacified him (Arjuna) who was terrified

Arjuna said:

51. O Janārdana, seeing this, Thy gentle human Form, now my thoughts are collected and I have recovered myself.

The Blessed Lord said:

52. This Form of Mine which thou hast seen is very difficult to perceive; even gods ever long to behold this Form.

53. Neither by the Vedas, nor by austerities, nor by charitable gifts, nor by sacrifice, can I be seen as thou hast seen Me.

54. But by single-hearted devotion alone I can be known in this manner, O Arjuna, and perceived in reality and also entered into, O Parantapa.

55. O Pāṇdava, he who works for Me, has Me for his highest goal,

is devoted to Me, is free from attachment and bears enmity towards no creature, he enters into Me.

Here ends the Eleventh Chapter called "Vishya-Rupa-Darsanam, or The Vision of the Universal Form"

CHAPTER XII

Arjuna said:

1. Those devotees who, ever steadfast, thus worship Thee and those who worship the Unmanifested Imperishable, which of them are better knowers of Yoga?

The Blessed Lord said:

2. Those who, fixing their minds on Me, worship Me with perpetual devotion, endowed with supreme faith, to My mind they are the best knowers of Yoga.

3. But those who contemplate the Imperishable, the Undefinable, Unmanifested, Omnipresent, Unthinkable, Unchangeable, Immovable and Eternal,

4. Having subdued all the senses, even-minded everywhere, and engaged in doing good to all beings, verily they attain unto Me.

5. Greater is their difficulty whose minds are set on the Unmanifested, for the goal of the Unmanifested is very arduous for the embodied to attain.

6. But those who, surrendering all actions to Me and regarding Me as the Supreme Goal, worship Me with single-hearted devotion,

7. For them whose hearts are thus fixed on Me, O son of Prithā, I become ere long the Saviour from the ocean of mortal Samsāra (world of birth and death).

8. Fix thy mind on Me alone and rest thine understanding in Me, thus thou shalt doubtlessly live in Me hereafter.

9. O Dhananjaya, if thou art unable to fix thy mind steadfastly on Me, then, by faithful practice of devotion, do thou seek to reach Me.

10. If thou art also unable to practise devotion, then be thou intent on working for Me. Even by performing actions for My sake, thou shalt attain perfection.

11. If thou art not able to do even this, then, taking refuge in Me alone, and self-controlled, do thou surrender the fruits of all actions.

12. Knowledge is indeed better than blind practice; meditation excels

knowledge; surrender of the fruits of action is more esteemed than meditation. Peace immediately follows surrender.

13. He who hates no creature and is friendly and compassionate to all, who is free from attachment and egotism, equal-minded in pleasure and pain, and forgiving,

14. Who is ever content and meditative, self-subjugated and possessed with firm conviction, with mind and intellect dedicated to Me, he who is thus devoted to Me is dear to Me.

15. He by whom the world is not afflicted and who is not afflicted by the world, who is free from elation, envy, fear and anxiety, he is dear to Me.

16. He who is free from all external dependence, pure, efficient, unattached, undisturbed, and has given up all (selfish) undertakings, he who is thus devoted to Me is dear to Me.

17. He who neither rejoices, nor hates, nor sorrows, nor desires and who has renounced good and evil, he who is thus full of devotion is dear to Me.

18. He who is the same to friend and foe and also in honour and dishonour, the same in heat and cold, pleasure and pain, free from all attachment,

19. He who is alike in praise and blame, is silent, content with everything, homeless, steady-minded, such a devoted soul is dear to Me.

20. Those who follow this immortal Dharma (teaching) as declared (by Me) and who are possessed with faith, regarding Me as the Supreme Goal, such devotees are exceedingly dear to Me.

Here ends the Twelfth Chapter called
"Bhakti-Yoga, or The Path of Devotion"

CHAPTER XIII

[*Arjuna said:* O Keshava, Prakriti (Nature) and Purusha (Self), Kshetra and the knower of Kshetra, knowledge and that which ought to be known, these I desire to learn.]

The Blessed Lord said:

1. O son of Kuntī, this body is called Kshetra (field), the wise call the knower of it as Kshetrajna (knower of the field).

2. O descendant of Bharata, know Me to be the Kshetrajna (conscious Soul) in all Kshetras (bodies). To My mind, the knowledge of Kshetra (body) and Kshetrajna (Soul) is the true knowledge.

3. What the Kshetra (field) is, of what nature, what are its modifications, whence it arises; also who is he (knower, Soul) and what are his powers, do thou hear that from me in brief.

4. This truth has been sung by the Rishis (Seers) in various ways, in many different hymns, in Brahma-Sutra-Aphorisms, full of sound reasoning and conviction.

5. The great elements (earth, water, fire, air, ether), egoism, intellect, the Unmanifested (Nature), the ten organs (of sense and action) and the one (mind), the five sense-objects;

6. Desire, aversion, pleasure, pain, combination (of these), consciousness, fortitude, thus the Kshetra (body) has been briefly described with its modifications.

7. Humility, unostentatiousness, non-injuring, forgiveness, simplicity, service to the Guru (spiritual teacher), purity, steadfastness, self-control;

8. Renunciation of sense-objects as well as absence of egoism, realization of the evils of birth, death, old age, disease, pain;

9. Non-attachment, non-identification of self with son, wife, home and the rest; equal-mindedness in beneficial and non-beneficial happenings;

10. One-pointed and unwavering devotion to Me, resort to secluded places, distaste for assemblies;

11. Constant devotion to spiritual knowledge, realization of the essence of Truth, this is declared to be wisdom; what is opposed to this is ignorance.

12. I shall declare now that which is to be known, by knowing which one attains immortality. The Supreme Brahman is beginningless; It is said to be neither Sat (existence) nor Asat (non-existence).

13. With hands and feet everywhere, with eyes, heads and mouths everywhere and with ears everywhere in the universe, That alone exists enveloping all.

14. It shines through the functions of all the senses, and yet It is without senses; unattached, yet It sustains all; devoid of Gunas (qualities), yet It is the experiencer of Gunas.

15. It exists within and without all beings; It is unmoving as well as moving, incomprehensible because of Its subtlety; It is far and also near.

16. Indivisible, yet It exists as if divided in beings; It is to be known as the Sustainer of beings; It destroys and also generates.

17. It is the Light of lights and is said to be beyond darkness. It is knowledge, the One to be known, and the Goal of knowledge, dwelling in the hearts of all.

18. Thus Kshetra (field), knowledge and that which is to be known,

have been told briefly. My devotee, knowing this, becomes fitted to enter into My Being (oneness with Me).

19. Know thou both Prakriti (Nature) and Purusha (Soul) to be without beginning. Know thou also that all the modifications and Gunas (qualities) are born of Prakriti.

20. Prakriti is said to be the productive source of cause and effect; while the embodied soul is the cause of experiences of pleasure and pain.

21. For the Purusha (Soul) experiences the Gunas, born of Prakriti; attachment to the Gunas is the cause of its birth in good and evil wombs.

22. The great Soul (that dwells) in this body is called the Witness or Looker-on, the Sanctioner, the Sustainer, the Experiencer, the mighty Lord and also the Supreme Self.

23. He who thus knows Purusha (Soul) and Prakriti (Nature) with the Gunas (qualities), howsoever he may be living, is not born again.

24. Some, by meditation, behold the Self by the self within themselves; others by the path of wisdom; still others by the path of action.

25. Others again, not possessing such knowledge themselves, worship as they have heard from others (illumined Souls); even they surmount death, by following with faith what they have heard.

26. O mighty of the Bharata race, whatever is born, whether moving or unmoving, know it to be (produced) from the union of Kshetra and Kshetrajna (Nature and Soul).

27. The Supreme Lord abides in all beings equally; (He is) undying in the dying: He who sees (thus) sees truly.

28. Seeing the same Lord existing everywhere equally, he does not hurt Self by the self and thus attains the highest goal.

29. And he who sees that all actions are being performed by Prakriti (Nature) alone and that the Self is not acting, he sees truly.

30. When he sees the separate existence of all beings established in One, and their expansion from that One alone, then he becomes Brahman (one with Brahman).

31. O son of Kuntī, being without beginning and devoid of Gunas, the Supreme Self is immutable; though dwelling in the body, It neither acts nor is affected (by the fruits of action).

32. As the all-pervading ether (Akāsha) is not tainted, because of its subtlety, similarly this Self, (though) existing everywhere in the body, is not tainted.

33. O descendant of Bharata, as one sun illumines all this world, similarly He who dwells in the body illumines all bodies.

34. They who thus, by the eyes of wisdom, perceive the distinction between body and Soul, and the liberation of beings from Nature (Prakriti), they attain to the Supreme.

Here ends the Thirteenth Chapter called
"Yoga of Kshetra and Kshetrajna, or
The Path of Discrimination
between Body and Soul"

CHAPTER XIV

The Blessed Lord said:

1. Now I shall again declare unto thee that supreme wisdom, which is above all wisdom, by knowing which all the Sages after this life attain to the highest perfection.

2. Abiding by this wisdom, and having attained by My Being, neither do they come forth in evolution[1] nor are they affected in involution.[2]

3. O descendant of Bharata, the great Prakriti is My womb; in that I place the seed, from thence is the birth of all beings.

4. O son of Kuntī, whatever forms are produced in all the wombs, the great Prakriti is the womb and I am the seed-giving Father.

5. O mighty-armed, Sattwa, Rajas, Tamas,[3] these Gunas (qualities), born of Prakriti, bind the immutable, embodied soul in the body.

6. O sinless one, of these (Gunas) Sattwa, being transparent, luminous and free from evil, binds (the embodied) by attachment to happiness and attachment to knowledge.

7. O son of Kuntī, know thou Rajas to be of the nature of passion, giving rise to thirst (for pleasure) and attachment. It binds the embodied by attachment to action.

8. O Bhārata (Arjuna) know thou Tamas to be born of ignorance; it deludes all embodied beings and binds by false perception, indolence and sleep.

9. O Bhārata, Sattwa attaches one to happiness; Rajas to action; while Tamas, covering wisdom, attaches one to false perception.

10. O Bhārata, (sometimes) Sattwa predominates over Rajas and Tamas; (sometimes) Rajas predominates over Sattwa and Tamas; and (sometimes) Tamas over Sattwa and Rajas.

11. When through all the senses of this body the light of understanding shines forth, then it is to be known that Sattwa is predominant.

[1] Creation.
[2] Dissolution.
[3] Goodness, passion, darkness.

12. O Prince of the Bharata race, greed, (excessive) activity, enterprise, restlessness, longing, these prevail when Rajas is predominant.

13. O descendant of Kuru, darkness, inertia, false perception, and also delusion prevail when Tamas is predominant.

14. If the embodied meets with death when Sattwa is predominant, then he attains the spotless regions of the knowers of the Highest.

15. Meeting with death in Rajas, one is born among those attached to action; and dying in Tamas, one is born in the wombs of senseless beings.

16. The fruit of good deeds is declared to be Sāttwika and pure; the fruit of Rajas (passionate deeds) is pain; and ignorance is the fruit of Tamas.

17. Wisdom is born of Sattwa; greed, of Rajas; false perception, delusion and ignorance arise from Tamas.

18. The dwellers of Sattwa go upward; the Rājasic (of passionate natures) stay in the middle; and the Tāmasic, abiding in the functions of the lowest Guna, go downward.

19. When the Seer beholds no other agent than the Gunas, and knows also That which is higher than the Gunas, then he attains to My Being.

20. The embodied, having gone beyond these three Gunas, out of which the body is evolved, is liberated from birth, death, decay and pain, and attains to immortality.

Arjuna said:

21. O Lord, what are the signs of him who has gone beyond the three Gunas? What are his characteristics and how does he go beyond these three Gunas?

The Blessed Lord said:

22. O Pāndava, he who neither hates the presence of illumination (Sattwa), activity (Rajas) or delusion (Tamas), nor craves for them when they are absent;

23. He who is seated unconcerned (like a witness) and is not moved by the Gunas, who is established and unshaken, knowing that the Gunas alone operate;

24. He who is alike in pleasure and pain; self-possessed; regarding alike a lump of earth, a stone and gold; who is the same in what is pleasant and unpleasant, in praise and blame, and steady;

25. He who is alike in honour and dishonour, the same to friend and foe, giving up all (selfish) undertakings, he is said to have crossed beyond the Gunas.

26. And he who, crossing over these Gunas, serves me with unwavering devotion, becomes fit to attain oneness with Brahman.

27. For I am the Abode of Brahman, the Immutable, the Immortal, the eternal Dharma and Absolute Bliss.

Here ends the Fourteenth Chapter called
"Distinction of the Three Gunas"

CHAPTER XV

The Blessed Lord said:

1. They speak of an eternal Ashwattha (tree), rooted above and branching below, whose leaves are the Vedas. He who knows it knows the Vedas.

2. Its branches are spread below and above, nourished by the Gunas; the sense-objects are its buds; its roots stretch down below in the world of men, creating actions.

3. Its form is not visible here, neither its end nor its origin, nor its basis. Having cut down this firm-rooted Ashwattha tree by the mighty sword of non-attachment.

4. Then that God is to be sought after, attaining which they (the wise) do not return again. I take refuge in that Primeval Being from which streams forth the Eternal (creative) Energy.

5. Free from pride and false conceit, the evil of attachment conquered, ever devoted to spiritual knowledge, desires completely pacified, liberated from the pairs of opposites known as pleasure and pain, the undeluded reach that eternal Goal.

6. That (Goal) the sun does not illumine, nor the moon, nor fire; going there, they (the wise) do not return. That is My Supreme Abode.

7. A portion of Myself has become the living Soul in the world of life from time without beginning. It draws the (five) senses and mind, the sixth (sense), which are in Prakriti.

8. When the Lord (Soul) obtains a body and when He leaves it, He takes these (senses and mind) and goes forth as the wind (goes forth), carrying away the scents from their seats (the flowers).

9. The embodied soul, presiding over the ear, eye, the sense of touch, of taste and smell, as well as over the mind, experiences sense-objects.

10. Either going forth from the body, or residing in it, or experiencing, or united with the Gunas, the deluded do not see It (the Soul); but those who have the eye of wisdom perceive It.

11. The self-subjugated receive It, dwelling in themselves; but the impure-hearted and the unintelligent, even though striving, behold It not.

12. The light which resides in the sun, in the moon, in fire, and which illumines the whole world, know that light to be Mine.

13. Entering the earth with My energy, I support all beings and I nourish all the herbs, becoming the watery moon.

14. Dwelling in the body of living beings as Fire, I, being united with Prāna (ingoing breath) and Apāna (outgoing breath), digest four kinds of food.[1]

15. I am seated in the hearts of all, from Me alone comes memory, wisdom, and also their loss. I am that which is known in all the Vedas. Verily I am the Author of Vedanta and the knower of the Vedas am I.

16. There are two kinds of beings in the world: the perishable and the imperishable; all beings are perishable, but the Purusha (Self) is imperishable.

17. But there is another, the Highest Being, called the Supreme Self, who is the Immutable Lord, pervading the three worlds and supporting them.

18. As I am beyond the perishable and am above even the imperishable, therefore in the world and in the Veda I am known as the Supreme Being.

19. O descendant of Bharata, he who, free from delusion, thus knows Me as the Supreme Being, he, knowing all, worships Me with his whole heart.

20. Thus, O sinless Bhārata, has been declared by Me the most profound teaching, knowing this one attains enlightenment and the fulfilment of all duties.

Here ends the Fifteenth Chapter called
"The Path of the Supreme Being"

CHAPTER XVI

The Blessed Lord said:

1. Fearlessness, purity of heart, steadfastness in Yoga of Self-knowledge, charitable gifts, control of the senses, sacrifice, study of the Sacred Scriptures, austerity and simplicity,

2. Non-injury, truthfulness, absence of anger, renunciation, peace, absence of calumny, compassion to beings, non-covetousness, gentleness, modesty and absence of fickleness,

3. Vigour, forgiveness, fortitude, purity, absence of hatred and pride, these, O descendant of Bharata, belong to one born with the divine property.

[1] Fourfold foods which require masticating, sucking, licking and swallowing or drinking

4. O Pārtha, ostentatiousness, arrogance and self-conceit, anger as well as cruelty and ignorance, belong to one born with the demonic property.

5. The divine property is for liberation and the demonic for bondage. Grieve not, O Pāndava, thou art born with the divine property.

6. O Pārtha, in this world there are twofold manifestations of beings; the divine and the demonic. The divine has been described at length. Hear from Me now of the demonic state.

7. The demonic people know not how to follow right or how to refrain from wrong; there is neither purity, nor good conduct, nor truth in them.

8. They say that "this universe is without truth, without a basis, without God, born of mutual union caused by lust. What else is there?"

9. Holding this view, these ruined souls, of small understanding and of fierce deeds, rise as the enemies of the world for its destruction.

10. Filled with insatiable desires, possessed with hypocrisy, pride and arrogance, holding evil fancies through delusion, they work with unholy resolve;

11. Beset with immense cares, ending only in death; regarding sensual enjoyment as the highest and feeling sure that that is all there is;

12. Bound by a hundred ties of hope, given over to lust and anger, they strive to secure hoards of wealth by unjust means, for sensual gratification.

13. "This has been gained by me today and this desire I shall obtain, this is mine and this wealth also shall be mine."

14. "That enemy has been slain by me, others also shall I slay. I am the lord, I am the enjoyer, I am successful, powerful and happy."

15. "I am rich and well-born; who is equal to me? I shall sacrifice, I shall give, I shall rejoice": thus deluded by ignorance,

16. Bewildered by many fancies, enwrapped in the net of delusion, addicted to the gratification of the senses, they fall into a foul hell.

17. Self-glorifying, haughty, filled with the vanity and intoxication of wealth, they perform sacrifices (merely) in name out of hypocrisy, disregarding the Scriptural injunctions.

18. Possessed by egoism, power, insolence, lust and anger, these malignant people hate Me (dwelling) in their own bodies and in those of others.

19. I hurl these malignant and cruel evil doers, most degraded of men, into the wombs of Asuras[1] in the world (of birth and death).

20. O son of Kuntī, entering into the Asuric (unclean) wombs and

[1] Unclean, cruel and godless creatures.

deluded birth after birth, without attaining Me they fall into a still lower state.

21. Lust, anger and greed, these three are the soul-destroying gates of hell. Therefore one should forsake these three.

22. O son of Kuntī, he who is free from these three gates of darkness, practises what is good for his soul and thus attains the Supreme Goal.

23. He who, setting aside the injunctions of the Scriptures, follows the impulse of desire, attains neither perfection, nor happiness, nor the highest goal.

24. Therefore let the Scriptures be thy authority in ascertaining what ought to be done and what ought not to be done. Having learned the injunctions declared in the Scriptures, thou shouldst act here (in this world).

Here ends the Sixteenth Chapter called "Distinction between the Divine and the Demonic Property"

CHAPTER XVII

Arjuna said:

1. O Krishna, those who, disregarding the injunctions of the Scriptures, perform sacrifice with faith, what is their state? Is it Sattwa (goodness), Rajas (passion) or Tamas (darkness)?

The Blessed Lord said:

2. Threefold is the faith of the embodied, born of their inherent nature: Sāttwica (good), Rājasica (passionate), Tāmasica (ignorant). Do thou hear of that.

3. O descendant of Bharata, the faith of each is according to his inherent nature. The man consists of his faith; he is verily what his faith is.

4. The men of purity worship the gods; the men of passionate nature worship Yakshas and Rākshasas; while the others, men of Tāmasica (ignorant) nature, worship ghosts (departed spirits) and goblins.

5. The men who practise severe austerities, not enjoined by the Scriptures, being possessed with hypocrisy and egoism, impelled by lust and attachment,

6. Torturing, senseless as they are, all the organs of the senses and Me, dwelling in the body, know them to be of demonic resolve.

7. The foods also are of threefold nature which are liked respectively by each of these; and so also sacrifice, austerity and charitable gifts. Do thou hear the distinction of these.

8. The foods which increase life-force, energy, strength, health, joy and cheerfulness, and which are savory, soothing, substantial and agreeable, are liked by the Sāttwica nature.

9. The Rājasica nature likes foods which are bitter, sour, saline, over-hot, pungent, dry, burning, and which produce pain, grief and disease.

10. That which is stale, insipid, putrid, cooked over night, even leavings or unclean food is liked by the Tāmasica nature.

11. That sacrifice is Sāttwica which is performed by men desiring no fruit, as it is enjoined by the Scriptural laws, with the mind fixed on the sacrifice alone, just for its own sake.

12. But, O best of the Bharatas, that which is performed with the desire for fruits and for ostentation, know that to be Rājasica sacrifice.

13. The sacrifice which is performed, without regard to Scriptural injunctions, in which no food is distributed, and which is without sacred texts, charitable gifts and faith, is said to be Tāmasica.

14. Worship of the gods, of the twice-born,[1] or Gurus[2] and wise men; purity, simplicity, continence, non-injury; these are called the austerity of the body.

15. Speech, which causes no pain (to others) and is true as well as pleasant and beneficial; regular study of the Scriptures: these are called the austerity of speech.

16. Cheerfulness of mind, kindliness, silence, self-control, purity of heart: these are called austerity of the mind.

17. When this threefold austerity is practised, by men of steadfast devotion, with great faith, without desiring fruits, is it said to be Sāttwica.

18. When this austerity is performed with the object of gaining welcome, honour and worship, or from ostentation, it is said to be Rājasica, unstable and fleeting.

19. The austerity which is performed with deluded understanding, by self-torture or for the purpose of injuring another, that is said to be Tāmasica.

20. "To give is right": with this thought, giving to one who does nothing in return, in a fit place, time and to a worthy person, is regarded as a Sāttwica gift.

21. That gift which is made with the thought of receiving in return or of looking for the fruits, or given reluctantly, is known as a Rājasica gift.

22. The gift which is made in the wrong place or time, to unworthy persons, with disrespect and contempt, that is said to be a Tāmasica gift.

23. "Om, Tat, Sat" (Yes, That, the Real), this is declared to be the

[1] Brāhmanas.
[2] Spiritual teachers.

triple name of Brahman, by which were made of old the Brāhmanas, the Vedas and sacrifices.

24. Therefore the followers of the Vedas always begin their acts of sacrifice, gift and austerity by uttering "Om" as enjoined in the Scriptures.

25. By uttering "Tat," without looking for fruits, the seekers after liberation perform various acts of sacrifice, austerity and gift.

26. O Pārtha, the word "Sat" is used in the sense of reality and of goodness; and the word "Sat" is also used in the sense of auspicious act.

27. Steadfastness in sacrifice, austerity and gift is called "Sat," and action performed for the sake of That (Supreme) is also called "Sat."

28. O Pārtha, whatever is sacrificed, or given, or performed, or whatever austerities are practised without faith, that is called "Asat" (Unreal). It is neither good for here nor for hereafter.

Here ends the Seventeenth Chapter called
"Division of the Threefold Faith"

CHAPTER XVIII

Arjuna said:

1. O Lord of the senses, O Mighty-armed, O Destroyer of Keshi, I desire to know respectively the truth regarding Sannyāsa (renunciation) as well as of Tyāga (relinquishment).

The Blessed Lord said:

2. The Sages declare that the renunciation of actions with desire (for fruits) is Sannyāsa, and the learned declare that the relinquishment of the fruits of all actions is Tyāga.

3. Some philosophers declare that all actions should be given up as an evil; while others say that the work of sacrifice, gift and austerity should never be given up.

4. O best of the Bharatas, O tiger among men, hear from Me the final truth regarding relinquishment; for relinquishment has been declared to be of three kinds.

5. The acts of sacrifice, gift and austerity are not to be relinquished, but should indeed be performed; for sacrifice, gift and austerity are purifying to the discriminative.

6. But, O Pārtha, even these acts are to be performed, giving up attachment and the fruits. This is My best and sure conviction.

7. Relinquishment of the prescribed actions is not proper. Abandonment of the same, through delusion, is declared to be Tāmasica.

8. He who relinquishes action out of fear of bodily trouble, thinking "it is painful," thus performing Rājasica relinquishments, does not obtain the fruit thereof.

9. O Arjuna, giving up attachment and fruit, when prescribed action is performed because it should be done, such relinquishment is regarded as Sāttwica.

10. The relinquisher, imbued with Sattwa and steady understanding, with his doubts destroyed, does not hate a disagreeable work, nor is he attached to an agreeable one.

11. It is not possible for the embodied to relinquish actions entirely; but he who relinquishes the fruits of action is called a (true) relinquisher.

12. Good, evil and mixed, threefold is the fruit of action obtained by non-relinquishers after death; but never by relinquishers.

13. O mighty-armed, learn from Me the five causes for the accomplishment of all action, as it is declared in the Sānkhya philosophy.

14. The body, the agent, the various senses, the different and manifold functions and the presiding deity as the fifth.

15. Whatever action man performs with his body, speech and mind, whether right or the reverse, these five are its causes.

16. This being the case, he who, through impure understanding, looks upon his Self, the One, as the agent, he of perverted mind, sees not (the Truth).

17. He who has no egotistical notion (such as "I am the doer"), whose understanding is not affected (by good and evil), even though slaying these people, he neither slays nor is bound (by action).

18. The knowledge, the knowable, and the knower are the threefold cause of action; the instrument (senses), the object and the agent, are the threefold basis of action.

19. Knowledge, action and agent are declared in the Sānkhya philosophy to be threefold, according to the distinction of the Gunas. Hear them also duly.

20. Know that knowledge to be Sāttwica, by which is seen in all beings the One Immutable, inseparate in the separate.

21. But the knowledge which sees in all beings the distinct entities of diverse kinds as different from one another, know that knowledge to be Rājasica (passionate).

22. While that knowledge which is confined to one single effect, as if it were the whole, without reason, not founded on truth, and trivial, that is declared to be Tāmasica.

23. The action which is ordained, performed by one not desirous of fruits, free from attachment and without love or aversion, is declared to be Sāttwica.

24. But the action which is performed with longing for objects of desire, or with egoism, or with much effort, is declared to be Rājasica.

25. The action which is undertaken from delusion, without heed to ability and consequence, loss and injury (to others) is said to be Tāmasica.

26. Free from attachment, non-egotistic, endued with perseverance and enthusiasm, unaffected in success or failure, such an agent is called Sāttwica.

27. He who is passionate and desirous of the fruits of action, greedy, malignant, impure, easily moved by joy or sorrow, such an agent is called Rājasica.

28. Unsteady, vulgar, arrogant, dishonest, malicious, indolent, despondent, procrastinating, such an agent is called Tāmasica.

29. O Dhananjaya, hear thou the distinction of understanding and fortitude according to the threefold Gunas, as I declare them exhaustively and distinctively.

30. O Pārtha, know that understanding to be Sāttwica which knows when to act and when to abstain from action; also right and wrong action, fear and fearlessness, bondage and liberation.

31. O Pārtha, that by which the understanding is distorted regarding right and wrong, proper and improper action, that is called Rājasica understanding.

32. That understanding which is covered with darkness and regards unrighteousness as righteousness, and looks upon all things in a perverted light, that, O Pārtha, is Tāmasica understanding.

33. That firmness, O Pārtha, by which one can control the activity of the mind, Prāna and senses, through the unwavering practice of Yoga, that firmness is Sāttwica.

34. But that firmness by which one clings to duty, desire and wealth, being attached therein and desirous of fruits, that firmness is Rājasica.

35. O Pārtha, that by which a stupid man does not give up sleep, fear, grief, despondency and vanity, that firmness is Tāmasica.

36. O Prince of the Bharata race, now hear from Me regarding the threefold happiness, that happiness which one enjoys by habit and by which one comes to the end of pain.

37. That which is like poison in the beginning and like nectar in the end, that happiness is said to be Sāttwica (pure), born of the blissful knowledge of the Self.

38. That happiness which arises from the contact of the senses with sense-objects and is like nectar in the beginning but like poison in the end, is declared to be Rājasica.

39. That happiness which begins and ends in self-delusion, arising from sleep, indolence and false perception, is declared to be Tāmasica.

40. There is no being on earth or in heaven among the gods, who is free from these three Gunas, born of Prakriti (Nature).

41. O Parantapa (Arjuna), the duties of Brāhmanas, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas and also of Sudras, are distributed according to their Gunas, born of their nature.

42. Control of mind and senses, austerity, purity, forgiveness and also simplicity, knowledge, realization and faith in God, these are the duties of Brāhmanas, born of their nature.

43. Bravery, energy, firmness, skill, and also not flying from the battle, generosity, lordliness, are the duties of Kshatriyas, born of their nature.

44. Agriculture, rearing of cattle and trade are the duties of the Vaisyas, born of their nature. Service is the duty of Sūdras, born of their nature.

45. Man attains perfection, being engaged in his own duty. Hear now how one engaged in his own duty attains perfection.

46. Him from Whom is the evolution of all beings, by Whom all this is pervaded, by worshipping Him with his own duty man attains perfection.

47. Better is one's own duty, although imperfect, than that of another well performed. He who does the duty born of his own nature incurs no sin.

48. O son of Kuntī, one should not relinquish the duty to which he is born, though it is defective, for all undertakings are surrounded by evil as fire by smoke.

49. He, whose understanding is unattached everywhere, who is self-subjugated, devoid of desires, he, by renunciation, attains the supreme perfection, consisting in freedom from action.

50. O son of Kuntī, after reaching such perfection, how he attains to Brahman, the highest Goal of Wisdom, do thou hear that from Me in brief.

51. Endued with pure understanding; subduing self by firmness; relinquishing sound and other sense-objects; abandoning longing and aversion;

52. Resorting to a secluded spot; eating little; controlling body, speech and mind; ever steadfastly engaged in meditation and concentration; endued with dispassion;

53. Forsaking egoism, power, pride, lust, anger and possession; freed from the notion of "mine" and tranquil: one is thus fit to become one with Brahman.

54. Becoming one with Brahman, serene-minded, he neither grieves nor desires; alike to all beings, he attains supreme devotion unto Me.

55. By devotion he knows Me in truth, what and who I am; having thus known Me in truth, he forthwith enters into Me.

56. Even though constantly performing all actions, taking refuge in Me, through My grace he attains to the Eternal, Immutable Abode.

57. Surrendering mentally all actions to Me, regarding Me as the highest goal, resorting to Self-knowledge, do thou ever fix thy heart on Me.

58. Fixing thy heart on Me, thou shalt, by My grace, overcome all obstacles; but if, through egoism, thou wilt not hear Me, thou shalt perish.

59. If, actuated by egoism, thou thinkest: "I will not fight," in vain is this thy resolve. Thine own nature will impel thee.

60. O son of Kuntī, being bound by thine own Karma, born of thine own nature, thou shalt be helplessly led to do that which from delusion thou desirest not to do.

61. O Arjuna, the Lord dwells in the heart of all beings, causing all beings to revolve, as if mounted on a wheel.

62. O Bhārata, take refuge in Him with all thy heart; through His grace thou shalt attain Supreme Peace and the Eternal Abode.

63. Thus wisdom, most profound of all secrets, has been declared unto thee by Me; pondering over it fully, do as thou likest.

64. Hear again My Supreme Word, most profound of all; for thou art My dearly beloved, therefore I shall speak for thy good.

65. Fill thy heart with Me, be thou devoted to Me, do thou worship Me and bow down to Me. Thus thou shalt attain unto Me. Truly I promise thee, for thou art dear to Me.

66. Giving up all Dharmas (righteous and unrighteous actions), come unto Me alone for refuge. I shall free thee from all sins; grieve not.

67. This should never be spoken by thee to one who is devoid of austerity or without devotion, nor to one who does not render service, nor to one who speaks ill of Me.

68. He who, with supreme devotion to Me, will declare this deeply profound secret to My devotees, doubtless he shall come unto Me.

69. There is none among men who does dearer service to Me than he, nor shall there be any other on earth dearer to Me than he.

70 And he who shall study this Sacred Dialogue between us, by him I shall be worshipped with sacrifice of wisdom. Such is My conviction.

71. And even that man who shall hear this, full of faith and without malice, he too, being freed from evil, shall attain to the sacred region of those of righteous deeds.

72. O son of Prithā, has this been heard by thee with an attentive mind? O Dhananjaya, has the delusion of thine ignorance been destroyed?

Arjuna said:

73. My delusion is destroyed and I have regained my memory through

Thy grace, O Changeless One. I stand firm with doubts dispelled; I will do Thy Word.

Sanjaya said:

74. Thus have I heard this wonderful Dialogue between Vāsudeva (Krishna) and great-souled Pārtha, causing my hair to stand on end.

75. Through the grace of Vyāsa have I heard this supreme and most profound Yoga, declared directly by Krishna Himself, the Lord of Yoga.

76. O King, as I remember, over and over, this wonderful and holy Dialogue between Keshava and Arjuna, I rejoice again and again.

77. And as I remember, over and over, that most wonderful Form of Hari (the Lord), great is my wonder, O King, and I rejoice again and again.

78. Wherever is Krishna, the Lord of Yoga, wherever is Pārtha, the bowman, there are prosperity, victory, glory, sound polity. Such is my firm conviction.

Here ends the Eighteenth Chapter called "The Path of Liberation through Renunciation" in the Srimad-Bhagavad-Gita, the Essence of the Upanishads, the Science of Brahman, the Scripture of Yoga, the Dialogue between Sri Krishna and Arjuna

Peace! Peace! Peace be unto all.

The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali

INTRODUCTION

THE MOST CURIOUS, most distinctive and at the same time probably the most widely known aspect of Hindu mysticism is the philosophy and practice of *yoga*. If the sum of Brahmanism may be defined as teaching the mystic union of man's true self with the world soul (*brahman*, God, etc.), *yoga* represents the most direct and well-formulated method for achieving that goal, and as such constitutes a form of religious experience and a religious technique. The reason for the popularity of *yoga* philosophy and its particular appeal to the modern world is twofold; it arises from the combination of a system of physical regimen that has something to do with physical and mental health with a mystic search for inner stability and the psychic depths of man's soul, which seems to underlie a broad and deep undercurrent of modern life. "To me," says C. G. Jung, "the crux of the spiritual problem of to-day is to be found in the fascination which psychic life exerts upon the modern man." It is needless to point out that it is modern psychoanalysis itself, which has awakened our interest in, and opened our way to the exploration of the subconscious, and by changing our whole conception of the human " mind," has exhibited to us the tyrannous demoniac power of our primordial instincts, impulses and "urges" which govern our lives in that vast psychological underworld. Lastly, it must be pointed out that popularity of *yoga* is due to its claims of supernatural powers and to the general interest in the hocus-pocus of all forms of occultism.

Yoga (meaning "yoke") represents a form of personal discipline, with the object of "yoking" the body to the soul, and the individual soul to the universal soul. From a practical aspect, its aim is to help cultivate emotional stability. It begins with a unique and unparalleled exploration in the region of the involuntary muscles and bringing them under the

control of the mind, and proceeds to the liberation of the mind from its sense impressions and the deeper residuents and impedimenta that not only clog but form the very fabric of our subconscious life which Freud has summed up as *Eros*, or the life-principle, comprising the sex instinct and the ego-instinct. Finally, it aims at the destruction of the "mind" for the liberation of the "soul" (which is variously interpreted), at which point it has a religious character and goes beyond the fields and aims of psychoanalytic research.

Before the coming of Freud and Jung, we might have easily laughed off *yoga* philosophy and put it on the same level with the much debated Hindu rope trick and levitation. *Yoga* does claim powers of levitation. In the first week of July, 1942, I read in the *New York Herald Tribune* a factual account by a responsible Hindu professor of a *yogi* buried under publicly tested conditions and coming to life again after six months in the presence of thousands of Hindu peasants. It is these sensational reports that appeal to the popular fancy. After the modern experiments of freezing of patients under ice, these feats seem less incredible and are not any more inexplicable than the hibernation of animals. Still, they are bound to detract our attention from the more normal and earnest problems of achieving emotional stability and psychological health.

Luckily, modern psychology offers the key to our understanding of *yoga*. Breathing exercises and the mastery of ordinarily involuntary muscles by practice require no explanation; the deeper problems of the psyche do. Jung has written a full and highly illuminating introduction to a Chinese *yoga* book (*The Secret of the Golden Flower*, Harcourt, Brace, 1938, not to be confused with the Buddhistic *Lotus Gospel;* see especially the sections, "Difficulties encountered by a European in trying to understand the East," and "Modern psychology offers a possibility of understanding"). Kovoor T. Behanan, in his *Yoga: a Scientific Evaluation* (Macmillan, 1937) has also drawn interesting parallels in the chapter, "Yoga and Psychoanalysis." The curious thing about this book is that in Behanan, a Hindu by birth, his scientific training in Toronto and Yale seems to have got the upper hand of his native Hindu blood and his early training at Calcutta; I rather think his approach to *yoga* is more "university trained" and therefore more trivial than that of a continental mind like Jung.

Readers of the *yoga* section of the *Bhagavad-Gita* must have been impressed by its concern with what lies in the subconscious life. The overwhelming emphasis on the subconscious and the dependence of the *yoga* disciple upon the *guru*, or spiritual teacher, are points of similarity with the practice of psychoanalysis. "*Yoga* can only be safely learned by direct

contact with a teacher," warns Swami Vivekananda. When we come to the analysis of the mind itself, only modern psychology makes the doctrine intelligible to us. The process of destruction of the mind (*chitta*) in order to save the soul (*purusha*) can be understood only in psychological terms. The mind with its incrusted layers of sense-attachments, which *yoga* teaches as the hindrances to our seeing of the ultimate soul, is no more than the sepulchre of primordial life-urges that psychology has shown us; the doctrine of rebirth is no more than that survival in an individual of a superpersonal or collective race inheritance phylogenetically acquired; the impersonal, collective nature of these primordial forces is apparently the same as that of the "collective unconscious" of Jung. Finally, the urge for release and liberation is what Freud has negatively called the "death-instinct," the opposite of the "life-instinct," very inadequately illustrated, I am afraid, in sadism and masochism. Freud says very correctly, in the subconscious, "instinctive impulses . . . exist independently side by side, and are exempt from mental contradiction. . . . There is in this system no negation, no dubiety, no varying degrees of certainty. . . . Its processes are timeless, they are not ordered temporarily, are not altered by the passage of time, in fact bear no relation to time at all." It is these forces, as well as the body that must be brought under control by *yoga* practice.

It is also important to point out that the theories of psychoanalysis, like the theories of *yoga*, are speculative, and only a portion of these subjective interpretations are amenable to proof by experimentation. We have not even the vocabulary for these inner phenomena, and when psychoanalysis begins to tackle the depths of the psyche, it is compelled to invent terms that are in their nature quasi-scientific make-shifts—terms like *life-urge*, the *Id*, *animus*, *anima*, *libido* (a form of discharge of energy which unfortunately cannot be measured in volts), and that elusive spiritual entity called *Eros*. Hindu psychology, Buddhist and non-Buddhist, abounds in such terms. It is said that there is a greater psychological vocabulary in Sanskrit and Pali than in the "modern languages" combined. (For example, see the "Table of the Eighty-Nine Consciousnesses" in Henry Clarke Warren's *Buddhism in Translations*.)

Jung says, "We have not yet clearly grasped the fact that Western Theosophy is an amateurish imitation of the East. We are just taking up astrology again, and that to the Oriental is his daily bread. Our studies of sexual life, originating in Vienna and England, are matched or surpassed by Hindu teachings on the subject. Oriental texts ten centuries old introduce us to philosophical relativism,[1] while the idea of indetermination, newly broached in the West, furnishes the very basis of Chinese

[1] Relativism is really as old as Taoism in China.

science.[1] Richard Wilhelm has even shown me that certain complicated processes discovered by analytical psychology are recognizably described in ancient Chinese texts.[2] Psychoanalysis itself and the lines of thought to which it gives rise—surely a distinctly Western development—are only a beginner's attempt compared to what is an immemorial art in the East."[3]

I can do no better than quote Swami Vivekananda on the nature and character of the *yoga* discipline. "For thousands of years such phenomena have been studied, investigated, and generalised, the whole ground of the religious faculties of man has been analysed, and the practical result is the science of *Rāja-Yoga*. . . . It declares that each man is only a conduit for the infinite ocean of knowledge and power that lies beyond mankind. It teaches that desires and wants are in man, that the power of supply is also in man; and that wherever and whenever a desire, a want, a prayer has been fulfilled, it was out of this infinite magazine that the supply came, and not from any supernatural being. The idea of supernatural beings may arouse to a certain extent the power of action in man, but it also brings spiritual decay. It brings dependence; it brings fear; it brings superstition. It degenerates into a horrible belief in the natural weakness of man. There is no supernatural, says the *Yogi*, but there are in nature gross manifestations and subtle manifestations. The subtle are the causes, the gross the effects. The gross can be easily perceived by the senses; not so the subtle. The practice of *Rāja-Yoga* will lead to the acquisition of the more subtle perceptions."

The *Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali* is the classic and textbook of *yoga*, acknowledged by all schools to be the highest authority on the subject. It was written, according to Professor J. H. Woods, in the fourth or fifth centuries of our era. In this complete text, without the commentaries, a brief glimpse may be had of the contents of *yoga* teachings. I have used the free and easily understandable translation of Swami Vivekananda, and those who are interested should read his commentaries (*Rāja-Yoga*, Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Centre, New York, 1939). The classic Comment, and Explanations of the Comment, together with Professor James Haughton Woods' scholarly translation of the text *Yoga-System of Patanjali*, Harvard Oriental Series, Vol. 17, may be consulted only by the academically-minded. Professor Woods seems to err on the scholarly side: his "sources-of-valid-ideas" are translated by Vivekananda as "right knowledge," his "predicate-relation" (*vikalpa*) is simply the latter's "verbal delusion," and "Memory is not-adding-surreptitiously to a once

[1] Jung is referring to *Yi-ching*, one of the Chinese *Five Classics*.
[2] For instance, the case of narcissism in Miss Feng Hsiao-ch'ing.
[3] C. G. Jung: *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, p. 249.

experienced object" simply means, according to the Hindu *yoga* teacher, "Memory is when perceived objects do not slip away." In the same way, I believe "non-attachment" is better English than "passionlessness" and "egoism" better than "feeling-of-personality." "Undifferentiated-consciousness" may be etymologically more exact than "ignorance" for the rendering of *avidyā*, but the important thing is what a Hindu word means to a Hindu, for etymological meaning is always altered by a current meaning which usage has acquired. A brief, but clear exposition of the *yoga* mysticism may be found in *Hindu Mysticism*, by S. N. Dasgupta (Open Court), a lucid introduction to Hindu thought, in general, as against the same author's heavy and scholarly *History of Indian Philosophy*. I have supplied the sectional headings for the convenience of the reader.

The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali

Translated by Swami Vivekananda

CHAPTER I: CONCENTRATION: ITS SPIRITUAL USES

Goal of Concentration

1. Now concentration is explained.
2. Yoga is restraining the mind-stuff (*Chitta*) from taking various forms (*Vrittis*).
3. At that time (the time of concentration) the seer (*Purusha*) rests in his own (unmodified) state.

Forms of Mind-Stuff

4. At other times (other than that of concentration) the seer is identified with the modifications.
5. There are five classes of modifications, (some) painful and (others) not painful.
6. (These are) right knowledge, indiscrimination, verbal delusion, sleep and memory.
7. Direct perception, inference, and competent evidence, are proofs.
8. Indiscrimination is false knowledge not established in real nature.
9. Verbal delusion follows from words having no (corresponding) reality.
10. Sleep is a *Vritti* which embraces the feeling of voidness.
11. Memory is when (*Vrittis* of) perceived subjects do not slip away (and through impressions come back to consciousness).

Methods of Control

12. Their control is by practice and non-attachment.

13. Continuous struggle to keep them (the *Vrittis*) perfectly restrained is practice.

14. It becomes firmly grounded by long constant efforts with great love (for the end to be attained).

15. That effect which comes to those who have given up their thirst after objects either seen or heard, and which wills to control the objects, is non-attachment.

16. That is extreme non-attachment which gives up even the qualities, and comes from the knowledge of (the real nature of) the *Purusha.*[1]

Kinds of Concentration

17. The concentration called right knowledge is that which is followed by reasoning, discrimination, bliss, unqualified egoism.

18. There is another *Samādhi*[2] which is attained by the constant practice of cessation of all mental activity, in which the *Chitta* retains only the unmanifested impressions.

Different Ways of Attaining Samādhi

19. (This *Samādhi* when not followed by extreme non-attachment) becomes the cause of the re-manifestation of the gods and of those that become merged in nature.

20. To others (this *Samādhi*) comes through faith, energy, memory, concentration, and discrimination of the real.

21. Success is speedy for the extremely energetic.

22. The success of *Yogis* differs according as the means they adopt are mild, medium or intense.

23. Or by devotion to *Isvara.*

The "Om"

24. *Isvara* (the Supreme Ruler) is a special *Purusha*, untouched by misery, actions, their results and desires.

[1] *Note by Vivekananda.* "We have first to understand what the *Purusha*, the Self, is, and what are the qualities. According to *Yoga* philosophy the whole of nature consists of three qualities or forces; one is called *Tamas*, another *Rajas* and the third *Sattva.* These three qualities manifest themselves in the physical world as darkness or inactivity; attraction or repulsion; and equilibrium of the two. Everything that is in nature, all manifestations, are combinations and recombinations of these three forces. Nature has been divided into various categories by the *Sānkhyas;* the Self of man is beyond all these, beyond nature. It is effulgent, pure and perfect. Whatever of intelligence we see in nature is but the reflection of this Self upon nature."

[2] Superconscious state, trance.

25. In Him becomes infinite that all-knowingness which in others is (only) a germ.

26. He is the Teacher of even the ancient teachers, being not limited by time.

27. His manifesting word is *Om*.

28. The repetition of this (*Om*) and meditating on its meaning (is the way).

29. From that is gained (the knowledge of) introspection, and the destruction of obstacles.

Forms of Meditation and Samādhi

30. Disease, mental laziness, doubt, lack of enthusiasm, lethargy, clinging to sense-enjoyments, false perception, non-attaining concentration, and falling away from the state when obtained, are the obstructing distractions.

31. Grief, mental distress, tremor of the body, irregular breathing, accompany non-retention of concentration.

32. To remedy this, the practice of one subject (should be made).

33. Friendship, mercy, gladness and indifference, being thought of in regard to subjects, happy, unhappy, good and evil respectively, pacify the *Chitta*.

34. By throwing out and restraining the Breath.

35. Those forms of concentration that bring extraordinary sense perceptions cause perseverance of the mind.

36. Or (by the meditation on) the Effulgent Light, which is beyond all sorrow.

37. Or (by meditation on) the heart that has given up all attachment to sense-objects.

38. Or by meditating on the knowledge that comes in sleep.

39. Or by the meditation on anything that appeals to one as good.

40. The *Yogi's* mind thus meditating, becomes unobstructed from the atomic to the infinite.

41. The *Yogi* whose *Vrittis* have thus become powerless (controlled) obtains in the receiver, (the instrument of) receiving, and the received (the Self, the mind, and external objects), concentratedness and sameness, like the crystal (before different coloured objects).

42. Sound, meaning, and resulting knowledge, being mixed up, is (called) *Samādhi* with-question.

43. *Samādhi* called 'without-question' (comes) when the memory is purified, or devoid of qualities, expressing only the meaning (of the meditated object).

44. By this process (the concentrations) with discrimination and without discrimination, whose objects are finer, are (also) explained.

45. The finer objects end with the *Pradhāna.*

46. These concentrations are with seed.

47. The concentration "without discrimination" being purified, the *Chitta* becomes firmly fixed.

48. The knowledge in that is called "filled with Truth."

49. The knowledge that is gained from testimony and inference is about common objects. That from the *Samādhi* just mentioned is of a much higher order, being able to penetrate where inference and testimony cannot go.

50. The resulting impression from this *Samādhi* obstructs all other impressions.

51. By the restraint of even this (impression, which obstructs all other impressions), all being restrained, comes the "seedless" *Samādhi.*

CHAPTER II: CONCENTRATION: ITS PRACTICE

The Pain-Bearing Obstructions

1. Mortification, study, and surrendering fruits of work to God are called *Kriyā-yoga.*

2. (It is for) the practice of *Samādhi* and minimising the pain-bearing obstructions.

3. The pain-bearing obstructions are—ignorance, egoism, attachment, aversion, and clinging to life.

4. Ignorance is the productive field of all these that follow, whether they are dormant, attenuated, overpowered, or expanded.

5. Ignorance is taking the non-eternal, the impure, the painful, and the non-Self, as the eternal, the pure, the happy, and the Atman or Self (respectively).

6. Egoism is the identification of the seer with the instrument of seeing.

7. Attachment is that which dwells on pleasure.

8. Aversion is that which dwells on pain.

9. Flowing through its own nature, and established even in the learned, is the clinging to life.

10. The fine *Samskāras*[1] are to be conquered by resolving them into their causal state.

11. By meditation, their (gross) modifications are to be rejected.

12. The 'receptacle of works'[2] has its root in these pain-bearing obstruc-

[1] *Samskāras* are the subtle impressions that manifest themselves into gross forms later on —original note.

[2] By the 'receptacle of works' is meant the sum total of *Samskāras*—orginal note.

tions, and their experience is in this visible life, or in the unseen life.

13. The root being there, the fruition comes (in the form of) species, life, and experience of pleasure and pain.

14. They bear fruit as pleasure or pain, caused by virtue or vice.

15. To the discriminating, all is, as it were, painful on account of everything bringing pain, either as consequence, or as anticipation of loss of happiness or as fresh craving arising from impressions of happiness, and also as counter-action of qualities.

16. The misery which is not yet come is to be avoided.

The Independence of the Soul as Seer

17. The cause of that which is to be avoided is the junction of the seer and the seen.

18. The experienced is composed of elements and organs, is of the nature of illumination, action, and inertia, and is for the purpose of experience and release (of the experiencer).

19. The states of the qualities are the defined, the undefined, the indicated only, and the signless.

20. The seer is intelligence only, and though pure, sees through the colouring of the intellect.

21. The nature of the experienced is for him.

22. Though destroyed for him whose goal has been gained, yet it is not destroyed, being common to others.

23. Junction is the cause of the realization of the nature of both the powers, the experienced and its Lord.

24. Ignorance is its cause.

25. There being absence of that (ignorance) there is absence of junction, which is the thing-to-be-avoided; that is the independence of the seer.

26. The means of destruction of ignorance is unbroken practice of discrimination.

27. His knowledge is of the sevenfold highest ground.

The Eight Stages

28. By the practice of the different parts of *Yoga* the impurities being destroyed, knowledge becomes effulgent up to discrimination.

29. *Yama, Niyama, Asana, Prānāyāma, Pratyāhāra, Dhāranā, Dhyāna,* and *Samādhi,* are the eight limbs of *Yoga.*

1. FIVE VOWS (*Yama*)

30. Non-killing, truthfulness, non-stealing, continence, and non-receiving, are called *Yama.*

31. These, unbroken by time, place, purpose and caste-rules, are (universal) great vows.

2. FIVE OBSERVANCES (*Niyama*)

32. Internal and external purification, contentment, mortification, study, and worship of God, are the *Niyamas*.

33. To obstruct thoughts which are inimical to *Yoga*, contrary thoughts should be brought.

34. The obstructions to *Yoga* are killing, falsehood, etc., whether committed, caused, or approved; either through avarice, or anger or ignorance; whether slight, middling, or great; and result in infinite ignorance and misery. This is (the method of) thinking the contrary.

35. Non-killing being established, in his presence all enmities cease (in others).

36. By the establishment of truthfulness the *Yogi* gets the power of attaining for himself and others the fruits of work without the works.

37. By the establishment of non-stealing all wealth comes to the *Yogi*.

38. By the establishment of continence energy is gained.

39. When he is fixed in non-receiving he gets the memory of past life.

40. Internal and external cleanliness being established, arises disgust for one's own body, and non-intercourse with others.

41. There also arises purification of the *Sattva*,[1] cheerfulness of the mind, concentration, conquest of the organs, and fitness for the realisation of the Self.

42. From contentment comes superlative happiness.

43. The result of mortification is bringing powers to the organs and the body, by destroying the impurity.

44. By repetition of the *Mantra*[2] comes the realisation of the intended deity.

45. By sacrificing all to *Iswara*[3] comes *Samādhi*.

3. POSTURE: (*Asana*)

46. Posture is that which is firm and pleasant.

47. By lessening the natural tendency (for restlessness) and meditating on the unlimited (posture becomes firm and pleasant).

48. Seat being conquered, the dualities do not obstruct.

[1] The good element; see note to I, 16.
[2] Prayer formula.
[3] The Lord (also *Isvara*).

4. RESPIRATION (*Prānāyāma*)

49. Controlling the motion of the exhalation and the inhalation follows after this.

50. Its modifications are either external or internal, or motionless, regulated by place, time, and number, either long or short.

51. The fourth is restraining the *Prāna* by reflecting on external or internal objects.

52. From that, the covering to the light of the *Chitta* is attenuated.

53. The mind becomes fit for *Dhāranā.*

5. WITHDRAWING OF THE ORGANS (*Pratyāhāra*)

54. The drawing in of the organs is by their giving up their own objects and taking the form of the mind-stuff, as it were.

55. Thence arises supreme control of the organs.

CHAPTER III: POWERS

We have now come to the chapter in which the *Yoga* powers are described.

6. CONCENTRATION ON ONE OBJECT (*Dhāranā*)

1. *Dhāranā* is holding the mind on to some particular object.

7. MEDITATION (*Dhyāna*)

2. An unbroken flow of knowledge in that object is *Dhyāna.*

8. SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS (*Samādhi*)

3. When that, giving up all forms, reflects only the meaning, it is *Samādhi.*

Description of the Last Three Stages

4. (These) three (when practised) in regard to one object is *Samyama.*

5. By the conquest of that comes light of knowledge.

6. That should be employed in stages.

7. These three are more internal than those that precede.

8. But even they are external to the seedless (*Samādhi*).

9. By the suppression of the disturbed impressions of the mind, and by the rise of impressions of control, the mind, which persists in that moment of control, is said to attain the controlling modifications.

10. Its flow becomes steady by habit.

11. Taking in all sorts of objects, and concentrating upon one object, these two powers being destroyed and manifested respectively, the *Chitta* gets the modification called *Samādhi.*

12. The one-pointedness of the *Chitta* is when the impression that is past and that which is present are similar.

13. By this is explained the threefold transformation of form, time and state, in fine or gross matter, and in the organs.

14. That which is acted upon by transformations, either past, present or yet to be manifested, is the qualified.

15. The succession of changes is the cause of manifold evolution

The Transformation of Mental Powers

16. By making *Samyama* on the three sorts of changes comes the knowledge of past and future.

17. By making *Samyama* on word, meaning, and knowledge, which are ordinarily confused, comes the knowledge of all animal sounds.

18. By perceiving the impressions, (comes) the knowledge of past life.

19. By making *Samyama* on the signs in another's body, knowledge of his mind comes.

20. But not its contents, that not being the object of the *Samyama*.

21. By making *Samyama* on the form of the body, the perceptibility of the form being obstructed, and the power of manifestation in the eye being separated, the *Yogi's* body becomes unseen.

22. By this the disappearance or concealment of words which are being spoken and such other things, are also explained.

23. *Karma* is of two kinds, soon to be fructified, and late to be fructified. By making *Samyama* on these, or by the signs called *Arishta*, portents, the *Yogis* know the exact time of separation from their bodies.

24. By making *Samyama* on friendship, mercy, etc. (I:33), the *Yogi* excels in respective qualities.

25. By making *Samyama* on the strength of the elephant, and others, their respective strength comes to the *Yogi*.

26. By making *Samyama* on the effulgent light (I:36) comes the knowledge of the fine, the obstructed and the remote.

27. By making *Samyama* on the sun, (comes) the knowledge of the world.

28. On the moon, (comes) the knowledge of the cluster of stars.

29. On the pole-star, (comes) the knowledge of the motion of the stars.

30. On the navel circle, (comes) the knowledge of the constitution of the body.

31. On the hollow of the throat, (comes) cessation of hunger.

32. On the nerve called *Kurma* (comes) fixity of the body.

33. On the light emanating from the top of the head, sight of the *Siddhas*.[1]

[1] The *Siddhas* are beings who are a little above ghosts. When the *Yogi* concentrates his mind on the top of his head he will see these *Siddhas*—original note.

34. Or by the power of *Prātibha*[1] all knowledge.

35. In the heart, knowledge of minds.

36. Enjoyment comes by the non-discrimination of the Soul and *Sattva* which are totally different. The latter whose actions are for another is separate from the self-centred one. *Samyama* on the self-centred one gives knowledge of the *Purusha*.

37. From that arises the knowledge belonging to *Prātibha* and (supernatural) hearing, touching, seeing, tasting, and smelling.

38. These are obstacles to *Samādhi:* but they are powers in the worldly state.

Supernatural Powers

39. When the cause of bondage of the *Chitta* has become loosened, the *Yogi*, by his knowledge of its channels of activity (the nerves), enters another's body.

40. By conquering the current called *Udāna*[2] the Yogi does not sink in water, or in swamps, he can walk on thorns, etc., and can die at will.

41. By the conquest of the current *Samāna* he is surrounded by a blaze of light.

42. By making *Samyama* on the relation between the ear and the *Akāsa*[3] comes divine hearing.

43. By making *Samyama* on the relation between the *ākāsa* and the body and becoming light as cotton wool, etc., through meditation on them, the *Yogi* goes through the skies.

44. By making *Samyama* on the 'real modifications' of the mind, outside of the body, called great disembodiedness, comes disappearance of the covering to light.

45. By making *Samyama* on the gross and fine forms of the elements, their essential traits, the inherence of the *Gunas*[4] in them and on their contributing to the experience of the soul, comes mastery of the elements.

46. From that comes minuteness, and the rest of the powers, 'glorification of the body,' and indestructibleness of the bodily qualities.

47. The 'glorification of the body' is beauty, complexion, strength, adamantine hardness.

48. By making *Samyama* on the objectivity and power of illumination of the organs, on egoism, the inherence of the *Gunas* in them and on their contributing to the experience of the soul, comes the conquest of the organs.

49. From that comes to the body the power of rapid movement like

[1] Spontaneous enlightenment from purity.
[2] The name of the nerve current that governs the lungs, and all the upper parts of the body
[3] The ether.
[4] The three elements.

the mind, the power of the organs independently of the body, and conquest of nature.

50. By making *Samyama* on the discrimination between *Sattva* and the *Purusha* come omnipotence and omniscience.

Isolation or Complete Freedom

51. By giving up even these powers comes the destruction of the very seed of evil, which leads to *Kaivalya.*[1]

52. The *Yogi* should not feel allured or flattered by the overtures of celestial beings, for fear of evil again.

53. By making *Samyama* on a particle of time and its precision and succession comes discrimination.

54. Those things which cannot be differentiated by species, sign and place, even they will be discriminated by the above *Samyama.*

55. The saving knowledge is that knowledge of discrimination which simultaneously covers all objects, in all their variations.

56. By the similarity of purity between the *Sattva* and the *Purusha* comes *Kaivalya.*

CHAPTER IV: INDEPENDENCE

Desires and Objects of the Mind

1. The *Siddhis* (powers) are attained by birth, chemical means, power of words, mortification or concentration.

2. The change into another species is by the filling in of nature.

3. Good and bad deeds are not the direct causes in the transformations of nature, but they act as breakers of obstacles to the evolutions of nature: as a farmer breaks the obstacles to the course of water, which then runs down by its own nature.

4. From egoism alone proceed the created minds.

5. Though the activities of the different created minds are various, the one original mind is the controller of them all.

6. Among the various *Chittas* that which is attained by *Samādhi* is desireless.

7. Works are neither black nor white for the *Yogis;* for others they are three-fold—black, white, and mixed.

8. From these threefold works are manifested in each state only those

[1] Complete isolation or independence.

desires (which are) fitting to that state alone. (The others are held in abeyance for the time being.)

9. There is consecutiveness in desires, even though separated by species, space and time, there being identification of memory and impressions.

10. Thirst for happiness being eternal desires are without beginning.

11. Being held together by cause, effect, support, and objects, in the absence of these is its absence.

12. The past and future exist in their own nature, qualities having different ways.

13. They are manifested or fine, being of the nature of the *Gunas*.[1]

14. The unity in things is from the unity in changes.

15. Since perception and desire vary with regard to the same object, mind and object are of different nature.

16. Things are known or unknown to the mind, being dependent on the colouring which they give to the mind.

17. The states of the mind are always known because the lord of the mind, the *Purusha*, is unchangeable.

18. The mind is not self-luminous, being an object.

19. From its being unable to cognise both at the same time.

20. Another cognising mind being assumed there will be no end to such assumptions and confusion of memory will be the result.

21. The essence of knowledge (the *Purusha*) being unchangeable, when the mind takes its form, it becomes conscious.

22. Coloured by the seer and the seen the mind is able to understand everything.

23. The mind though variegated by innumerable desires acts for another (the *Purusha*), because it acts in combination.

Complete Isolation

24. For the discriminating the perception of the mind as Atman ceases.

25. Then bent on discriminating, the mind attains the previous state of *Kaivalya* (isolation).

26. The thoughts that arise as obstructions to that are from impressions.

27. Their destruction is in the same manner as of ignorance, egoism, etc., as said before (II:10).

28. Even when arriving at the right discriminating knowledge of the

[1] The *Gunas* are the three substances, *Sattva, Rajas,* and *Tamas,* whose gross state is the sensible universe. Past and future arise from the different modes of manifestation of these *Gunas*—original note.

essences, he who gives up the fruits, unto him comes as the result of perfect discrimination, the *Samādhi* called the cloud of virtue.

29. From that comes cessation of pains and works.

30. Then knowledge, bereft of covering and impurities, becoming infinite, the knowable becomes small.

31. Then are finished the successive transformations of the qualities, they having attained the end.

32. The changes that exist in relation to moments, and which are perceived at the other end (at the end of a series) are succession.

33. The resolution in the inverse order of the qualities, bereft of any motive of action for the *Purusha*, is *Kaivalya*, or it is the establishment of the power of knowledge in its own nature.

INDIAN IMAGINATION

The Ramayana

INTRODUCTION

MY LOVE AND TRUE RESPECT for India were born when I first read the Indian epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* in the present translation in my college days. In these two masterpieces we are brought closer to the atmosphere, ideals and customs of ancient Hindu life than by a hundred volumes of commentary on the *Upanishads*, and through them Hindu ideals, as well as Hindu men and women, become real to us. And the fact that Hindu imagination produced such masterpieces of literature, closely rivalling Homer in antiquity and in beauty and power of portraying human passions, is a definite pledge of the worth and richness of the Hindu civilization.

It is more than a figure of speech to say that the *Mahabharata* must be compared, if compared at all, with Homer's *Iliad*, and the *Ramayana*, with the *Odyssey*. To take the *Mahabharata*, the subject of the epic was the same, dealing with a long-drawn-out war between the Kurus and the Panchalas, as Homer dealt with the Trojan War. The treatment was the same: the delineation of the character of the warriors, the "tiger-waisted" Bhima, the "helmet-wearing" Arjuna (the Achilles of the epic), the royal and dignified Yudhishthir (suggesting Agamemnon), the vengeance of Arjuna for the death of his boy, the fierce contests and rounds of combats between heroes of the opposing camps, the Homeric speeches before the combats, the Councils of War, and the presence of gods and celestial spirits all reproduce the epic impression. The Hindu epic abounds more in episodic developments and discourses (such as the long discourse between Yudhishthir and Bhishma on the art of government) and has a wider canvas, with descriptions of forest life and later interpolations of discussions on questions of spiritual truth (such as the *Bhagavad-Gita*, which is merely a reported conversation between the god Krishna and Arjuna before the battle, now accepted as a separate book). In magnitude, the *Mahabharata* comprises 100,000 couplets, which is the result of successive accretions in the easy

sloka verse-form, while the *Ramayana* comprises 24,000 couplets, and is more the unified work of one writer. In so far as the *Ramayana* deals with the story of wanderings of Rama and his wife Sita, it may be said to resemble the *Odyssey*. Beyond that, the resemblance ceases, for while the story of Sita is that of the test of a woman's loyalty, like that of Penelope, the main theme is not that of Ulyssean adventures, but of domestic human passions, comprising such tragic material as is found in *King Lear*, *Macbeth* and *Othello*. It is also extremely important to note the tragic ending of Sita, where a happy ending would have been easy.

In modern terms, the *Mahabharata* may be said to be realistic, and the *Ramayana*, idealistic, in their respective handling of human characters. Sita in *Ramayana* is all that a woman could or should be, and is impressive by her sweetness and devotion. Draupadi in *Mahabharata*, on the other hand, may be any of the high-spirited modern women who live off one of New York's avenues, with her anger and her brooding for revenge—and for that reason more human. There is greater "realistic" truth in the full-blooded characters of the *Mahabharata*, higher passion and nobler resolve, fiercer jealousy and more biting scorn, and greater grandeur in many of its scenes. Yet it is undeniable there is greater spiritual beauty, greater softness and tenderness of emotion in *Ramayana*. The subject of *Mahabharata* is men and war; the subject of *Ramayana* is women and the home. If I judge human nature correctly, by the preference of fathers for daughters and mothers for sons, then it is inevitable that *Mahabharata* is the women's epic, while *Ramayana* is the men's. As it is impossible to include both epics, and highly desirable to reproduce one of them complete, therefore, as a man, I have chosen the *Ramayana*.

Truly, as the translator says, "The two together comprise the whole of the epic literature of the ancient Hindus; and the two together present us with the most graphic and lifelike picture that exists of the civilization and culture, the political and social life, the religion and thought of ancient India." And "to know the Indian epics is to understand the Indian people better." For it must be remembered, also, that these are not dead literature of long ago; they have influenced and moulded Indian life for thousands of years and are still a living factor to-day in the innermost depths of Indian consciousness.

Eventually, I am convinced India must win her freedom, not by fighting, because Hindus will not resort to violence, and not by politics, for the English are superb at politics, but by Englishmen falling in love with Sita. Whether English stockholders will ever read Indian literature and poetry is doubtful, and it is not implied that the prospect

is bright, for the great age of English appreciation of Hindu thought has declined. But anyone can see that one who loves Phidias would not like to bomb the Acropolis, and no one in his senses could believe that a people that could produce such epics ought to be ruled by others. It does not make sense.

Having said so much, I believe I am not in a position to improve upon an introduction to the *Ramayana*, which Romesh Dutt has so ably written in his "Epilogue." The following abstracts from the "Epilogue" will make the contents of this epic and its significance to the Indian people clear. The translation, reproduced here complete, is a condensation of the original. I have therefore kept the separate introductions to the different Books, which supply the outline of the epic story.

"It would appear that the original work ended with the sixth Book, which describes the return of the hero to his country and to his loving subjects. The seventh Book is called *Uttara* or Supplemental, and in it we are told something of the dimensions of the poem, apparently after the fatal process of additions and interpolations had gone on for centuries. We are informed that the poem consists of six Books and a Supplemental Book; and that it comprises 500 cantos and 24,000 couplets. And we are also told in this Supplemental Book that the descendants of Rama and his brothers founded some of the great towns and states which, we know from other sources, flourished in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ. It is probable therefore that the Epic, commenced after 1000 B.C., had assumed something like its present shape a few centuries before the Christian Era.

"The *Mahabharata* grew out of the legends and traditions of a great historical war between the Kurus and the Panchalas; the *Ramayana* grew out of the recollections of the golden age of the Kosalas and the Videhas. The characters of the *Mahabharata* are characters of flesh and blood, with the virtues and crimes of great actors in the historic world; the characters of the *Ramayana* are more often the ideals of manly devotion to truth, and of womanly faithfulness and love in domestic life. . . . As an heroic poem the *Mahabharata* stands on a higher level; as a poem delineating the softer emotions of our everyday life the *Ramayana* sends its roots deeper into the hearts and minds of the millions in India. . . . Without rivalling the heroic grandeur of the *Mahabharata*, the *Ramayana* is immeasurably superior in its delineation of those softer and perhaps deeper emotions which enter into our everyday life and hold the world together. And these descriptions, essentially of Hindu life, are yet so true to nature that they apply to all races and nations.

"There is something indescribably touching and tender in the description of the love of Rama for his subjects and the loyalty of his people towards Rama—that loyalty which has ever been a part of the Hindu character in every age—

'As a father to his children to his loving men he came,
Blessed our homes and maids and matrons till our infants lisped her name,

For our humble woes and troubles Rama hath the ready tear,
To our humble tales of suffering Rama lends his willing ear!'

"Deeper than this was Rama's duty towards his father and his father's fondness for Rama; and the portion of the Epic which narrates the dark scheme by which the prince was at last torn from the heart and home of his dying father is one of the most powerful and pathetic passages in Indian literature. The stepmother of Rama, won by the virtues and the kindliness of the prince, regards his proposed coronation with pride and pleasure, but her old nurse creeps into her confidence like a creeping serpent, and envenoms her heart with the poison of her own wickedness. She arouses the slumbering jealousy of a woman and awakens the alarms of a mother, till—

'Like a slow but deadly poison worked the ancient nurse's tears,
And a wife's undying impulse mingled with a mother's fears!'

"The nurse's dark insinuations work on the mind of the queen till she becomes a desperate woman, resolved to maintain her own influence on her husband, and to see her own son on the throne. The determination of the young queen tells with terrible effect on the weakness and vacillation of the feeble old monarch, and Rama is banished at last. And the scene closes with a pathetic story in which the monarch recounts his misdeed of past years, accepts his present suffering as the fruit of that misdeed, and dies in agony for his banished son. The inner workings of the human heart and of human motives, the dark intrigue of a scheming dependant, the awakening jealousy and alarm of a wife and a mother, the determination of a woman and an imperious queen, and the feebleness and despair and death of a fond old father and husband, have never been more vividly described. . . .

"It is truth and power in the depicting of such scenes, and not in the delineation of warriors and warlike incidents, that the *Ramayana* excels. It is in the delineation of domestic incidents, domestic affections, and domestic jealousies, which are appreciated by the prince and the peasant alike, that the *Ramayana* bases its appeal to the hearts of the millions

in India. And beyond all this, the righteous devotion of Rama, and the faithfulness and womanly love of Sita, run like two threads of gold through the whole fabric of the Epic, and ennoble and sanctify the work in the eyes of Hindus.

"Sita holds a place in the hearts of women in India which no other creation of a poet's imagination holds among any other nation on earth. There is not a Hindu woman whose earliest and tenderest recollections do not cling round the story of Sita's sufferings and Sita's faithfulness, told in the nursery, taught in the family circle, remembered and cherished through life. Sita's adventures in a desolate forest and in a hostile prison only represent in an exaggerated form the humbler trials of a woman's life; and Sita's endurance and faithfulness teach her devotion to duty in all trials and troubles of life. 'For,' said Sita:

> 'For my mother often taught me and my father often spake,
> That her home the wedded woman doth beside her husband make,
> As the shadow to the substance, to her lord is faithful wife,
> And she parts not from her consort till she parts with fleeting life!
> Therefore bid me seek the jungle and in pathless forests roam,
> Where the wild deer freely ranges and the tiger makes his home,
> Happier than in father's mansions in the woods will Sita rove,
> Waste no thought on home or kindred, nestling in her husband's love!'

"The ideal of life was joy and beauty and gladness in ancient Greece; the ideal of life was piety and endurance and devotion in ancient India. The tale of Helen was a tale of womanly beauty and loveliness which charmed the western world. The tale of Sita was a tale of womanly faith and self-abnegation which charmed and fascinated the Hindu world. Repeated trials bring out in brighter relief the unfaltering truth of Sita's character; she goes to a second banishment in the woods with the same trust and devotion to her lord as before, and she returns once more, and sinks into the bosom of her Mother Earth, true in death as she had been true in life. The creative imagination of the Hindus has conceived no loftier and holier character than Sita; the literature of the world has not produced a higher ideal of womanly love, womanly truth, and womanly devotion."

The Epic of Rama

Translated by Romesh Dutt

BOOK I SITA-SWAYAMVARA
(*The Bridal of Sita*)

THE EPIC relates to the ancient traditions of two powerful races, the Kosalas and the Videhas, who lived in Northern India between the twelfth and tenth centuries before Christ. The names Kosala and Videha in the singular number indicate the kingdoms—Oudh and North Behar—and in the plural number they mean the ancient races which inhabited those two countries.

According to the Epic, Dasa-ratha king of the Kosalas had four sons, the eldest of whom was Rama the hero of the poem. And Janak king of the Videhas had a daughter named Sita, who was miraculously born of a field furrow, and who is the heroine of the Epic.

Janak ordained a severe test for the hand of his daughter, and many a prince and warrior came and went away disappointed. Rama succeeded, and won Sita. The story of Rama's winning his bride, and of the marriage of his three brothers with the sister and cousins of Sita, forms the subject of this Book.

The portions translated in this Book form Section vi., Sections lxvii. to lxix., Section lxxiii., and Section lxxxvii. of Book i. of the original text.

I *Ayodhya, the Righteous City*

Rich in royal worth and valour, rich in holy Vedic lore,
Dasa-ratha ruled his empire in the happy days of yore,
Loved of men in fair Ayodhya, sprung of ancient Solar Race,

Royal *rishi* in his duty, saintly *rishi*[1] in his grace,
Great as INDRA in his prowess, bounteous as KUVERA kind,
Dauntless deeds subdued his foemen, lofty faith subdued his mind!
Like the ancient monarch Manu, father of the human race,
Dasa-ratha ruled his people with a father's loving grace.
Truth and Justice swayed each action and each baser motive quelled,
People's Love and Monarch's Duty every thought and deed impelled,
And his town like INDRA's city,—tower and dome and turret brave—
Rose in proud and peerless beauty on Sarayu's limpid wave!
Peaceful lived the righteous people, rich in wealth, in merit high,
Envy dwelt not in their bosoms and their accents shaped no lie,
Fathers with their happy households owned their cattle, corn, and gold,
Galling penury and famine in Ayodhya had no hold,
Neighbours lived in mutual kindness helpful with their ample wealth,
None who begged the wasted refuse, none who lived by fraud and stealth!
And they wore the gem and earring, wreath and fragrant sandal paste,
And their arms were decked with bracelets, and their necks with *nishkas*[2] graced,
Cheat and braggart and deceiver lived not in the ancient town,
Proud despiser of the lowly wore not insults in their frown,
Poorer fed not on the richer, hireling friend upon the great,
None with low and lying accents did upon the proud man wait!
Men to plighted vows were faithful, faithful was each loving wife,
Impure thought and wandering fancy stained not holy wedded life.
Robed in gold and graceful garments, fair in form and fair in face,
Winsome were Ayodhya's daughters, rich in wit and woman's grace!
Twice-born men were free from passion, lust of gold and impure greed,
Faithful to their Rites and Scriptures, truthful in their word and deed,
Altar blazed in every mansion, from each home was bounty given,
Stooped no man to fulsome falsehood, questioned none the will of Heaven.
Kshatras bowed to holy Brahmans, Vaisyas to the Kshatras bowed
Toiling Sudras lived by labour, of their honest duty proud,
To the Gods and to the Fathers, to each guest in virtue trained,
Rites were done with true devotion as by holy writ ordained.
Pure each caste in due observance, stainless was each ancient rite,
And the nation thrived and prospered by its old and matchless might,
And each man in truth abiding lived a long and peaceful life,
With his sons and with his grandsons, with his loved and honoured wife.

[1] Saint or anchorite.
[2] Coins often used for ornament

Thus was ruled the ancient city by her monarch true and bold,
As the earth was ruled by Manu in the misty days of old,
Troops who never turned in battle, fierce as fire and strong and brave,
Guarded well her lofty ramparts as the lions guard the cave.
Steeds like INDRA's in their swiftness came from far Kamboja's land,
From Vanaya and Vahlika and from Sindhu's rock-bound strand,
Elephants of mighty stature from the Vindhya mountains came,
Or from deep and darksome forests round Himalay's peaks of fame,
Matchless in their mighty prowess, peerless in their wondrous speed,
Nobler than the noble tuskers sprung from high celestial breed.
Thus Ayodhya, "virgin city,"—faithful to her haughty name,—
Ruled by righteous Dasa-ratha won a world-embracing fame,
Strong-barred gates and lofty arches, tower and dome and turret high
Decked the vast and peopled city fair as mansions of the sky.
Queens of proud and peerless beauty born of houses rich in fame,
Loved of royal Dasa-ratha to his happy mansion came,
Queen Kausalya blessed with virtue true and righteous Rama bore,
Queen Kaikeyi young and beauteous bore him Bharat rich in lore,
Queen Simitra bore the bright twins, Lakshman and Satrughna bold,
Four brave princes served their father in the happy days of old!

II Mithila, and the Breaking of the Bow

Janak monarch of Videha spake his message near and far,—
He shall win my peerless Sita who shall bend my bow of war,—
Sui[illegible] came from farthest regions, warlike princes known to fame,
V[illegible] strove to wield the weapon, left Videha in their shame.
V[illegible]a-mitra royal *rishi*, Rama true and Lakshman bold,
Came to fair Mithila's city from Ayodhya famed of old,
Spake in pride the royal *rishi:* "Monarch of Videha's throne,
Grant, the wondrous bow of RUDRA be to princely Rama shown."
Janak spake his royal mandate to his lords and warriors bold:
"Bring ye forth the bow of RUDRA decked in garlands and in gold,"
And his peers and proud retainers waiting on the monarch's call,
Brought the great and goodly weapon from the city's inner hall.
Stalwart men of ample stature pulled the mighty iron car
In which rested all-inviolate Janak's dreaded bow of war,
And where midst assembled monarchs sat Videha's godlike king,
With a mighty toil and effort did the eight-wheeled chariot bring.
"This the weapon of Videha," proudly thus the peers begun,
"Be it shewn to royal Rama, Dasa-ratha's righteous son."
"This the bow," then spake the monarch to the *rishi* famed of old,

To the true and righteous Rama and to Lakshman young and bold,
"This the weapon of my fathers prized by kings from age to age,
Mighty chiefs and sturdy warriors could not bend it, noble sage!
Gods before the bow of RUDRA have in righteous terror quailed,
Rakshas[1] fierce and stout *Asuras*[2] have in futile effort failed,
Mortal man will struggle vainly RUDRA's wondrous bow to bend,
Vainly strive to string the weapon and the shining dart to send,
Holy saint and royal *rishi*, here is Janak's ancient bow,
Shew it to Ayodhya's princes, speak to them my kingly vow!"
Viswa-mitra humbly listened to the words the monarch said,
To the brave and righteous Rama, Janak's mighty bow displayed,
Rama lifted high the cover of the pond'rous iron car,
Gazed with conscious pride and prowess on the mighty bow of war.
"Let me," humbly spake the hero, "on this bow my fingers place,
Let me lift and bend the weapon, help me with your loving grace."
"Be it so," the *rishi* answered, "be it so," the monarch said,
Rama lifted high the weapon on his stalwart arms displayed,
Wond'ring gazed the kings assembled as the son of Raghu's race
Proudly raised the bow of RUDRA with a warrior's stately grace,
Proudly strung the bow of RUDRA which the kings had tried in vain,
Drew the cord with force resistless till the weapon snapped in twain!
Like the thunder's pealing accent rose the loud terrific clang,
And the firm earth shook and trembled and the hills in echoes rang,
And the chiefs and gathered monarchs fell and fainted in their fear,
And the men of many nations shook the dreadful sound to hear!
Pale and white the startled monarchs slowly from their terror woke,
And with royal grace and greetings Janak to the *rishi* spoke:
"Now my ancient eyes have witnessed wond'rous deed by Rama done,
Deed surpassing thought or fancy wrought by Dasa-ratha's son,
And the proud and peerless princess, Sita glory of my house,
Sheds on me an added lustre as she weds a godlike spouse,
True shall be my plighted promise, Sita dearer than my life,
Won by worth and wond'rous valour shall be Rama's faithful wife!
Grant us leave, O royal *rishi*, grant us blessings kind and fair,
Envoys mounted on my chariot to Ayodhya shall repair,
They shall speak to Rama's father glorious feat by Rama done,
They shall speak to Dasa-ratha, Sita is by valour won,
They shall say the noble princes safely live within our walls,
They shall ask him by his presence to adorn our palace halls!"
Pleased at heart the sage assented, envoys by the monarch sent,
To Ayodhya's distant city with the royal message went.

[1] Night demons. [2] Evil spirits.

III The Embassy to Ayodhya

Three nights halting in their journey with their steeds fatigued and spent,
Envoys from Mithila's monarch to Ayodhya's city went,
And by royal mandate bidden stepped within the palace hall,
Where the ancient Dasa-ratha sat with peers and courtiers all,
And with greetings and obeisance spake their message calm and bold,
Softly fell their gentle accents as their happy tale they told.
"Greetings to thee, mighty monarch, greetings to each priest and peer,
Wishes for thy health and safety from Videha's king we bear,
Janak monarch of Videha for thy happy life hath prayed.
And by Viswa-mitra's bidding words of gladsome message said:
'Know on earth my plighted promise, spoke by heralds near and far,—
He shall win my peerless Sita who shall bend my bow of war,—
Monarchs came and princely suitors, chiefs and warriors known to fame,
Baffled in their fruitless effort left Mithila in their shame,
Rama came with gallant Lakshman by their proud preceptor led,
Bent and broke the mighty weapon, he the beauteous bride shall wed!
Rama strained the weapon stoutly till it snapped and broke in twain,
In the concourse of the monarchs, in the throng of armèd men,
Rama wins the peerless princess by the righteous will of Heaven,
I redeem my plighted promise—be thy kind permission given!
Monarch of Kosala's country! with each lord and peer and priest,
Welcome to Mithila's city, welcome to Videha's feast,
Joy thee in thy Rama's triumph, joy thee with a father's pride,
Let each prince of proud Kosala win a fair Videha-bride!'
These by Viswa-mitra's bidding are the words our monarch said,
This by Sata-nanda's counsel is the quest that he hath made."
Joyful was Kosala's monarch, spake to chieftains in the hall,
Vama-deva and Vasishtha and to priests and Brahmans all:
"Priests and peers! in far Mithila, so these friendly envoys tell,
Righteous Rama, gallant Lakshman, in the royal palace dwell,
And our brother of Videha prizes Rama's warlike pride,
To each prince of proud Kosala yields a fair Videha-bride,
If it please ye, priests and chieftains, speed we to Mithila fair,
World-renowned is Janak's virtue, Heaven-inspired his learning rare!"
Spake each peer and holy Brahman: "Dasa-ratha's will be done!"
Spake the king unto the envoys: "Part we with the rising sun!"
Honoured with a regal honour, welcomed to a rich repast,
Gifted envoys from Mithila day and night in gladness passed!

IV Meeting of Janak and Dasa-ratha

On Ayodhya's tower and turret now the golden morning woke,
Dasa-ratha girt by courtiers thus to wise Sumantra spoke:
"Bid the keepers of my treasure with their waggons lead the way,
Ride in front with royal riches, gold and gems in bright array,
Bid my warriors skilled in duty lead the four-fold ranks of war,
Elephants and noble chargers, serried foot and battle-car,
Bid my faithful chariot-driver harness quick each car of state,
With the fleetest of my coursers, and upon my orders wait.
Vama-deva and Vasishtha versed in *Veda's* ancient lore,
Kasyapa and good Jabali sprung from holy saints of yore,
Markandeya in his glory, Katyayana in his pride,
Let each priest and proud preceptor with Kosala's monarch ride,
Harness to my royal chariot strong and stately steeds of war,
For the envoys speed my journey and the way is long and far."
With each priest and proud retainer Dasa-ratha led the way,
Glittering ranks of forces followed in their four-fold dread array,
Four days on the way they journeyed till they reached Videha's land,
Janak with a courteous welcome came to greet the royal band.
Joyously Videha's monarch greeted every priest and peer,
Greeted ancient Dasa-ratha in his accents soft and clear:
"Hast thou come, my royal brother, on my house to yield thy grace,
Hast thou made a peaceful journey, pride of Raghu's royal race?
Welcome! for Mithila's people seek my royal guest to greet,
Welcome! for thy sons of valour long their loving sire to meet,
Welcome to the priest Vasishtha versed in *Veda's* ancient lore,
Welcome every righteous *rishi* sprung from holy saints of yore!
And my evil fates are vanquished and my race is sanctified,
With the warlike race of Raghu thus in loving bonds allied,
Sacrifice and rites auspicious we ordain with rising sun,
Ere the evening's darkness closes, happy nuptials shall be done!"
Thus in kind and courteous accents Janak spake his purpose high,
And his royal love responding, Dasa-ratha made reply:
"Gift betokens giver's bounty,—so our ancient sages sing,—
And thy righteous fame and virtue grace thy gift, Videha's king!
World-renowned is Janak's bounty, Heaven-inspired his holy grace,
And we take his boon and blessing as an honour to our race!"
Royal grace and kingly greeting marked the ancient monarch's word
Janak with a grateful pleasure Dasa-ratha's answer heard,
And the Brahmans and preceptors joyously the midnight spent,
And in converse pure and pleasant and in sacred sweet content.

Righteous Rama, gallant Lakshman piously their father greet,
Duly make their deep obeisance, humbly touch his royal feet,
And the night is filled with gladness for the king revered and old
Honoured by the saintly Janak, greeted by his children bold,
On Mithila's tower and turret stars their silent vigils keep,
When each sacred rite completed, Janak seeks his nightly sleep.

V The Preparation

All his four heroic princes now with Dasa-ratha stayed
In Mithila's ancient city, and their father's will obeyed,
Thither came the bold Yudhajit prince of proud Kaikeya's line,
On the day that Dasa-ratha made his gifts of gold and kine,
And he met the ancient monarch, for his health and safety prayed,
Made his bow and due obeisance and in gentle accents said:
"List, O king! my royal father, monarch of Kaikeya's race,
Sends his kindly love and greetings with his blessings and his grace,
And he asks if Dasa-ratha prospers in his wonted health,
If his friends and fond relations live in happiness and wealth.
Queen Kaikeyi is my sister, and to see her son I came,
Bharat prince of peerless virtue, worthy of his father's fame,
Aye, to see that youth of valour, by my royal father sent,
To Ayodhya's ancient city with an anxious heart I went,
In the city of Mithila,—thus did all thy subjects say,—
With his sons and with his kinsmen Dasa-ratha makes his stay,
Hence in haste I journeyed hither, travelling late and early dawn,
For to do thee due obeisance and to greet my sister's son!"
Spake the young and proud Kaikeya, dear and duly-greeted guest,
Dasa-ratha on his brother choicest gifts and honours pressed.
Brightly dawned the happy morning, and Kosala's king of fame
With his sons and wise Vasishtha to the sacred *yajna*[1] came,
Rama and his gallant brothers decked in gem and jewel bright,
In th' auspicious hour of morning did the blest *Kautuka*[2] rite,
And beside their royal father piously the princes stood,
And to fair Videha's monarch spake Vasishtha wise and good:
"Dasa-ratha waits expectant with each proud and princely son,
Waits upon the bounteous giver, for each holy rite is done,
'Twixt the giver and the taker sacred word is sacred deed,
Seal with gift thy plighted promise, let the nuptial rites proceed!"
Thus the righteous-souled Vasishtha to Videha's monarch prayed,

[1] Sacrifice.
[2] Wedding investiture with the nuptial chord.

Janak versed in holy *Vedas* thus in courteous accents said:
"Wherefore waits the king expectant? Free to him this royal dome,
Since my kingdom is his empire and my palace is his home,
And the maidens, flame-resplendent, done each fond *Kautuka* rite,
Beaming in their bridal beauty tread the sacrificial site!
I beside the lighted altar wait upon thy sacred hest,
And auspicious is the moment, sage Vasishtha knows the rest,
Let the peerless Dasa-ratha, proud Kosala's king of might,
With his sons and honoured sages enter on the holy site,
Let the righteous sage Vasishtha, sprung from Vedic saints of old,
Celebrate the happy wedding; be the sacred *mantras*[1] told!"

VI The Wedding

Sage Vasishtha skilled in duty placed Videha's honoured king,
Viswa-mitra, Sata-nanda, all within the sacred ring,
And he raised the holy altar as the ancient writs ordain,
Decked and graced with scented garlands grateful unto gods and men,
And he set the golden ladles, vases pierced by artists skilled,
Holy censers fresh and fragrant, cups with sacred honey filled,
Sanka bowls and shining salvers, *arghya*[2] plates for honoured guest,
Parchéd rice arranged in dishes, corn unhusked that filled the rest,
And with careful hand Vasishtha grass around the altar flung,
Offered gift to lighted Agni and the sacred *mantra* sung!
Softly came the sweet-eyed Sita,—bridal blush upon her brow,—
Rama in his manly beauty came to take the sacred vow,
Janak placed his beauteous daughter facing Dasa-ratha's son,
Spake with father's fond emotion and the holy rite was done:
"*This is Sita child of Janak, dearer unto him than life,*
Henceforth sharer of thy virtue, be she, prince, thy faithful wife,
Of thy weal and woe partaker, be she thine in every land,
Cherish her in joy and sorrow, clasp her hand within thy hand,
As the shadow to the substance, to her lord is faithful wife,
And my Sita best of women follows thee in death or life!"
Tears bedew his ancient bosom, gods and men his wishes share,
And he sprinkles holy water on the blest and wedded pair.
Next he turned to Sita's sister, Urmila of beauty rare,
And to Lakshman young and valiant spake in accents soft and fair:
"*Lakshman, dauntless in thy duty, loved of men and Gods above,*
Take my dear devoted daughter, Urmila of stainless love,

[1] Hymns or incantations.
[2] Offering to an honoured guest.

Lakshman, fearless in thy virtue, take thy true and faithful wife,
Clasp her hand within thy fingers, be she thine in death or life!"
To his brother's child Mandavi, Janak turned with father's love,
Yielded her to righteous Bharat, prayed for blessings from above:
"*Bharat, take the fair Mandavi, be she thine in death or life,*
Clasp her hand within thy fingers as thy true and faithful wife!"
Last of all was Sruta-kriti, fair in form and fair in face,
And her gentle name was honoured for her acts of righteous grace,
"*Take her by the hand, Satrughna, be she thine in death or life,*
As the shadow to the substance, to her lord is faithful wife!"
Then the princes held the maidens, hand embraced in loving hand,
And Vasishtha spake the *mantra*, holiest priest in all the land,
And as ancient rite ordaineth, and as sacred laws require,
Stepped each bride and princely bridegroom round the altar's lighted fire,
Round Videha's ancient monarch, round the holy *rishis* all,
Lightly stepped the gentle maidens, proudly stepped the princes tall!
And a rain of flowers descended from the sky serene and fair,
And a soft celestial music filled the fresh and fragrant air,
Bright *Gandharvas* skilled in music waked the sweet celestial song,
Fair *Apsaras*[1] in their beauty on the greensward tripped along!
As the flowery rain descended and the music rose in pride,
Thrice around the lighted altar every bridegroom led his bride,
And the nuptial rites were ended, princes took their brides away,
Janak followed with his courtiers, and the town was proud and gay!

VII Return to Ayodhya

With his wedded sons and daughters and his guard in bright array,
To the famed and fair Ayodhya, Dasa-ratha held his way,
And they reached the ancient city decked with banners bright and brave,
And the voice of drum and trumpet hailed the home-returning brave.
Fragrant blossoms strewed the pathway, song of welcome filled the air,
Joyous men and merry women issued forth in garments fair,
And they lifted up their faces and they waved their hands on high,
And they raised the voice of welcome as their righteous king drew nigh.
Greeted by his loving subjects, welcomed by his priests of fame,
Dasa-ratha with the princes to his happy city came,
With the brides and stately princes in the town he held his way,
Entered slow his lofty palace bright as peak of Himalay.
Queen Kausalya blessed with virtue, Queen Kaikeyi in her pride,

[1] Celestial nymphs.

Queen Sumitra sweetly loving, greeted every happy bride,
Soft-eyed Sita noble-destined, Urmila of spotless fame,
Mandavi and Sruta-kirti to their loving mothers came.
Decked in silk and queenly garments they performed each pious rite,
Brought their blessings on the household, bowed to Gods of holy might,
Bowed to all the honoured elders, blest the children with their love,
And with soft and sweet endearment by their loving consorts moved.
Happy were the wedded princes peerless in their warlike might,
And they dwelt in stately mansions like KUVERA's mansions bright.
Loving wife and troops of kinsmen, wealth and glory on them wait,
Filial love and fond affection sanctify their happy fate.
Once when on the palace chambers bright the golden morning woke,
To his son the gentle Bharat, thus the ancient monarch spoke:
"Know, my son, the prince Kaikeya, Yudajit of warlike fame,
Queen Kaikeyi's honoured brother, from his distant regions came,
He hath come to take thee, Bharat, to Kaikeya's monarch bold,
Go and stay with them a season, greet thy grandsire loved of old."
Bharat heard with filial duty and he hastened to obey,
Took with him the young Satrughna in his grandsire's home to stay,
And from Rama and from Lakshman parted they with many a tear,
From their young and gentle consorts, from their parents ever dear,
And Kaikeya with the princes, with his guards and troopers gay,
To his father's western regions gladsome held his onward way.
Rama with a pious duty,—favoured by the Gods above,—
Tended still his ancient father with a never-faltering love,
In his father's sacred mandate still his noblest Duty saw,
In the weal of subject nations recognised his foremost Law!
And he pleased his happy mother with a fond and filial care,
And his elders and his kinsmen with devotion soft and fair,
Brahmans blessed the righteous Rama for his faith in gods above,
People in the town and hamlet blessed him with their loyal love!
With a woman's whole affection fond and trusting Sita loved,
And within her faithful bosom loving Rama lived and moved,
And he loved her, for their parents chose her as his faithful wife,
Loved her for her peerless beauty, for her true and trustful life,
Loved and dwelt within her bosom though he wore a form apart,
Rama in a sweet communion lived in Sita's loving heart!
Days of joy and months of gladness o'er the gentle Sita flew,
As she like the QUEEN OF BEAUTY brighter in her graces grew,
And as VISHNU with his consort dwells in skies, alone, apart,
Rama in a sweet communion lived in Sita's loving heart!

BOOK II VANA-GAMANA-ADESA

(*The Banishment*)

The events narrated in this Book occupy scarcely two days. The description of Rama's princely virtues and the rejoicings at his proposed coronation, with which the Book begins, contrast with much dramatic force and effect with the dark intrigues which follow, and which end in his cruel banishment for fourteen years.

The portions translated in this Book form Sections i., ii., vi., and vii. portions of Sections x. to xiii., and the whole of Section xviii. of Book ii. of the original text.

I The Council Convened

Thus the young and brave Satrughna, Bharat ever true and bold,
Went to warlike western regions where Kaikeyas lived of old,
Where the ancient Aswa-pati ruled his kingdom broad and fair,
Hailed the sons of Dasa-ratha with a grandsire's loving care.
Tended with a fond affection, guarded with a gentle sway,
Still the princes of their father dreamt and thought by night and day,
And their father in Ayodhya, great of heart and stout of hand,
Thought of Bharat and Satrughna living in Kaikeya's land.
For his great and gallant princes were to him his life and light,
Were a part of Dasa-ratha like his hands and arms of might,
But of all his righteous children righteous Rama won his heart,
As Swayambhu of all creatures, was his dearest, holiest part,
For his Rama strong and stately was his eldest and his best,
Void of every baser passion and with every virtue blest!
Soft in speech, sedate and peaceful, seeking still the holy path,
Calm in conscious worth and valour, taunt nor cavil waked his wrath,
In the field of war excelling, boldest warrior midst the bold,
In the palace chambers musing on the tales by elders told,
Faithful to the wise and learned, truthful in his deed and word,
Rama dearly loved his people and his people loved their lord!
To the Brahmans pure and holy Rama due obeisance made,
To the poor and to the helpless deeper love and honour paid,
Spirit of his race and nation was to high-souled Rama given,
Thoughts that widen human glory, deeds that ope the gates of heaven.
Not intent on idle cavil Rama spake with purpose high,
And the God of speech might envy when he spake or made reply,
In the learning of the *Vedas* highest meed and glory won,
In the skill of arms the father scarcely matched the gallant son!

Taught by sages and by elders in the manners of his race,
Rama grew in social virtues and each soft endearing grace,
Taught by inborn pride and wisdom patient purpose to conceal,
Deep determined was his effort, dauntless was his silent will!
Peerless in his skill and valour steed and elephant to tame,
Dauntless leader of his forces, matchless in his warlike fame,
Higher thought and nobler duty did the righteous Rama move,
By his toil and by his virtues still he sought his people's love!
Dasa-ratha marked his Rama with each kingly virtue blest,
And from lifelong royal duties now he sought repose and rest:
"Shall I see my son anointed, seated on Kosala's throne,
In the evening of my lifetime ere my days on earth be done,
Shall I place my ancient empire in the youthful Rama's care,
Seek for me a higher duty and prepare for life more fair?"
Pondering thus within his bosom counsel from his courtiers sought,
And to crown his Rama, Regent, was his purpose and his thought,
For strange signs and diverse tokens now appeared on earth and sky,
And his failing strength and vigour spoke his end approaching nigh,
And he witnessed Rama's virtues filling all the world with love,
As the full-moon's radiant lustre fills the earth from skies above!
Dear to him appeared his purpose, Rama to his people dear,
Private wish and public duty made his path serene and clear,
Dasa-ratha called his Council, summoned chiefs from town and plain,
Welcomed too from distant regions monarchs and the kings of men,
Mansions meet for prince and chieftain to his guests the monarch gave.
Gracious as the Lord of Creatures held the gathering rich and brave!
Nathless to Kosala's Council nor Videha's monarch came,
Nor the warlike chief Kaikeya, Aswa-pati king of fame,
To those kings and near relations, ancient Dasa-ratha meant,
Message of the proud anointment with his greetings would be sent.
Brightly dawned the day of gathering; in the lofty Council Hall
Stately chiefs and ancient burghers came and mustered one and all,
And each prince and peer was seated on his cushion rich and high,
And on monarch Dasa-ratha eager turned his anxious eye,
Girt by crowned kings and chieftains, burghers from the town and plain,
Dasa-ratha shone like INDRA girt by heaven's immortal train!

II The People Consulted

With the voice of pealing thunder Dasa-ratha spake to all,
To the princes and the burghers gathered in Ayodhya's hall:
"Known to all, the race of Raghu rules this empire broad and fair,

And hath ever loved and cherished subjects with a father's care,
In my father's footsteps treading I have sought the ancient path,
Nursed my people as my children, free from passion, pride and wrath,
Underneath this white umbrella, seated on this royal throne,
I have toiled to win their welfare and my task is almost done!
Years have passed of fruitful labour, years of work by fortune blest,
And the evening of my lifetime needs, my friends, the evening's rest,
Years have passed in watchful effort, Law and Duty to uphold,
Effort needing strength and prowess—and my feeble limbs are old!
Peers and burghers, let your monarch, now his lifelong labour done,
For the weal of loving subjects on his empire seat his son,
INDRA-like in peerless valour, *rishi*-like in holy lore,
Rama follows Dasa-ratha, but in virtues stands before!
Throned in Pushya's constellation shines the moon with fuller light,
Throned to rule his father's empire Rama wins a loftier might,
He will be your gracious monarch favoured well by FORTUNE'S QUEEN,
By his virtue and his valour lord of earth he might have been!
Speak your thoughts and from this bosom lift a load of toil and care,
On the proud throne of my fathers let me place a peerless heir,
Speak your thought, my chiefs and people, if this purpose please you well,
Or if wiser, better counsel in your wisdom ye can tell,
Speak your thoughts without compulsion, though this plan to me be dear,
If some middle course were wiser, if some other way were clear!"
Gathered chieftains hailed the mandate with applauses long and loud,
As the peafowls hail the thunder of the dark and laden cloud,
And the gathered subjects echoed loud and long the welcome sound,
Till the voices of the people shook the sky and solid ground!
Brahmans versed in laws of duty, chieftains in their warlike pride,
Countless men from town and hamlet heard the mandate far and wide,
And they met in consultation, joyously with one accord,
Freely and in measured accents, gave their answer to their lord:
"Years of toil and watchful labour weigh upon thee, king of men,
Young in years is righteous Rama, Heir and Regent let him reign,
We would see the princely Rama, Heir and Regent duly made,
Riding on the royal tusker in the white umbrella's shade!"
Searching still their secret purpose, seeking still their thought to know,
Spake again the ancient monarch in his measured words and slow:
"I would know your inner feelings, loyal thoughts and whispers kind,
For a doubt within me lingers an a shadow clouds my mind,
True to Law and true to Duty while I rule this kingdom fair,
Wherefore would you see my Rama seated as the Regent Heir?"
"We would see him Heir and Regent, Dasa-ratha, ancient lord,

For his heart is blessed with valour, virtue marks his deed and word,
Lives not man in all the wide earth who excels the stainless youth,
In his loyalty to Duty, in his love of righteous Truth,
Truth impels his thought and action, Truth inspires his soul with grace,
And his virtue fills the wide earth and exalts his ancient race!
Bright Immortals know his valour; with his brother Lakshman bold
He hath never failed to conquer hostile town or castled hold,
And returning from his battles, from the duties of the war,
Riding on his royal tusker or his all-resistless car,
As a father to his children to his loving men he came,
Blessed our homes and maids and matrons till our infants lisped his name,
For our humble woes and troubles Rama hath the ready tear,
To our humble tales of suffering Rama lends his willing ear!
Happy is the royal father who hath such a righteous son,
For in town and mart and hamlet every heart hath Rama won,
Burghers and the toiling tillers tales of Rama's kindness say,
Man and infant, maid and matron, morn and eve for Rama pray,
To the Gods and bright Immortals we our inmost wishes send,
May the good and godlike Rama on his father's throne ascend,
Great in gifts and great in glory, Rama doth our homage own,
We would see the princely Rama seated on his father's throne!"

III The City Decorated

With his consort pious Rama, pure in deed and pure in thought,
After evening's due ablutions NARAYANA's chamber sought,
Prayed unto the Lord of Creatures, NARAYANA Ancient Sire,
Placed his offering on his forehead, poured it on the lighted fire,
Piously partook the remnant, sought for NARAYANA's aid,
As he kept his fast and vigils on the grass of *kusa*[1] spread.
With her lord the saintly Sita silent passed the sacred night,
Contemplating World's Preserver, Lord of Heaven's ethereal height,
And within the sacred chamber on the grass of *kusa* lay,
Till the crimson streaks of morning ushered in the festive day,
Till the royal bards and minstrels chanted forth the morning call,
Pealing through the holy chamber, echoing through the royal hall.
Past the night of sacred vigils, in his silken robes arrayed,
Message of the proud anointment Rama to the Brahmans said,
And the Brahmans spake to burghers that the festive day was come,
Till the mart and crowded pathway rang with note of pipe and drum,

[1] Grass strewn round the altar at sacrifice.

And the townsmen heard rejoicing of the vigils of the night,
Kept by Rama and by Sita for the day's auspicious rite.
Rama shall be Heir and Regent, Rama shall be crowned to-day,—
Rapid flew the gladdening message with the morning's gladsome ray,
And the people of the city, maid and matron, man and boy,
Decorated fair Ayodhya in their wild tumultuous joy!
On the temple's lofty steeple high as cloud above the air,
On the crossing of the pathways, in the garden green and fair,
On the merchant's ample warehouse, on the shop with stores displayed,
On the mansion of the noble by the cunning artist made,
On the gay and bright pavilion, on the high and shady trees,
Banners rose and glittering streamers, flags that fluttered in the breeze!
Actors gay and nimble dancers, singers skilled in lightsome song,
With their antics and their music pleased the gay and gathered throng,
And the people met in conclaves, spake of Rama, Regent Heir,
And the children by the roadside lisped of Rama brave and fair!
Women wove the scented garland, merry maids the censer lit,
Men with broom and sprinkled water swept the spacious mart and street,
Rows of trees and posts they planted hung with lamps for coming night,
That the midnight dark might rival splendour of the noonday light!
Troops of men and merry children laboured with a loving care,
Woman's skill and woman's fancy made the city passing fair,
So that good and kindly Rama might his people's toil approve,
So that sweet and soft-eyed Sita might accept her people's love!
Groups of joyous townsmen gathered in the square or lofty hall,
Praised the monarch Dasa-ratha, regent Rama young and tall:
"Great and good is Dasa-ratha born of Raghu's royal race,
In the fulness of his lifetime on his son he grants his grace,
And we hail the rite auspicious for our prince of peerless might,
He will guard us by his valour, he will save our cherished right,
Dear unto his loving brothers in his father's palace hall,
As is Rama to his brothers dear is Rama to us all,
Long live ancient Dasa-ratha king of Raghu's royal race,
We shall see his son anointed by his father's righteous grace!"
Thus of Rama's consecration spake the burghers one and all,
And the men from distant hamlets poured within the city wall,
From the confines of the empire, north and south and west and east,
Came to see the consecration and to share the royal feast!
And the rolling tide of nations raised their voices loud and high,
Like the tide of sounding ocean when the full moon lights the sky,
And Ayodhya thronged by people from the hamlet, mart and lea,
Was tumultuous like the ocean thronged by creatures of the sea!

IV Intrigue

In the inner palace chamber stood the proud and peerless queen,
With a mother's joy Kaikeyi gaily watched the festive scene,
But with deep and deadly hatred Manthara, her nurse and maid,
Marked the city bright with banners, and in scornful accents said:
"Take thy presents back, Kaikeyi, for they ill befit the day,
And when clouds of sorrow darken, ill beseems thee to be gay,
And thy folly moves my laughter though an anguish wakes my sigh,
For a gladness stirs thy bosom when thy greatest woe is nigh!
Who that hath a woman's wisdom, who that is a prudent wife,
Smiles in joy when prouder rival triumphs in the race of life,
How can hapless Queen Kaikeyi greet this deed of darkness done,
When the favoured Queen Kausalya wins the empire for her son?
Know the truth, O witless woman! Bharat is unmatched in fame,
Rama, deep and darkly jealous, dreads thy Bharat's rival claim,
Younger Lakshman with devotion doth on eldest Rama wait,
Young Satrughna with affection follows Bharat's lofty fate,
Rama dreads no rising danger from the twins, the youngest-born,
But thy Bharat's claims and virtues fill his jealous heart with scorn!
Trust me, queen, thy Bharat's merits are too well and widely known,
And he stands too near and closely by a rival brother's throne,
Rama hath a wolf-like wisdom and a fang to reach the foe,
And I tremble for thy Bharat, Heaven avert untimely woe!
Happy is the Queen Kausalya, they will soon anoint her son,
When on Pushya's constellation gaily rides to-morrow's moon,
Happy is the Queen Kausalya in her regal pomp and state,
And Kaikeyi like a bond-slave must upon her rival wait!
Wilt thou do her due obeisance as we humble women do,
Will thy proud and princely Bharat as his brother's henchman go,
Will thy Bharat's gentle consort, fairest princess in this land,
In her tears and in her anguish wait on Sitá's proud command?"
With a woman's scornful anger Manthara proclaimed her grief,
With a mother's love for Rama thus Kaikeyi answered brief:
"What inspires thee, wicked woman, thus to rail in bitter tone,
Shall not Rama, best and eldest, fill his father's royal throne,
What alarms thee, crooked woman, in the happy rites begun,
Shall not Rama guard his brothers as a father guards his son?
And when Rama's reign is over, shall not Gods my Bharat speed,
And by law and ancient custom shall not younger son succeed,
In the present bliss of Rama and in Bharat's future hope,
What offends thee, senseless woman, wherefore dost thou idly mope?

Dear is Rama as my Bharat, ever-duteous in his ways,
Rama honours Queen Kausalya, loftier honour to me pays,
Rama's realm is Bharat's kingdom, ruling partners they shall prove
For himself than for his brothers Rama owns no deeper love!"
Scorn and anger shook her person and her bosom heaved a sigh,
As in wilder, fiercer accents Manthara thus made reply:
"What insensate rage or madness clouds thy heart and blinds thine eye,
Courting thus thy own disaster, courting danger dread and high,
What dark folly clouds thy vision to the workings of thy foe,
Heedless thus to seek destruction and to sink in gulf of woe?
Know, fair queen, by law and custom, son ascends the throne of pride,
Rama's son succeedeth Rama, luckless Bharat steps aside,
Brothers do not share a kingdom, nor can one by one succeed,
Mighty were the civil discord if such custom were decreed!
For to stop all war and tumult, thus the ancient laws ordain,
Eldest son succeeds his father, younger children may not reign,
Bharat barred from Rama's empire, vainly decked with royal grace,
Friendless, joyless, long shall wander, alien from his land and race!
Thou hast borne the princely Bharat, nursed him from thy gentle breast,
To a queen and to a mother need a prince's claims be pressed,
To a thoughtless heedless mother must I Bharat's virtues plead,
Must the Queen Kaikeyi witness Queen Kausalya's son succeed?
Trust thy old and faithful woman who hath nursed thee, youthful queen,
And in great and princely houses many darksome deeds hath seen,
Trust my word, the wily Rama for his spacious empire's good,
Soon will banish friendless Bharat and secure his peace with blood!
Thou hast sent the righteous Bharat to thy ancient father's land,
And Satrughna young and valiant doth beside his brother stand,
Young in years and generous-hearted, they will grow in mutual love,
As the love of elder Rama doth in Lakshman's bosom move.
Young companions grow in friendship, and our ancient legends tell,
Weeds protect a forest monarch which the woodman's axe would fell,
Crowned Rama unto Lakshman will a loving brother prove,
But for Bharat and Satrughna, Rama's bosom owns no love,
And a danger thus ariseth if the elder wins the throne,
Haste thee, heedless Queen Kaikeyi, save the younger and thy son!
Speak thy mandate to thy husband, let thy Bharat rule at home,
In the deep and pathless jungle let the banished Rama roam,
This will please thy ancient father and thy father's kith and kin,
This will please the righteous people, Bharat knows no guile or sin!
Speak thy mandate to thy husband, win thy son a happy fate,
Doom him not to Rama's service or his unrelenting hate,

Let not Rama in his rancour shed a younger brother's blood,
As the lion slays the tiger in the deep and echoing wood!
With the magic of thy beauty thou hast won thy monarch's heart,
Queen Kausalya's bosom rankles with a woman's secret smart,
Let her not with woman's vengeance turn upon her prouder foe,
And as crowned Rama's mother venge her in Kaikeyi's woe,
Mark my word, my child Kaikeyi, much these ancient eyes have seen,
Rama's rule is death to Bharat, insult to my honoured queen!"
Like a slow but deadly poison worked the ancient nurse's tears,
And a wife's undying impulse mingled with a mother's fears,
Deep within Kaikeyi's bosom worked a woman's jealous thought,
Speechless in her scorn and anger mourner's dark retreat she sought.

V The Queen's Demand

Rama shall be crowned at sunrise, so did royal bards proclaim,
Every rite arranged and ordered, Dasa-ratha homeward came,
To the fairest of his consorts, dearest to his ancient heart,
Came the king with eager gladness joyful message to impart,
Radiant as the Lord of Midnight, ere the eclipse casts its gloom,
Came the old and ardent monarch heedless of his darksome doom!
Through the shady palace garden where the peacock wandered free,
Lute and lyre poured forth their music, parrot flew from tree to tree,
Through the corridor of creepers, painted rooms by artists done,
And the halls where scented *Champak*[1] and the flaming *Asok*[2] shone,
Through the portico of splendour graced by silver, tusk and gold,
Radiant with his thought of gladness walked the monarch proud and bold.
Through the lines of scented blossoms which by limpid waters shone,
And the rooms with seats of silver, ivory bench and golden throne,
Through the chamber of confection, where each viand wooed the taste,
Every object in profusion as in regions of the blest,
Through Kaikeyi's inner closet lighted with a softened sheen,
Walked the king with eager longing,—but Kaikeyi was not seen!
Thoughts of love and gentle dalliance woke within his ancient heart,
And the magic of her beauty and the glamour of her art,
With a soft desire the monarch vainly searched the vanished fair,
Found her not in royal chamber, found her not in gay parterre!
Filled with love and longing languor loitered not the radiant queen,
In her soft, voluptuous chamber, in the garden, grove or green.

[1] A tree with yellow blossoms; its bl[illegible].
[2] Name of a bright flower.

And he asked the faithful warder of Kaikeyi loved and lost,
She who served him with devotion and his wishes never crost,
Spake the warder in his terror that the queen with rage distraught,
Weeping silent tears of anguish had the mourner's chamber sought!
Thither flew the stricken monarch; on the bare and unswept ground,
Trembling with tumultuous passion was the Queen Kaikeyi found,
On the cold uncovered pavement sorrowing lay the weeping wife,
Young wife of an ancient husband, dearer than his heart and life!
Like a bright and blossoming creeper rudely severed from the earth,
Lake a fallen fair *Apsara*,[1] beauteous nymph of heavenly birth,
Like a female forest-ranger bleeding from the hunter's dart,
Whom her mate the forest-monarch soothes with soft endearing art,
Lay the queen in tears of anguish! And with sweet and gentle word
To the lotus-eyéd lady softly spake her loving lord:
"Wherefore thus, my Queen and Empress, sorrow-laden is thy heart,
Who with daring slight or insult seeks to cause thy bosom smart?
If some unknown ailment pains thee, evil spirit of the air,
Skilled physicians wait upon thee, priests with incantations fair,
If from human foe some insult, wipe thy tears and doom his fate,
Rich reward or royal vengeance shall upon thy mandate wait!
Wilt thou doom to death the guiltless, free whom direst sins debase,
Wilt thou lift the poor and lowly or the proud and great disgrace?
Speak, and I and all my courtiers Queen Kaikeyi's hest obey,
For thy might is boundless, Empress, limitless thy regal sway!
Rolls my chariot-wheel revolving from the sea to farthest sea,
And the wide earth is my empire, monarchs list my proud decree,
Nations of the eastern regions and of Sindhu's western wave,
Brave Saurashtras and the races who the ocean's dangers brave,
Vangas, Angas and Magadhas, warlike Matsyas of the west,
Kasis and the southern races, brave Kosalas first and best,
Nations of my world-wide empire, rich in corn and sheep and kine,
All shall serve my Queen Kaikeyi and their treasures all are thine,
Speak, command thy king's obedience, and thy wrath will melt away,
Like the melting snow of winter 'neath the sun's reviving ray!"
Blinded was the ancient husband as he lifted up her head,
Heedless oath and word he plighted that her wish should be obeyed,
Scheming for a fatal purpose, inly. then Kaikeyi smiled,
And by sacred oath and promise bound the monarch love-beguiled:
"Thou hast given, Dasa-ratha, troth and word and royal oath,
Three and thirty Gods be witness, watchers of the righteous truth,
Sun and Moon and Stars be witness, Sky and Day and sable Night,

[1] Celestial nymph.

Rolling Worlds and this our wide Earth, and each dark and unseen wight,
Witness Rangers of the forest, Household Gods that guard us both,
Mortal beings and Immortal,—witness ye the monarch's oath,
Ever faithful to his promise, ever truthful in his word,
Dasa-ratha grants my prayer, Spirits and the Gods have heard!
Call to mind, O righteous monarch, days when in a bygone strife,
Warring with thy foes immortal thou hadst almost lost thy life,
With a woman's loving tendance poor Kaikeyi cured thy wound,
Till from death and danger rescued, thou wert by a promise bound,
Two rewards my husband offered, what my loving heart might seek.
Long delayed their wished fulfilment,—now let poor Kaikeyi speak,
And if royal deeds redeem not what thy royal lips did say,
Victim to thy broken promise Queen Kaikeyi dies to-day!
By these rites ordained for Rama,—such the news my menials bring,
Let my Bharat, and not Rama, be anointed Regent King,
Wearing skins and matted tresses, in the cave or hermit's cell,
Fourteen years in Dandak's forests let the elder Rama dwell,
These are Queen Kaikeyi's wishes, these are boons for which I pray,
I would see my son anointed, Rama banished on this day!"

VI The King's Lament

"Is this torturing dream or madness, do my feeble senses fail,
O'er my darkened mind and bosom doth a fainting fit prevail?"
So the stricken monarch pondered and in hushed and silent fear,
Looked on her as on a tigress looks the dazed and stricken deer,
Lying on the unswept pavement till he heaved the choking sigh,
Like a wild and hissing serpent quelled by incantations high!
Sobs convulsive shook his bosom and his speech and accent failed,
And a dark and deathlike faintness o'er his feeble soul prevailed,
Stunned awhile remained the monarch, then in furious passion woke,
And his eyeballs flamed with redfire, to the queen as thus he spoke:
"Traitress to thy king and husband, fell destroyer of thy race,
Wherefore seeks thy ruthless rancour Rama rich in righteous grace,
Traitress to thy kith and kindred, Rama loves thee as thy own,
Wherefore then with causeless vengeance as a mother hate thy son?
Have I courted thee, Kaikeyi, throned thee in my heart of truth,
Nursed thee in my home and bosom like a snake of poisoned tooth,
Have I courted thee, Kaikeyi, placed thee on Ayodhya's throne,
That my Rama, loved of people, thou shouldst banish from his own?
Banish far my Queen Kausalya, Queen Sumitra saintly wife,

Wrench from me my ancient empire, from my bosom wrench my life,
But with brave and princely Rama never can his father part,
Till his ancient life is ended, cold and still his beating heart!
Sunless roll the world in darkness, rainless may the harvests thrive,
But from righteous Rama severed, never can his sire survive,
Feeble is thy aged husband, few and brief on earth his day,
Lend me, wife, a woman's kindness, as a consort be my stay!
Ask for other boon, Kaikeyi, aught my sea-girt empire yields,
Wealth or treasure, gem or jewel, castled town or smiling fields,
Ask for other gift, Kaikeyi, and thy wishes shall be given,
Stain me not with crime unholy in the eye of righteous Heaven!"
Coldly spake the Queen Kaikeyi: "If thy royal heart repent,
Break thy word and plighted promise, let thy royal faith be rent,
Ever known for truth and virtue, speak to peers and monarchs all,
When from near and distant regions they shall gather in thy hall,
Speak if so it please thee, monarch, of thy evil-destined wife,
How she loved with wife's devotion, how she served and saved thy life,
How on plighted promise trusting for a humble boon she sighed,
How a monarch broke his promise, how a cheated woman died!"
"Fair thy form," resumed the monarch, "beauty dwells upon thy face,
Woman's winsome charms bedeck thee, and a woman's peerless grace,
Wherefore then within thy bosom wakes this thought of cruel wile,
And what dark and loathsome spirit stains thy heart with blackest guile?
Ever since the day, Kaikeyi, when a gentle bride you came,
By a wife's unfailing duty you have won a woman's fame,
Wherefore now this cruel purpose hath a stainless heart defiled,
Ruthless wish to send my Rama to the dark and pathless wild?
Wherefore, darkly-scheming woman, on unrighteous purpose bent,
Doth thy cruel causeless vengeance on my Rama seek a vent,
Wherefore seek by deeds unholy for thy son the throne to win,
Throne which Bharat doth not covet,—blackened by his mother's sin?
Shall I see my banished Rama mantled in the garb of woe,
Reft of home and kin and empire to the pathless jungle go,
Shall I see disasters sweeping o'er my empire dark and deep,
As the forces of a foeman o'er a scattered army sweep?
Shall I hear assembled monarchs in their whispered voices say,
Weak and foolish in his dotage, Dasa-ratha holds his sway,
Shall I say to righteous elders when they blame my action done,
That by woman's mandate driven I have banished thus my son?
Queen Kausalya, dear-loved woman! she who serves me as a slave,
Soothes me like a tender sister, helps me like a consort brave,
As a fond and loving mother tends me with a watchful care,

As a daughter ever duteous doth obeisance sweet and fair,
When my fond and fair Kausalya asks me of her banished son,
How shall Dasa-ratha answer for the impious action done,
How can husband, cold and cruel, break a wife's confiding heart,
How can father, false and faithless, from his best and eldest part?"
Coldly spake the Queen Kaikeyi: "If thy royal heart repent,
Break thy word and plighted promise, let thy royal faith be rent,
Truth-abiding is our monarch, so I heard the people say,
And his word is all inviolate, stainless virtue marks his sway,
Let it now be known to nations,—righteous Dasa-ratha lied,
And a trusting, cheated woman broke her loving heart and died!"
Darker grew the shades of midnight, coldly shone each distant star,
Wilder in the monarch's bosom raged the struggle and the war:
"Starry midnight, robed in shadows! give my wearied heart relief,
Spread thy sable covering mantle o'er an impious monarch's grief,
Spread thy vast and inky darkness o'er a deed of nameless crime,
Reign perennial o'er my sorrows heedless of the lapse of time,
May a sinful monarch perish ere the dawning of the day,
O'er a dark life sin-polluted, beam not morning's righteous ray!"

VII The Sentence

Morning came and duteous Rama to the palace bent his way,
For to make his salutation and his due obeisance pay,
And he saw his aged father shorn of kingly pomp and pride,
And he saw the Queen Kaikeyi sitting by her consort's side.
Duteously the righteous Rama touched the ancient monarch's feet,
Touched the feet of Queen Kaikeyi with a son's obeisance meet,
"Rama!" cried the feeble monarch, but the tear bedimmed his eye,
Sorrow choked his failing utterance and his bosom heaved a sigh,
Rama started in his terror at his father's grief or wrath,
Like a traveller in the jungle crossed by serpent in his path!
Reft of sense appeared the monarch, crushed beneath a load of pain,
Heaving oft a sigh of sorrow as his heart would break in twain,
Like the ocean tempest-shaken, like the sun in eclipse pale,
Like a crushed repenting *rishi* when his truth and virtue fail!
Breathless mused the anxious Rama,—what foul action hath he done,
What strange anger fills his father, wherefore greets he not his son?
"Speak, my mother," uttered Rama, "what strange error on my part,
Unremembered sin or folly fills with grief my father's heart,
Gracious unto me is father with a father's boundless grace,
Wherefore clouds his altered visage, wherefore tears bedew his face?

Doth a piercing painful ailment rack his limbs with cruel smart,
Doth some secret silent anguish wring his torn and tortured heart,
Bharat lives with brave Satrughna in thy father's realms afar,
Hath some cloud of dark disaster crossed their bright auspicious star?
Duteously the royal consorts on the loving monarch wait,
Hath some woe or dire misfortune dimmed the lustre of their fate,
I would yield my life and fortune ere I wound my father's heart,
Hath my unknown crime or folly caused his ancient bosom smart?
Ever dear is Queen Kaikeyi to her consort and her king,
Hath some angry accent escaped thee thus his royal heart to wring,
Speak, my ever-loving mother, speak the truth, for thou must know,
What distress or deep disaster pains his heart and clouds his brow?"
Mother's love nor woman's pity moved the deep-determined queen,
As in cold and cruel accents thus she spake her purpose keen:
"Grief nor woe nor sudden ailment pains thy father loved of old,
But he fears to speak his purpose to his Rama true and bold,
And his loving accents falter some unloving wish to tell,
Till you give your princely promise, you will serve his mandate well!
Listen more, in bygone seasons,—Rama thou wert then unborn,—
I had saved thy royal father, he a gracious boon had sworn,
But his feeble heart repenting is by pride and passion stirred,
He would break his royal promise as a caitiff breaks his word,
Years have passed and now the monarch would his ancient word forego,
He would build a needless causeway when the waters ceased to flow!
Truth inspires each deed attempted and each word by monarchs spoke,
Not for thee, though loved and honoured, should a royal vow be broke,
If the true and righteous Rama binds him by his father's vow,
I will tell thee of the anguish which obscures his royal brow,
If thy feeble bosom falter and thy halting purpose fail,
Unredeemed is royal promise and unspoken is my tale!"
"Speak thy word,"exclaimed the hero, "and my purpose shall not fail,
Rama serves his father's mandate and his bosom shall not quail,
Poisoned cup or death untimely,—what the cruel fates decree,—
To his king and to his father Rama yields obedience free,
Speak my father's royal promise, hold me by his promise tied,
Rama speaks and shall not falter, for his lips have never lied."
Cold and clear Kaikeyi's accents fell as falls the hunter's knife,
"Listen then to word of promise and redeem it with thy life,
Wounded erst by foes immortal, saved by Queen Kaikeyi's care,
Two great boons your father plighted and his royal words were fair,
I have sought their due fulfilment,—brightly shines my Bharat's star,
Bharat shall be Heir and Regent, Rama shall be banished far!

If thy father's royal mandate thou wouldst list and honour still,
Fourteen years in Dandak's forest live and wander at thy will,
Seven long years and seven, my Rama, thou shalt in the jungle dwell,
Bark of trees shall be thy raiment and thy home the hermit's cell,
Over fair Kosala's empire let my princely Bharat reign,
With his cars and steeds and tuskers, wealth and gold and armèd men!
Tender-hearted is the monarch, age and sorrow dim his eye,
And the anguish of a father checks his speech and purpose high,
For the love he bears thee, Rama, cruel vow he may not speak,
I have spoke his will and mandate, and thy true obedience seek."
Calmly Rama heard the mandate, grief nor anger touched his heart,
Calmly from his father's empire and his home prepared to part.

BOOK III DASA-RATHA-VIYOGA

(*The Death of the King*)

THE FIRST SIX DAYS of Rama's wanderings are narrated in this Book. Sita and the faithful Lakshman accompanied Rama in his exile, and the loyal people of Ayodhya followed their exiled prince as far as the banks of the Tamasa river, where they halted on the first night. Rama had to steal away at night to escape the civilians, and his wanderings during the following days give us beautiful glimpses of forest life in holy hermitages. Thirty centuries have passed since the age of the Kosalas and Videhas, but every step of the supposed journey of Rama is well known in India to this day, and is annually traversed by thousands of devoted pilgrims. The past is not dead and buried in India, it lives in the hearts of millions of faithful men and faithful women, and shall live for ever.

On the third day of their exile, Rama and his wife and brother crossed the Ganges; on the fourth day they came to the hermitage of Bharad-vaja, which stood where Allahabad now stands, on the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna; on the fifth day they crossed the Jumna, the southern shores of which were then covered with woods; and on the sixth day they came to the hill of Chitrakuta, where they met the saint Valmiki, the reputed author of this Epic. "We have often looked," says a writer in *Calcutta Review*, vol. xxii., "on that green hill: it is the holiest spot of that sect of the Hindu faith who devote themselves to this incarnation of Vishnu. The whole neighbourhood is Rama's country. Every headland has some legend, every cavern is connected with his name, some of the wild fruits are still called Sita-phal, being the reputed food of the exile. Thousands and thousands annually visit the spot, and round

the hill is raised a foothpath on which the devotee, with naked feet, treads full of pious awe."

Grief for the banished Rama pressed on the ancient heart of Dasa-ratha. The feeble old king pined away and died, remembering and recounting on his death-bed how in his youth he had caused sorrow and death to an old hermit by killing his son. Scarcely any passage in the Epic is more touching than this old sad story told by the dying monarch.

The portions translated in this Book form the whole or the main portions of Sections xxvi., xxvii., xxxi., xxxix., xl., xlvi., lii., liv., lv., lvi., lxii., and lxiv. of Book ii. of the original text.

I Woman's Love

"Dearly loved devoted Sita! daughter of a royal line,
Part we now, for years of wand'ring in the pathless woods is mine,
For my father, promise-fettered, to Kaikeyi yields the sway,
And she wills her son anointed,—fourteen years doth Rama stray,
But before I leave thee, Sita, in the wilderness to rove,
Yield me one more tender token of thy true and trustful love!
Serve my crownéd brother, Sita, as a faithful, duteous dame,
Tell him not of Rama's virtues, tell him not of Rama's claim,
Since my royal father willeth,—Bharat shall be regent-heir,
Serve him with a loyal duty, serve him with obeisance fair,
Since my royal father willeth,—years of banishment be mine,
Brave in sorrow and in suffering, woman's brightest fame be thine!
Keep thy fasts and vigils, Sita, while thy Rama is away,
Faith in Gods and faith in virtue on thy bosom hold their sway,
In the early watch of morning to the Gods for blessings pray,
To my father Dasa-ratha honour and obeisance pay,
To my mother, Queen Kausalya, is thy dearest tendance due,
Offer her thy consolation, be a daughter fond and true!
Queen Kaikeyi and Sumitra equal love and honour claim,
With a soothing soft endearment sweetly serve each royal dame,
Cherish Bharat and Satrughna with a sister's watchful love,
And a mother's true affection and a mother's kindness prove!
Listen, Sita, unto Bharat speak no heedless angry word,
He is monarch of Kosala and of Raghu's race is lord,
Crownéd kings our willing service and our faithful duty own,
Dearest sons they disinherit, cherish strangers near the throne!
Bharat's will with deep devotion and with faultless faith obey,
Truth and virtue on thy bosom ever hold their gentle sway,
And to please each dear relation, gentle Sita, be it thine,

Part we love! for years of wand'ring in the pathless woods is mine!"
Rama spake, and soft-eyed Sita, ever sweet in speech and word,
Stirred by loving woman's passion boldly answered thus her lord:
"Do I hear my husband rightly, are these words my Rama spake,
And her banished lord and husband will the wedded wife forsake?
Lightly I dismiss the counsel which my lord hath lightly said,
For it ill beseems a warrior and my husband's princely grade!
For the faithful woman follows where her wedded lord may lead,
In the banishment of Rama, Sita's exile is decreed,
Sire nor son nor loving brother rules the wedded woman's state,
With her lord she falls or rises, with her consort courts her fate,
If the righteous son of Raghu wends to forests dark and drear,
Sita steps before her husband wild and thorny paths to clear!
Like the tasted refuse water cast thy timid thoughts aside,
Take me to the pathless jungle, bid me by my lord abide,
Car and steed and gilded palace, vain are these to woman's life,
Dearer is her husband's shadow to the loved and loving wife!
For my mother often taught me and my father often spake,
That her home the wedded woman doth beside her husband make,
As the shadow to the substance, to her lord is faithful wife,
And she parts not from her consort till she parts with fleeting life!
Therefore bid me seek the jungle and in pathless forests roam,
Where the wild deer freely ranges and the tiger makes his home,
Happier than in father's mansions in the woods will Sita rove,
Waste no thought on home or kindred, nestling in her husband's love!
World-renowned is Rama's valour, fearless by her Rama's side,
Sita will still live and wander with a faithful woman's pride,
And the wild fruit she will gather from the fresh and fragrant wood,
And the food by Rama tasted shall be Sita's cherished food!
Bid me seek the sylvan greenwoods, wooded hills and plateaus high,
Limpid rills and crystal *nullas*[1] as they softly ripple by,
And where in the lake of lotus tuneful ducks their plumage lave,
Let me with my loving Rama skim the cool translucent wave!
Years will pass in happy union,—happiest lot to woman given,—
Sita seeks not throne or empire, nor the brighter joys of heaven,
Heaven conceals not brighter mansions in its sunny fields of pride,
Where without her lord and husband faithful Sita would reside!
Therefore let me seek the jungle where the jungle-rangers rove,
Dearer than the royal palace, where I share my husband's love,
And my heart in sweet communion shall my Rama's wishes share,
And my wifely toil shall lighten Rama's load of woe and care!"

[1] Rivulets.

Vainly gentle Rama pleaded dangers of the jungle life,
Vainly spake of toil and trial to a true and tender wife!

II *Brother's Faithfulness*

Tears bedewed the face of Lakshman as he heard what Sita said,
And he touched the feet of Rama and in gentle accents prayed:
"If my elder and his lady to the pathless forests wend,
Armed with bow and ample quiver Lakshman will on them attend,
Where the wild deer range the forest and the lordly tuskers roam,
And the bird of gorgeous plumage nestles in its jungle home,
Dearer far to me those woodlands where my elder Rama dwells,
Than the homes of bright Immortals where perennial bliss prevails!
Grant me then thy sweet permission,—faithful to thy glorious star,
Lakshman shall not wait and tarry when his Rama wanders far,
Grant me then thy loving mandate,—Lakshman hath no wish to stay,
None shall bar the faithful younger when the elder leads the way!"
"Ever true to deeds of virtue, duteous brother, faithful friend,
Dearer than his life to Rama, thou shalt not to forests wend,
Who shall stay by Queen Kausalya, Lakshman, if we both depart,
Who shall stay by Queen Sumitra, she who nursed thee on her heart?
For the king our aged father, he who ruled the earth and main,
Is a captive to Kaikeyi, fettered by her silken chain,
Little help Kaikeyi renders to our mothers in her pride,
Little help can Bharat offer, standing by his mother's side.
Thou alone can'st serve Kausalya when for distant woods I part,
When the memory of my exile rankles in her sorrowing heart,
Thou alone can'st serve Sumitra, soothe her sorrows with thy love,
Stay by them, my faithful Lakshman, and thy filial virtues prove,
Be this then thy sacred duty, tend our mothers in their woe,
Little joy or consolation have they left on earth below!"
Spake the hero: "Fear no evil, well is Rama's prowess known,
And to mighty Rama's mother Bharat will obeisance own,
Nathless if the pride of empire sways him from the righteous path,
Blood will venge the offered insult and will quench our filial wrath!
But a thousand peopled hamlets Queen Kausalya's hests obey,
And a thousand armèd champions own her high and queenly sway,
Aye, a thousand village-centres Queen Sumitra's state maintain,
And a thousand swords like Lakshman's guard her proud and prosperous reign!
All alone with gentle Sita thou shalt track thy darksome way,
Grant it, that thy faithful Lakshman shall protect her night and day,

Grant it, with his bow and quiver Lakshman shall the forests roam,
And his axe shall fell the jungle, and his hands shall rear the home!
Grant it, in the deepest woodlands he shall seek the forest fruit,
Berries dear to holy hermits and the sweet and luscious root,
And when with thy meek-eyed Sita thou shalt seek the mountain crest,
Grant it, Lakshman ever duteous watch and guard thy nightly rest!"
Words of brother's deep devotion Rama heard with grateful heart,
And with Sita and with Lakshman for the woods prepared to part:
"Part we then from loving kinsmen, arms and mighty weapons bring,
Bows of war which Lord VARUNA rendered to Videha's king,
Coats of mail to sword impervious, quivers which can never fail,
And the rapiers bright as sunshine, golden-hilted, tempered well,
Safely rest these goodly weapons in our great preceptor's hall,
Seek and bring them, faithful brother, for methinks we need them all!"
Rama spake; his valiant brother then the wondrous weapons brought,
Wreathed with fresh and fragrant garlands and with gold and jewels wrought,
"Welcome, brother," uttered Rama, "stronger thus to woods we go,
Wealth and gold and useless treasure to the holy priests bestow,
To the son of saint Vasishtha, to each sage is honour due,
Then we leave our father's mansions, to our father's mandate true!"

III Mother's Blessings

Tears of sorrow and of suffering flowed from Queen Kausalya's eye,
As she saw departing Sita for her blessings drawing nigh,
And she clasped the gentle Sita and she kissed her moistened head,
And her tears like summer tempest choked the loving words she said:
"Part we, dear devoted daughter, to thy husband ever true,
With a woman's whole affection render love to husband's due!
False are women loved and cherished, gentle in their speech and word,
When misfortune's shadows gather, who are faithless to their lord,
Who through years of sunny splendour smile and pass the livelong day,
When misfortune's darkness thickens, from their husband turn away,
Who with changeful fortune changing oft ignore the plighted word,
And forget a woman's duty, woman's faith to wedded lord,
Who to holy love inconstant from their wedded consort part,
Manly deed nor manly virtue wins the changeful woman's heart!
But the true and righteous woman, loving spouse and changeless wife,
Faithful to her lord and consort holds him dearer than her life,
Ever true and righteous Sita, follow still my godlike son,
Like a God to thee is Rama in the woods or on the throne!"

"I shall do my duty, mother," said the wife with wifely pride,
"Like a God to me is Rama, Sita shall not leave his side,
From the Moon will part his lustre ere I part from wedded lord,
Ere from faithful wife's devotion falter in my deed or word,
For the stringless lute is silent, idle is the wheel-less car,
And no wife the loveless consort, inauspicious is her star!
Small the measure of affection which the sire and brother prove,
Measureless to wedded woman is her lord and husband's love,
True to Law and true to Scriptures, true to woman's plighted word,
Can I ever be, my mother, faithless, loveless to my lord?"
Tears of joy and mingled sorrow filled the Queen Kausalya's eye,
As she marked the faithful Sita true in heart, in virtue high,
And she wept the tears of sadness when with sweet obeisance due,
Spake with hands in meekness folded Rama ever good and true:
"Sorrow not, my loving mother, trust in virtue's changeless beam,
Swift will fly the years of exile like a brief and transient dream,
Girt by faithful friends and forces, blest by righteous Gods above,
Thou shalt see thy son returning to thy bosom and thy love!"
Unto all the royal ladies Rama his obeisance paid,
For his failings unremembered, blessings and forgiveness prayed,
And his words were soft and gentle, and they wept to see him go,
Like the piercing cry of curlew rose the piercing voice of woe,
And in halls where drum and tabor rose in joy and regal pride,
Voice of grief and lamentation sounded far and sounded wide!
Then the true and faithful Lakshman parted from each weeping dame,
And to sorrowing Queen Sumitra with his due obeisance came,
And he bowed to Queen Sumitra and his mother kissed his head,
Stilled her anguish-laden bosom and in trembling accents said:
"Dear devoted duteous Lakshman, ever to thy elder true,
When thy elder wends to forest, forest-life to thee is due,
Thou hast served him true and faithful in his glory and his fame,
This is Law for true and righteous,—serve him in his woe and shame,
This is Law for race of Raghu known on earth for holy might,
Bounteous in their sacred duty, brave and warlike in the fight!
Therefore tend him as thy father, as thy mother tend his wife,
And to thee, like fair Ayodhya be thy humble forest life,
Go, my son, the voice of Duty bids my gallant Lakshman go,
Serve thy elder with devotion and with valour meet thy foe!"

IV Citizens' Lament

Spake Sumantra chariot-driver waiting by the royal car,
"Haste thee, mighty-destined Rama, for we wander long and far,
Fourteen years in Dandak's forest shall the righteous Rama stray,
Such is Dasa-ratha's mandate, haste thee Rama and obey."
Queenly Sita bright-apparelled, with a strong and trusting heart,
Mounted on the car of splendour for the pathless woods to part,
And the king for needs providing gave her robes and precious store.
For the many years of exile in a far and unknown shore,
And a wealth of warlike weapons to the exiled princes gave,
Bow and dart and linkéd armour, sword and shield and lances brave.
Then the gallant brothers mounted on the gold-emblazoned car,
For unending was the journey and the wilderness was far,
Skilled Sumantra saw them seated, urged the swiftly-flying steed,
Faster than the speed of tempest was the noble coursers' speed.
And they parted for the forest; for a long unending night,
Gloomy shades of grief and sadness deepened on the city's might,
Mute and dumb but conscious creatures felt the woe the city bore,
Horses neighed and shook their bright bells, elephants returned a roar!
Man and boy and maid and matron followed Rama with their eye,
As the thirsty seek the water when the parchéd fields are dry,
Clinging to the rapid chariot, by its side, before, behind,
Thronging men and wailing women wept for Rama good and kind:
"Draw the reins, benign Sumantra, slowly drive the royal car,
We would once more see our Rama, banished long and banished far,
Iron-hearted is Kausalya from her Rama thus to part,
Rends it not her mother's bosom thus to see her son depart?
True is righteous-hearted Sita cleaving to her husband still,
As the ever present sunlight cleaves to Meru's golden hill,
Faithful and heroic Lakshman! thou hast by thy brother stood,
And in duty still unchanging thou hast sought the pathless wood,
Fixed in purpose, true in valour, mighty boon to thee is given,
And the narrow path thou choosest is the righteous path to heaven!"
Thus they spake in tears and anguish as they followed him apace,
And their eyes were fixed on Rama, pride of Raghu's royal race,
Meanwhile ancient Dasa-ratha from his palace chamber came,
With each weeping queen and consort, with each woe-distracted dame!
And around the aged monarch rose the piercing voice of pain,
Like the wail of forest creatures when the forest-king is slain,
And the faint and feeble monarch was with age and anguish pale,
Like the darkened moon at eclipse when his light and radiance fail!

Rama saw his ancient father with a faltering footstep go,
Used to royal pomp and splendour, stricken now by age and woe,
Saw his mother faint and feeble to the speeding chariot hie,
As the mother-cow returneth to her young that loiters by,
Still she hastened to the chariot, "Rama! Rama!" was her cry,
And a throb was in her bosom and a tear was in her eye!
"Speed, Sumantra," uttered Rama, "from this torture let me part,
Speed, my friend, this sight of sadness breaks a much-enduring heart,
Heed not Dasa-ratha's mandate, stop not for the royal train,
Parting slow is lengthened sorrow like the sinner's lengthened pain!"
Sad Sumantra urged the coursers and the rapid chariot flew,
And the royal chiefs and courtiers round their fainting monarch drew,
And they spake to Dasa-ratha: "Follow not thy banished son,
He whom thou wouldst keep beside thee comes not till his task is done!"
Dasa-ratha, faint and feeble, listened to these words of pain,
Stood and saw his son departing,—saw him not on earth again!

V Crossing the Tamasa: The Citizens' Return

Evening's thickening shades descended on Tamasa's distant shore,
Rama rested by the river, day of toilsome journey o'er,
And Ayodhya's loving people by the limpid river lay,
Sad and sorrowing they had followed Rama's chariot through the day!
"Soft-eyed Sita, faithful Lakshman," thus the gentle Rama said,
"Hail the first night of our exile mantling us in welcome shade,
Weeps the lone and voiceless forest, and in darksome lair and nest,
Feathered bird and forest creature seek their midnight's wonted rest,
Weeps methinks our fair Ayodhya to her Rama ever dear,
And perchance her men and women shed for us a silent tear,
Loyal men and faithful women, they have loved their ancient king,
And his anguish and our exile will their gentle bosoms wring!
Most I sorrow for my father and my mother loved and lost,
Stricken by untimely anguish, by a cruel fortune crost,
But the good and righteous Bharat gently will my parents tend,
And with fond and filial duty tender consolation lend,
Well I know his stainless bosom and his virtues rare and high,
He will soothe our parents' sorrow and their trickling tear will dry!
Faithful Lakshman, thou hast nobly stood by us when sorrows fell,
Guard my Sita by thy valour, by thy virtues tend her well,
Wait on her while from this river Rama seeks his thirst to slake,
On this first night of his exile food nor fruit shall Rama take,
Thou Sumantra, tend the horses, darkness comes with close of day,

Weary was the endless journey, weary is our onward way!"
Store of grass and welcome fodder to the steeds the driver gave,
Gave them rest and gave them water from Tamasa's limpid wave,
And performing night's devotions, for the princes made their bed,
By the softly rippling river 'neath the tree's umbrageous shade.
On a bed of leaf and verdure Rama and his Sita slept,
Faithful Lakshman with Sumantra nightly watch and vigils kept,
And the stars their silent lustre on the weary exiles shed,
And on wood and rolling river night her darksome mantle spread.
Early woke the righteous Rama and to watchful Lakshman spake:
"Mark the slumb'ring city people, still their nightly rest they take,
They have left their homes and children, followed us with loyal heart,
They would take us to Ayodhya, from their princes loth to part!
Speed, my brother, for the people wake not till the morning's star,
Speed by night the silent chariot, we may travel fast and far,
So my true and loving people see us not by dawn of day,
Follow not through wood and jungle Rama in his onward way,
For a monarch meek in suffering should his burden bravely bear,
And his true and faithful people may not ask his woe to share!"
Lakshman heard the gentle mandate, and Sumantra yoked the steed,
Fresh with rest and grateful fodder, matchless in their wondrous speed,
Rama with his gentle consort and with Lakshman true and brave,
Crossed beneath the silent starlight dark Tamasa's limpid wave.
On the farther bank a pathway, fair to view and far and wide,
Stretching onwards to the forests spanned the spacious country-side,
"Leave the broad and open pathway," so the gentle Rama said,
"Follow yet a track diverging, so the people be misled.
Then returning to the pathway we shall march ere break of day,
So our true and faithful people shall not know our southward way."
Wise Sumantra hastened northward, then returning to the road,
By his master and his consort and the valiant Lakshman stood,
Raghu's sons and gentle Sita mounted on the stately car,
And Sumantra drove the coursers travelling fast and travelling far.
Morning dawned, the waking people by Tamasa's limpid wave,
Saw not Rama and his consort, saw not Lakshman young and brave,
And the tears suffused their faces and their hearts with anguish burned,
Sorrow-laden and lamenting to their cheerless homes returned.

VI Crossing the Ganges: Bharad-Vaja's Hermitage

Morning dawned, and far they wandered, by their people loved and lost,
Drove through grove and flowering woodland, rippling rill and river crost,

Crossed the sacred Vedasruti on their still unending way,
Crossed the deep and rapid Gumti where the herds of cattle stray,
All the toilsome day they travelled, evening fell o'er wood and lea,
And they came where sea-like Ganga rolls in regal majesty,
'Neath a tall Ingudi's shadow by the river's zephyrs blest,
Second night of Rama's exile passed in sleep and gentle rest.
Morning dawned, the royal chariot Rama would no further own,
Sent Sumantra and the coursers back to fair Ayodhya's town,
Doffing then their royal garments Rama and his brother bold
Coats of bark and matted tresses wore like anchorites of old.
Guha, chief of wild Nishadas, boat and needed succour gave,
And the princes and fair Sita ventured on the sacred wave.
And by royal Rama bidden strong Nishadas plied the oar,
And the strong boat quickly bounding left fair Ganga's northern shore.
"Goddess of the mighty Ganga!" so the pious Sita prayed,
"Exiled by his father's mandate, Rama seeks the forest shade,
Ganga! o'er the three worlds rolling, bride and empress of the sea,
And from BRAHMA's sphere descended! banished Sita bows to thee.
May my lord return in safety, and a thousand fattened kine,
Gold and gifts and gorgeous garments, pure libations shall be thine,
And with flesh and corn I worship unseen dwellers on thy shore,
May my lord return in safety, fourteen years of exile o'er!"
On the southern shore they journeyed through the long and weary day,
Still through grove and flowering woodland held their long and weary way,
And they slayed the deer of jungle and they spread their rich repast,
Third night of the princes' exile underneath a tree was passed.
Morning dawned, the soft-eyed Sita wandered with the princes brave,
To the spot where ruddy Ganga mingles with dark Jumna's wave,
And they crost the shady woodland, verdant lawn and grassy mead,
Till the sun was in its zenith, Rama then to Lakshman said:
"Yonder mark the famed Prayagi, spot revered from age to age,
And the line of smoke ascending speaks some *rishi's* hermitage,
There the waves of ruddy Ganga with the dark blue Jumna meet,
And my ear the sea-like voices of the mingling waters greet.
Mark the monarchs of the forest severed by the hermit's might,
And the logs of wood and fuel for the sacrificial rite,
Mark the tall trees in their blossom and the peaceful shady grove,
There the sages make their dwelling, thither, Lakshman, let us rove."
Slowly came the exile-wand'rers, when the sun withdrew his rays,
Where the vast and sea-like rivers met in sisters' sweet embrace,
And the *asram's*[1] peaceful dwellers, bird of song and spotted deer,

[1] Hermitage

Quaked to see the princely strangers in their warlike garb appear!
Rama stepped with valiant Lakshman, gentle Sita followed close,
Till behind the screening foliage hermits' peaceful dwellings rose,
And they came to Bharad-vaja, anchorite and holy saint,
Girt by true and faithful pupils on his sacred duty bent.
Famed for rites and lofty penance was the anchorite of yore,
Blest with more than mortal vision, deep in more than mortal lore,
And he sat beside the altar for the *agni-hotra*[1] rite,
Rama spake in humble accents to the man of holy might:
"We are sons of Dasa-ratha and to thee our homage bring,
With my wife, the saintly Sita, daughter of Videha's king,
Exiled by my royal father in the wilderness I roam,
And my wife and faithful brother make the pathless woods their home,
We would through these years of exile in some holy *asram* dwell,
And our food shall be the wild fruit and our drink from crystal well,
We would practise pious penance still on sacred rites intent,
Till our souls be filled with wisdom and our years of exile spent!"
Pleased the ancient Bharad-vaja heard the prince's humble tale,
And with kind and courteous welcome royal strangers greeted well,
And he brought the milk and *arghya* where the guests observant stood,
Crystal water from the fountain, berries from the darksome wood,
And a low and leafy cottage for their dwelling-place assigned,
As a host receives a stranger, welcomed them with offerings kind.
In the *asram's* peaceful courtyard fearless browsed the jungle deer,
All unharmed the bird of forest pecked the grain collected near,
And by holy men surrounded 'neath the trees' umbrageous shade,
In his pure and peaceful accents *rishi* Bharad-vaja said:
"Not unknown or unexpected, princely strangers, have ye come,
I have heard of sinless Rama's causeless banishment from home,
Welcome to a hermit's forest, be this spot your place of rest,
Where the meeting of the rivers makes our sacred *asram* blest,
Live amidst these peaceful woodlands, still on sacred rites intent
Till your souls be filled with wisdom and your years of exile spent!"
"Gracious are thy accents, *rishi*," Rama answered thus the sage,
"But fair towns and peopled hamlets border on this hermitage,
And to see the banished Sita and to see us, much I fear,
Crowds of rustics oft will trespass on thy calm devotions here,
Far from towns and peopled hamlets, grant us, *rishi*, in thy grace,
Some wild spot where hid in jungle we may pass these years in peace."
"Twenty miles from this Prayaga," spake the *rishi* pond'ring well,
"Is a lonely hill and jungle where some ancient hermits dwell,

[1] Sacrifice to the fire with offering of milk.

Chitra-kuta, Peak of Beauty, where the forest creatures stray,
And in every bush and thicket herds of lightsome monkeys play,
Men who view its towering summit are on lofty thoughts inclined,
Earthly pride nor earthly passions cloud their pure and peaceful mind,
Hoary-headed ancient hermits, hundred autumns who have done,
By their faith and lofty penance heaven's eternal bliss have won,
Holy is the fair seclusion for thy purpose suited well,
Of if still thy heart inclineth, here in peace and comfort dwell!"
Spake the *rishi* Bharad-vaja, and with every courteous rite,
Cheered his guests with varied converse till the silent hours of night,
Fourth night of the princes' exile in Prayaga's hermitage,
Passed the brothers and fair Sita honoured by Prayaga's Sage.

VII Crossing the Jumna—Valmiki's Hermitage

Morning dawned, and faithful Sita with the brothers held her way,
Where the dark and eddying waters of the sacred Jumna stray,
Pondering by the rapid river long the thoughtful brothers stood,
Then with stalwart arms and axes felled the sturdy jungle wood,
Usira[1] of strongest fibre, slender bamboo smooth and plain,
Jambu[2] branches intertwining with the bent and twisting cane,
And a mighty raft constructed, and with creepers scented sweet,
Lakshman for the gentle Sita made a soft and pleasant seat.
Then the rustic bark was floated, framed with skill of woodman's craft,
By her loving lord supported Sita stepped upon the raft,
And her raiments and apparel Rama by his consort laid,
And the axes and the deerskins, bow and dart and shining blade,
Then with stalwart arms the brothers plied the bending bamboo oar,
And the strong raft gaily bounding left for Jumna's southern shore.
"Goddess of the glorious Jumna!" so the pious Sita prayed,
"Peaceful be my husband's exile in the forest's darksome shade,
May he safely reach Ayodhya, and a thousand fattened kine,
Hundred jars of sweet libation, mighty Jumna, shall be thine,
Grant that from the woods returning he may see his home again,
Grant that honoured by his kinsmen he may rule his loving men!"
On her breast her arms she folded while the princes plied the oar,
And the bright bark bravely bounding reached the wooded southern shore.
And the wanderers from Ayodhya on the river's margin stood,
Where the unknown realm extended mantled by unending wood,
Gallant Lakshman with his weapons went before the path to clear,
Soft-eyed Sita followed gently, Rama followed in the rear.

[1] A kind of hard wood. [2] Name of a tree.

Oft from tree and darksome jungle, Lakshman ever true and brave,
Plucked the fruit or smiling blossom and to gentle Sita gave,
Oft to Rama turned his consort, pleased and curious evermore,
Asked the name of tree or creeper, fruit or flower unseen before.
Still with brotherly affection Lakshman brought each dewy spray,
Bud or blossom of wild beauty from the woodland bright and gay,
Still with eager joy and pleasure Sita turned her eye once more,
Where the tuneful swans and *saras*[1] flocked on Jumna's sandy shore.
Two miles thus they walked and wandered and the belt of forest passed,
Slew the wild deer of the jungle, spread on leaves their rich repast,
Peacocks flew around them gaily, monkeys leaped on branches bent,
Fifth night of their endless wanderings in the forest thus they spent.
"Wake, my love, and list the warblings and the voices of the wood,"
Thus spake Rama when the morning on the eastern mountains stood,
Sita woke and gallant Lakshman, and they sipped the sacred wave,
To the hill of Chitra-kuta held their way serene and brave.
"Mark, my love," so Ramu uttered, "every bush and tree and flower,
Tinged by radiant light of morning sparkles in a golden shower,
Mark the flaming flower of *Kinsuk* and the *Vilwa* in its pride,
Luscious fruits in wild profusion ample store of food provide,
Mark the honeycombs suspended from each tall and stately tree,
How from every virgin blossom steals her store the faithless bee!
Oft the lone and startled wild cock sounds its clarion full and clear,
And from flowering fragrant forests peacocks send the answering cheer,
Oft the elephant of jungle ranges in this darksome wood,
For yon peak is Chitra-kuta loved by saints and hermits good,
Oft the chanted songs of hermits echo through its sacred grove,
Peaceful on its shady uplands, Sita, we shall live and rove!"
Gently thus the princes wandered through the fair and woodland scene,
Fruits and blossoms lit the branches, feathered songsters filled the green,
Anchorites and ancient hermits lived in every sylvan grove,
And a sweet and sacred stillness filled the woods with peace and love!
Gently thus the princes wandered to the holy hermitage,
Where in lofty contemplation lived the mighty Saint and Sage,
Heaven inspired thy song, Valmiki! Ancient Bard of ancient day,
Deeds of virtue and of valour live in thy undying lay!
And the Bard received the princes with a father's greetings kind,
Bade them live in Chitra-kuta with a pure and peaceful mind,
To the true and faithful Lakshman, Rama then his purpose said,
And of leaf and forest timber Lakshman soon a cottage made.
"So our sacred *Sastras*[2] sanction," thus the righteous Rama spake,

[1] *Sarasa* the Indian crane.

[2] Scriptures.

"Holy offering we should render when our dwelling-home we make,
Slay the black buck, gallant Lakshman, and a sacrifice prepare,
For the moment is auspicious and the day is bright and fair."
Lakshman slew a mighty black-buck, with the antlered trophy came,
Placed the carcass consecrated by the altar's blazing flame,
Radiant round the mighty offering tongues of red fire curling shone,
And the buck was duly roasted and the tender meat was done.
Pure from bath, with sacred *mantra* Rama did the holy rite,
And invoked the bright Immortals for to bless the dwelling site,
To the kindly VISWA-DEVAS, and to RUDRA fierce and strong,
And to VISHNU Lord of Creatures, Rama raised the sacred song.
Righteous rite was duly rendered for the forest-dwelling made,
And with true and deep devotion was the sacred *mantra* prayed,
And the worship of the Bright Ones purified each earthly stain,
Pure-souled Rama raised the altar and the *chaitya*'s[1] sacred fane.
Evening spread its holy stillness, bush and tree its magic felt,
As the Gods in BRAHMA's mansions, exiles in their cottage dwelt,
In the woods of Chitra-kuta where the Malyavati flows,
Sixth day of their weary wand'rings ended in a sweet repose.

VIII Tale of the Hermit's Son

Wise Sumantra chariot-driver came from Ganga's sacred wave,
And unto Ayodhya's monarch, banished Rama's message gave,
Dasa-ratha's heart was shadowed by the deepening shade of night,
As the darkness of the eclipse glooms the sun's meridian light!
On the sixth night,—when his Rama slept in Chitra-kuta's bower,—
Memory of an ancient sorrow flung on him its fatal power,
Of an ancient crime and anguish, unforgotten, dark and dread,
Through the lapse of years and seasons casting back its death-like shade!
And the gloom of midnight deepened, Dasa-ratha sinking fast,
To Kausalya sad and sorrowing spake his memories of the past:
"Deeds we do in life, Kausalya, be they bitter, be they sweet,
Bring their fruit and retribution, rich reward or suffering meet.
Heedless child is he, Kausalya, in his fate who doth not scan
Retribution of his *karma*,[2] sequence of a mighty plan!
Oft in madness and in folly we destroy the mango grove,
Plant the gorgeous gay *palasa*[3] for the red flower that we love,
Fruitless as the red *palasa* is the *karma* I have sown
And my barren lifetime withers through the deed which is my own!

[1] A shrine or temple.
[2] A man's deeds with their consequences in this or future life.
[3] A tree bearing large, red blossoms with no scent.

Listen to my tale, Kausalya, in my days of youth renowned,
I was called a *sabda-bedhi*,[1] archer prince who shot by sound,
I could hit the unseen target, by the sound my aim could tell,—
Blindly drinks a child the poison, blindly in my pride I fell!
I was then my father's Regent, thou a maid to me unknown,
Hunting by the fair Sarayu in my car I drove alone,
Buffalo or jungle tusker might frequent the river's brink,
Nimble deer or watchful tiger stealing for his nightly drink,
Stalking with a hunter's patience, loitering in the forests drear,
Sound of something in the water struck my keen and listening ear,
In the dark I stood and listened, some wild beast the water drunk.
'Tis some elephant, I pondered, lifting water with its trunk.
I was called a *sabda-bedhi*, archer prince who shot by sound,
On the unseen fancied tusker dealt a sure and deadly wound,
Ah! too deadly was my arrow and like hissing cobra fell,
On my startled ear and bosom smote a voice of human wail,
Dying voice of lamentation rose upon the midnight high,
Till my weapons fell in tremor and a darkness dimmed my eye!
Hastening with a nameless terror soon I reached Sarayu's shore,
Saw a boy with hermit's tresses, and his pitcher lay before,
Weltering in a pool of red blood, lying on a gory bed,
Feebly raised his voice the hermit, and in dying accents said:
'What offence, O mighty monarch, all-unknowing have I done,
That with quick and kingly justice slayest thus a hermit's son?
Old and feeble are my parents, sightless by the will of fate,
Thirsty in their humble cottage for their duteous boy they wait,
And thy shaft that kills me, monarch, bids my ancient parents die,
Helpless, friendless, they will perish, in their anguish deep and high!
Sacred lore and lifelong penance change not mortal's earthly state,
Wherefore else they sit unconscious when their son is doomed by fate,
Or if conscious of my danger, could they dying breath recall,
Can the tall tree save the sapling doomed by woodman's axe to fall?
Hasten to my parents, monarch, soothe their sorrow and their ire,
For the tears of good and righteous wither like the forest fire,
Short the pathway to the *asram*, soon the cottage thou shalt see
Soothe their anger by entreaty, ask their grace and pardon free!
But before thou goest, monarch, take, O take thy torturing dart.
For it rankles in my bosom with a cruel burning smart,
And it eats into my young life as the river's rolling tide
By the rains of summer swollen eats into its yielding side.'
Writhing in his pain and anguish thus the wounded hermit cried,

[1] An archer who shoots by sound, not by sight of his object.

And I drew the fatal arrow, and the holy hermit died!
Darkly fell the thickening shadows, stars their feeble radiance lent,
As I filled the hermit's pitcher, to his sightless parents went,
Darkly fell the moonless midnight, deeper gloom my bosom rent,
As with faint and falt'ring footsteps to the hermits slow I went.
Like two birds bereft of plumage, void of strength, deprived of flight,
Were the stricken ancient hermits, friendless, helpless, void of sight,
Lisping in their feeble accents still they whispered of their child,
Of the stainless boy whose red blood Dasa-ratha's hands defiled!
And the father heard my footsteps, spake in accents soft and kind:
'Come, my son, to waiting parents, wherefore dost thou stay behind,
Sporting in the rippling water didst thou midnight's hour beguile,
But thy faint and thirsting mother anxious waits for thee the while,
Hath my heedless word or utterance caused thy boyish bosom smart,
But a feeble father's failings may not wound thy filial heart,
Help of helpless, sight of sightless, and thy parents' life and joy,
Wherefore art thou mute and voiceless, speak, my brave and beauteous boy!'
Thus the sightless father welcomed cruel slayer of his son,
And an anguish tore my bosom for the action I had done,
Scarce upon the sonless parents could I lift my aching eye,
Scarce in faint and faltering accents to the father make reply,
For a tremor shook my person and my spirit sank in dread,
Straining all my utmost prowess, thus in quavering voice I said:
'Not thy son, O holy hermit, but a Kshatra warrior born,
Dasa-ratha stands before thee by a cruel anguish torn,
For I came to slay the tusker by Sarayu's wooded brink,
Buffalo or deer of jungle stealing for his midnight drink,
And I heard a distant gurgle, some wild beast the water drunk,—
So I thought,—some jungle tusker lifting water with its trunk,
And I sent my fatal arrow on the unknown, unseen prey,
Speeding to the spot I witnessed,—there a dying hermit lay!
From his pierced and quivering bosom then the cruel dart I drew,
And he sorrowed for his parents as his spirit heavenward flew,
Thus unconscious, holy father, I have slayed thy stainless son,
Speak my penance, or in mercy pardon deed unknowing done!'
Slow and sadly by their bidding to the fatal spot I led,
Long and loud bewailed the parents by the cold unconscious dead,
And with hymns and holy water they performed the funeral rite,
Then with tears that burnt and withered, spake the hermit in his might:
'Sorrow for a son beloved is a father's direst woe,
Sorrow for a son beloved, Dasa-ratha, thou shalt know!

See the parents weep and perish, grieving for a slaughtered son,
Thou shalt weep and thou shalt perish for a loved and righteous son!
Distant is the expiation,—but in fullness of the time,
Dasa-ratha's death in anguish cleanses Dasa-ratha's crime!'
Spake the old and sightless prophet; then he made the funeral pyre,
And the father and the mother perished in the lighted fire,
Years have gone and many seasons, and in fulness of the time,
Comes the fruit of pride and folly and the harvest of my crime!
Rama eldest born and dearest, Lakshman true and faithful son,
Ah! forgive a dying father and a cruel action done,
Queen Kaikeyi, thou hast heedless brought on Raghu's race this stain,
Banished are the guiltless children and thy lord and king is slain!
Lay thy hands on mine, Kausalya, wipe thy unavailing tear,
Speak a wife's consoling accents to a dying husband's ear,
Lay thy hands on mine, Sumitra, vision fails my closing eyes,
And for brave and banished Rama wings my spirit to the skies!
Hushed and silent passed the midnight, feebly still the monarch sighed,
Blessed Kausalya and Sumitra, blest his banished sons, and died."

BOOK IV RAMA-BHARATA-SAMBADA

(*The Meeting of the Princes*)

THE SCENE OF THIS BOOK is laid at Chitra-kuta. Bharat returning from the kingdom of the Kaikeyas heard of his father's death and his brother's exile, and refused the throne which had been reserved for him. He wandered through the woods and jungle to Chitra-kuta, and implored Rama to return to Ayodhya and seat himself on the throne of his father. But Rama had given his word, and would not withdraw from it.

Few passages in the Epic are more impressive than Rama's wise and kindly advice to Bharat on the duties of a ruler, and his firm refusal to Bharat's passionate appeal to seat himself on the throne. Equally touching is the lament of Queen Kausalya when she meets Sita in the dress of an anchorite in the forest.

But one of the most curious passages in the whole Epic is the speech of Jabali the Sceptic, who denied heaven and a world hereafter. In ancient India as in ancient Greece there were different schools of philosophers, some of them orthodox and some of them extremely heterodox, and the greatest latitude of free thought was permitted. In Jabali, the poet depicts a free-thinker of the broadest type. He ridicules the ideas of Duty and of Future Life with a force of reasoning which a Greek sophist and philo-

sopher could not have surpassed. But Rama answers with the fervour of a righteous, truth-loving, God-fearing man.

All persuasion was in vain, and Bharat returned to Ayodhya with Rama's sandals, and placed them on the throne, as an emblem of Rama's sovereignty during his voluntary exile. Rama himself then left Chitra-kuta and sought the deeper forests of Dandak, so that his friends and relations might not find him again during his exile. He visited the hermitage of the Saint Atri; and the ancient and venerable wife of Atri welcomed the young Sita, and robed her in rich raiments and jewels, on the eve of her departure for the unexplored wildernesses of the south.

The portions translated in this Book are the whole or the main portions of Sections xcix., c., ci., civ., cviii., cix., cxii., and cxix. of Book ii. of the original text.

I *The Meeting of the Brothers*

Sorrowing for his sire departed Bharat to Ayodhya came,
But the exile of his brother stung his noble heart to flame,
Scorning sin-polluted empire, travelling with each widowed queen,
Sought through wood and trackless jungle Chitra-kuta's peaceful scene.
Royal guards and Saint Vasishtha loitered with the dames behind,
Onward pressed the eager Bharat, Rama's hermit-home to find,
Nestled in a jungle thicket, Rama's cottage rose in sight,
Thatched with leaves and twining branches, reared by Lakshman's faithful might.
Faggots hewn of gnarléd branches, blossoms culled from bush and tree,
Coats of bark and russet garments, *kusa*[1] spread upon the lea,
Store of horns and branching antlers, fire-wood for the dewy night,—
Spake the dwelling of a hermit suited for a hermit's rite.
"May the scene," so Bharat uttered, "by the righteous *rishi* told,
Markalvati's rippling waters, Chitra-kuta's summit bold,
Mark the dark and trackless forest where the untamed tuskers roam,
And the deep and hollow caverns where the wild beasts make their home,
Mark the spacious wooded uplands, wreaths of smoke obscure the sky,
Hermits feed their flaming altars for their worship pure and high.
Done our weary work and wand'ring, righteous Rama here we meet,

[1] Grass strewn around the altar at sacrifice.

Saint and king and honoured elder! Bharat bows unto his feet,
Born a king of many nations, he hath forest refuge sought,
Yielded throne and mighty kingdom for a hermit's humble cot,
Honour unto righteous Rama, unto Sita true and bold,
Theirs be fair Kosala's empire, crown and sceptre, wealth and gold!"
Stately *Sal*[1] and feathered palm-tree on the cottage lent their shade.
Strewn upon the sacred altar was the grass of *kusa* spread,
Gaily on the walls suspended hung two bows of ample height,
And their back with gold was pencilled, bright as INDRA's bow of might,
Cased in broad unfailing quivers arrows shone like light of day,
And like flame-tongued fiery serpents cast a dread and lurid ray,
Resting in their golden scabbards lay the sword of warriors bold,
And the targets broad and ample bossed with rings of yellow gold,
Glove and gauntlet decked the cottage safe from fear of hostile men,
As from creatures of the forest is the lion's lordly den!
Calm in silent contemplation by the altar's sacred fire,
Holy in his pious purpose though begirt by weapons dire,
Clad in deer-skin pure and peaceful, poring on the sacred flame,
In his bark and hermit's tresses like an anchorite of fame,
Lion-shouldered, mighty-armèd, but with gentle lotus eye,
Lord of wide earth ocean-girdled, but intent on penance high,
Godlike as the holy BRAHMA, on a skin of dappled deer
Rama sat with meek-eyed Sita, faithful Lakshman loitered near!
"Is this he whom joyous nations called to fair Ayodhya's throne,
Now the friend of forest-rangers wandering in the woods alone,
Is this he who robed in purple made Ayodhya's mansions bright,
Now in jungle bark and deer-skin clad as holy anchorite,
Is this he whose wreathèd ringlets fresh and holy fragrance shed,
Now a hermit's matted tresses cluster round his royal head,
Is this he whose royal *yajnas* filled the earth with righteous fame,
Now inured to hermit's labour by the altar's sacred flame,
Is this he whose brow and forehead royal gem and jewel graced,
Heir to proud Kosala's empire, eldest, noblest, and the best?"
Thus lamented pious Bharat, for his heart was anguish-rent,
As before the feet of Rama he in loving homage bent,
"*Arya!*"[2] in his choking accents this was all that Bharat said,
"*Arya!*" spake the young Satrughna and he bent his holy head!
Rama to his loving bosom raised his brothers from his feet,
Ah, too deep is love for utterance when divided brothers meet,
Faithful Guha, brave Sumantra, bowed to Rama's righteous feet,
And a joy and mingled sadness filled the hermit's calm retreat!

[1] *Sala*, a tall forest tree.

[2] Honourable person, an Aryan.

II Bharat's Entreaty and Rama's Reply

"Speak, my true, my faithful Bharat," so the righteous Rama cried,
"Wherefore to this jungle dwelling hast thou from Ayodhya hied,
Speak, my fond and loving brother, if our father bade thee come,
Leaving throne and spacious empire in this wilderness to roam?
Heir and Regent of Kosala! Dost thou tend our father well,
And obey the lofty mandate from his royal lips that fell,
And the ancient Dasa-ratha, glorious still in regal might,
Doth he pass his bright life's evening in each pure and holy rite?
Doth my mother, Queen Kausalya, still for Rama wet her eye,
And the gentle Queen Sumitra for her banished Lakshman sigh,
Doth the peerless Queen Kaikeyi pass her days in duties fair,
Guard her Bharat's mighty empire, tend him with a mother's care?
Is each holy rite and homage to the Gods and Fathers done,
Is the honour due to elders rendered by each duteous son,
Do thy warriors guard thy kingdom as of yore with matchless skill,
And with counsel deep and duteous do thy min'sters serve thy will?
Rich thy fields in corn and produce fed by rivers broad and deep,
Rich thy green unending pastures with the kine and fattened sheep,
Tend the herdsman and his cattle, tend the tiller of the soil,
Watch and help with all thy bounty workmen in their peaceful toil,
For the monarch's highest duty is to serve his people's weal
And the ruler's richest glory is to labour and to heal!
Guard thy forts with sleepless caution with the engines of the war,
With the men who shoot the arrow and who drive the flying car,
Guard Kosala's royal treasure, make thy gifts of wealth and food,
Not to lords and proud retainers, but to worthy and the good!
Render justice pure and spotless as befits thy royal line,
And to save the good and guiltless, Bharat, be it ever thine,
For the tears of suffering virtue wither like the thunder levin,
And they slay our men and cattle like the wrath of righteous heaven,
Fruitful be thy lore of Veda, fruitful be each pious rite,
Be thy queen a fruitful mother, be thy empire full of might!"
Weeping, weeping, Bharat answered Dasa-ratha's eldest son,
"Dasa-ratha walks the bright sky, for his earthly task is done!
For impelled by Queen Kaikeyi to the woods he bade thee go,
And his spotless fame was clouded and his bosom sank in woe,
And my mother, late repenting, weeps her deed of deepest shame,
Weeps her wedded lord departed, and a woman's tarnished fame!
Thou alone canst wipe this insult by a deed of kindness done,—
Rule o'er Dasa-ratha's empire, Dasa-ratha's eldest son,

Weeping queens and loyal subjects supplicate thy noble grace,—
Rule o'er Raghu's ancient empire, son of Raghu's royal race!
For our ancient Law ordaineth and thy Duty makes it plain,
Eldest-born succeeds his father as the king of earth and main,
By the fair Earth loved and welcomed Rama, be her wedded lord,
As by planet-jewelled Midnight is the radiant Moon adored!
And thy father's ancient min'sters and thy courtiers faithful still,
Wait to do thy righteous mandate and to serve thy royal will,
As a pupil, as a brother, as a slave, I seek thy grace,—
Come and rule thy father's empire, king of Raghu's royal race!"
Weeping, on the feet of Rama, Bharat placed his lowly head,
Weeping for his sire departed, tears of sorrow Rama shed,
Then he raised his loving brother with an elder's deathless love,
Sorrow wakes our deepest kindness and our holiest feelings prove!
"But I may not," answered Rama, "seek Ayodhya's ancient throne,
For a righteous father's mandate duteous son may not disown,
And I may not, gentle brother, break the word of promise given,
To a king and to a father who is now a saint in heaven!
Not on thee, nor on thy mother, rests the censure or the blame,
Faithful to his father's wishes Rama to the forest came,
For the son and duteous consort serve the father and the lord,
Higher than an empire's glory is a father's spoken word!
All inviolate is his mandate—on Ayodhya's jewelled throne,
Or in pathless woods and jungle Rama shall his duty own,
All inviolate is the blessing by a loving mother given,
For she blessed my life in exile like a pitying saint of heaven!
Thou shalt rule the kingdom, Bharat, guard our loving people well,
Clad in wild bark and in deer-skin I shall in the forests dwell,
So spake saintly Dasa-ratha in Ayodhya's palace hall,
And a righteous father's mandate duteous son may not recall!"

III Kausalya's Lament and Rama's Reply

Slow and sad with Saint Vasishtha, with each widowed royal dame.
Unto Rama's hermit-cottage ancient Queen Kausalya came,
And she saw him clad in wild bark like a hermit stern and high,
And an anguish smote her bosom and a tear bedewed her eye.
Rama bowed unto his mother and each elder's blessings sought,
Held their feet in salutation with a holy reverence fraught,
And the queens with loving fingers, with a mother's tender care,
Swept the dust of wood and jungle from his head and bosom fair,
Lakshman too in loving homage bent before each royal dame,

And they blessed the faithful hero spotless in his righteous fame.
Lastly came the soft-eyed Sita with obeisance soft and sweet,
And with hands in meekness folded bent her tresses to their feet,
Pain and anguish smote their bosoms, round their Sita as they prest,
As a mother clasps a daughter, clasped her in their loving breast!
Torn from royal hall and mansions, ranger of the darksome wood,
Reft of home and kith and kindred by her forest hut she stood!
"Hast thou, daughter of Videha," weeping thus Kausalya said,
"Dwelt in woods and leafy cottage and in pathless jungle strayed,
Hast thou, Rama's royal consort, lived a homeless anchorite,
Pale with rigid fast and penance, worn with toil of righteous rite?
But thy sweet face, gentle Sita, is like faded lotus dry,
And like lily parched by sunlight, lustreless thy beauteous eye,
Like the gold untimely tarnished is thy sorrow-shaded brow,
Like the moon by shadows darkened is thy form of beauty now!
And an anguish scathes my bosom like the withering forest fire,
Thus to see thee, duteous daughter, in misfortunes deep and dire,
Dark is wide Kosala's empire, dark is Raghu's royal house,
When in woods my Rama wanders and my Rama's royal spouse!"
Sweetly, gentle Sita answered, answered Rama fair and tall,
That a righteous father's mandate duteous son may not recall!

IV Jabali's Reasoning and Rama's Reply

Jabali a learned Brahman and a Sophist skilled in word,
Questioned Faith and Law and Duty, spake to young Ayodhya's lord:
"Wherefore, Rama, idle maxims cloud thy heart and warp thy mind,
Maxims which mislead the simple and the thoughtless human kind?
Love nor friendship doth a mortal to his kith or kindred own,
Entering on his wide earth friendless, and departing all alone,
Foolishly upon the father and the mother dotes the son,
Kinship is an idle fancy,—save thyself thy kith is none!
In the wayside inn he halteth who in distant lands doth roam,
Leaves it with the dawning daylight for another transient home,
Thus on earth are kin and kindred, home and country, wealth and store,
We but meet them on our journey, leave them as we pass before!
Wherefore for a father's mandate leave thy empire and thy throne,
Pass thy days in trackless jungle sacrificing all thy own,
Wherefore to Ayodhya's city, as to longing wife's embrace,
Speed'st thou not to rule thy empire, lord of Raghu's royal race?
Dasa-ratha claims no duty, and this will is empty word,

View him as a foreign monarch, of thy realm thou art the lord,
Dasa-ratha is departed, gone where all the mortals go,
For a dead man's idle mandate wherefore lead this life of woe?
Ah! I weep for erring mortals who on erring duty bent
Sacrifice their dear enjoyment till their barren life is spent,
Who to Gods and to the Fathers vainly still their offerings make,
Waste of food! for God nor Father doth our pious homage take!
And the food by one partaken, can it nourish other men,
Food bestowed upon a Brahman, can it serve our Fathers then?
Crafty priests have forged these maxims and with selfish objects say,
Make thy gifts and do thy penance, leave thy wordly wealth and pray!
There is no Hereafter, Rama, vain the hope and creed of men,
Seek the pleasures of the present, spurn illusions poor and vain,
Take the course of sense and wisdom, cast all idle faith aside,
Take the kingdom Bharat offers, rule Ayodhya in thy pride!"
"Fair thy purpose," answered Rama, "false thy reason leads astray,
Tortuous wisdom brings no profit, virtue shuns the crooked way,
For the deed proclaims the hero from the man of spacious lies,
Marks the true and upright *Arya* from the scheming worldly-wise!
If assuming virtue's mantle I should seek the sinful path,
Gods who judge our secret motives curse me with their deepest wrath,
And thy counsel helps not, *rishi*, mansions of the sky to win,
And a king his subjects follow adding deeper sin to sin!
Sweep aside thy crafty reasoning, Truth is still our ancient way,
Truth sustains the earth and nations and a monarch's righteous sway,
Mighty Gods and holy sages find in Truth their haven shore,
Scorning death and dark destruction, Truth survives for evermore!
Deadlier than the serpent's venom is the venom of a lie,
From the false, than from the cobra, men with deeper terror fly,
Dearer than the food to mortals, Truth as nourishment is given,
Truth sustains the wide creation, Truth upholds the highest heaven,
Vain were gifts and sacrifices, rigid penances were vain,
Profitless the holy *Vedas* but for Truth which they sustain,
Gifts and rites and rigid penance have no aim or purpose high,
Save in Truth which rules the wide earth and the regions of the sky!
I have plighted truth and promise and my word may not unsay,
Fourteen years in pathless forests father's mandate I obey,
And I seek no spacious reasons my relinquished throne to win,
Gods nor Fathers nor the *Vedas* counsel tortuous paths of sin!
Pardon, *rishi*, still unchanging shall remain my promise given
To my mother Queen Kaikeyi, to my father now in heaven,
Pardon, *rishi*, still in jungle we shall seek the forest fare,

Worship Gods who watch our actions, and pervade the earth and air!
Unto AGNI, unto VAYU, shall my constant prayers run,
I shall live like happy INDRA, hundred sacrifices done,
And the deep and darksome jungle shall be Rama's royal hall,
For a righteous father's mandate duteous son may not recall!"

V The Sandals

Tears nor sighs nor sad entreaty Rama's changeless purpose shook,
Till once more with hands conjoinéd Bharat to his elder spoke:
"Rama, true to royal mercy, true to duties of thy race,
Grant this favour to thy mother, to thy brother grant this grace,
Vain were my unaided efforts to protect our father's throne,
Town and hamlet, lord and tiller, turn to thee and thee alone!
Unto Rama, friends and kinsmen, chiefs and warriors, turn in pain,
And each city chief and elder, and each humble village swain,
Base thy empire strong, unshaken, on a loyal nation's will,
With thy worth and with thy valour serve thy faithful people still!"
Rama raised the prostrate Bharat to his ever-loving breast,
And in voice of tuneful *hansa*[1] thus his gentle speech addrest:
"Trust me, Bharat, lofty virtue, strength and will to thee belong,
Thou could'st rule a worldwide empire in thy faith and purpose strong,
And our father's ancient min'sters, ever faithful, wise and deep,
They shall help thee with their counsel and thy ancient frontiers keep.
List! the Moon may lose his lustre, Himalaya lose his snow,
Heaving Ocean pass his confines surging from the caves below,
But the truth-abiding Rama will not move from promise given,
He hath spoke and will not palter, help him righteous Gods in heaven!"
Blazing like the Sun in splendour, beauteous like the Lord of Night,
Rama vowed his Vow of Duty, changeless in his holy might!
"Humble token," answered Bharat, "still I seek from Rama's hand,
Token of his love and kindness, token of his high command,
From thy feet cast forth those sandals, they shall decorate the throne,
They shall nerve my heart to duty and shall safely guard thy own,
They shall to a loyal nation absent monarch's will proclaim,
Watch the frontiers of the empire and the people's homage claim!"
Rama gave the loosened sandals as his younger humbly prayed,
Bharat bowed to them in homage and his parting purpose said:
"Not alone will banished Rama barks and matted tresses wear,
Fourteen years the crowned Bharat will in hermit's dress appear,
Henceforth Bharat dwells in palace guised as hermit of the wood.

[1] Swan, or goose.

In the sumptuous hall of feasting wild fruit is his only food,
Fourteen years shall pass in waiting, weary toil and penance dire
Then, if Rama comes not living, Bharat dies upon the pyre!"

VI The Hermitage of Atri

With the sandals of his elder Bharat to Ayodhya went,
Rama sought for deeper forests on his arduous duty bent,
Wandering with his wife and Lakshman slowly sought the hermitage,
Where resided saintly Atri, Vedic Bard and ancient sage.
Anasuya, wife of Atri, votaress of Gods above,
Welcomed Sita in her cottage, tended her with mother's love,
Gave her robe and holy garland, jewelled ring and chain of gold,
Heard the tale of love and sadness which the soft-eyed Sita told:
How the monarch of Videha held the plough and tilled the earth,
From the furrow made by ploughshare infant Sita sprang to birth,
How the monarch of Videha welcomed kings of worth and pride,
Rama 'midst the gathered monarchs broke the bow and won the bride,
How by Queen Kaikeyi's mandate Rama lost his father's throne,
Sita followed him in exile in the forest dark and lone!
Softly from the lips of Sita words of joy and sorrow fell,
And the pure-souled pious priestess wept to hear the tender tale,
And she kissed her on the forehead, held her on her ancient breast,
And in mother's tender accents thus her gentle thoughts exprest:
"Sweet the tale you tell me, Sita, of thy wedding and thy love,
Of the true and tender Rama, righteous as the Gods above,
And thy wifely deep devotion fills my heart with purpose high,
Stay with us my gentle daughter for the night shades gather nigh.
Hastening from each distant region feathered songsters seek their nest,
Twitter in the leafy thickets ere they seek their nightly rest,
Hastening from their pure ablutions with their pitcher smooth and fair,
In their dripping barks the hermits to their evening rites repair,
And in sacred *agni-hotra*[1] holy anchorites engage,
And a wreath of smoke ascending marks the altar of each sage.
Now a deeper shadow mantles bush and brake and trees around,
And a thick and inky darkness falls upon the distant ground,
Midnight prowlers of the jungle steal beneath the sable shade,
But the tame deer by the altar seeks his wonted nightly bed.
Mark! how by the stars encircled sails the radiant Lord of Night,
With his train of silver glory streaming o'er the azure height,

[1] A sacrifice to the fire with daily offering of milk morning and evening.

And thy consort waits thee, Sita, but before thou leavest, fair,
Let me deck thy brow and bosom with these jewels rich and rare,
Old these eyes and grey these tresses, but a thrill of joy is mine,
Thus to see thy youth and beauty in this gorgeous garment shine!"
Pleased at heart the ancient priestess clad her in apparel meet,
And the young wife glad and grateful bowed to Anasuya's feet,
Robed and jewelled, bright and beauteous, sweet-eyed Sita softly came,
Where with anxious heart awaited Rama prince of righteous fame.
With a wifely love and longing Sita met her hero bold,
Anasuya's love and kindness in her grateful accents told,
Rama and his brother listened of the grace by Sita gained,
Favours of the ancient priestess, pious blessings she had rained.
In the *rishi's* peaceful *asram* Rama passed the sacred night,
In the hushed and silent forest silvered by the moon's pale light,
Daylight dawned, to deeper forests Rama went serene and proud,
As the sun in midday splendour sinks within a bank of cloud!

BOOK V PANCHAVATI

(*On the Banks of the Godavari*)

The wanderings of Rama in the Deccan, his meeting with Saint Agastya, and his residence on the banks of the Godavari river, are narrated in this Book. The reader has now left Northern India and crossed the Vindhya mountains; and the scene of the present and succeeding five Books is laid in the Deccan and Southern India. The name of Agastya is connected with the Deccan, and many are the legends told of this great Saint, before whom the Vindhya mountains bent in awe, and by whose might the Southern ocean was drained. It is likely that some religious teacher of that name first penetrated beyond the Vindhyas, and founded the first Aryan settlement in the Deccan, three thousand years ago. He was pioneer, discoverer and settler,—the Indian Columbus who opened out Southern India to Aryan colonization and Aryan religion.

Two *yōjanas*[1] from Agastya's hermitage, Rama built his forest dwelling in the woods of Panchavati, near the sources of the Godavari river, and within a hundred miles from the modern city of Bombay. There he lived with his wife and brother in peace and piety, and the Book closes with the description of an Indian winter morning, when the brothers and Sita went for their ablutions to the Godavari, and thought of their

[1] A *yōjana* is about nine English miles.

distant home in Oudh. The description of the peaceful forest-life of the exiles comes in most appropriately on the eve of stirring events which immediately succeed, and which give a new turn to the story of the Epic. We now stand therefore at the turning point of the poet's narrative; he has sung of domestic incidents and of peaceful hermitages so far; he sings of dissensions and wars hereafter.

The portions translated in this Book form Sections i., xii., xiii., xv., and xvi. of Book iii. of the original text.

I The Hermitage of Agastya

Righteous Rama, soft-eyed Sita, and the gallant Lakshman stood
In the wilderness of Dandak,—trackless, pathless, boundless wood,
But within its gloomy gorges, dark and deep and known to few,
Humble homes of hermit sages rose before the princes' view.
Coats of bark and scattered *kusa* spake their peaceful pure abode,
Seat of pious rite and penance which with holy splendour glowed,
Forest songsters knew the *asram* and the wild deer cropt its blade,
And the sweet-voiced sylvan wood-nymph haunted oft its holy shade,
Brightly blazed the sacred altar, vase and ladle stood around,
Fruit and blossom, skin and faggot, sanctified the holy ground.
From the broad and bending branches ripening fruits in clusters hung,
And with gifts and rich libations hermits raised the ancient song,
Lotus and the virgin lily danced upon the rippling hill,
And the golden sunlight glittered on the greenwoods calm and still,
And the consecrated woodland by the holy hermits trod,
Shone like BRAHMA's sky in lustre, hallowed by the grace of God!
Rama loosened there his bow-string and the peaceful scene surveyed,
And the holy sages welcomed wanderers in the forest shade,
Rama bright as Lord of Midnight, Sita with her saintly face,
Lakshman young and true and valiant, decked with warrior's peerless grace!
Leafy hut the holy sages to the royal guests assigned,
Brought them fruit and forest blossoms, blessed them with their blessings kind,
"Raghu's son," thus spake the sages, "helper of each holy rite,
Portion of the royal INDRA, fount of justice and of might,
On thy throne or in the forest, king of nations, lord of men,
Grant to us thy kind protection in this hermit's lonely den!"
Homely fare and jungle produce were before the princes laid,
And the toil-worn, tender Sita slumbered in the *asram's* shade.
Thus from grove to grove they wandered, to each haunt of holy sage,

Sarabhanga's sacred dwelling and Sutikshna's hermitage,
Till they met the Saint Agastya, mightiest Saint of olden time,
Harbinger of holy culture in the wilds of Southern clime!
"Eldest born of Dasa-ratha, long and far hath Rama strayed,"—
Thus to pupil of Agastya young and gallant Lakshman said,—
"With his faithful consort Sita in these wilds he wanders still,
I am righteous Rama's younger, duteous to his royal will,
And we pass these years of exile to our father's mandate true,
Fain to mighty Saint Agastya we would render homage due!"
Listening to his words the hermit sought the shrine of Sacred Fire,
Spake the message of the princes to the Saint and ancient Sire:
"Righteous Rama, valiant Lakshman, saintly Sita seeks this shade,
And to see thee, radiant *rishi*, have in humble accents prayed."
"Hath he come," so spake Agastya, "Rama prince of Raghu's race,
Youth for whom his heart hath thirsted, youth endued with righteous grace,
Hath he come with wife and brother to accept our greetings kind,
Wherefore came ye for permission, wherefore linger they behind?"
Rama and the soft-eyed Sita were with gallant Lakshman led,
Where the dun deer free and fearless roamed within the holy shade,
Where the shrines of great Immortals stood in order thick and close,
And by bright and blazing altars chanted songs and hymns arose.
BRAHMA and the flaming AGNI, VISHNU lord of heavenly light,
INDRA and benign VIVASAT ruler of the azure height,
SOMA and the radiant BHAGA, and KUVERA lord of gold,
And VIDHATRI great Creator worshipped by the saints of old,
VAYU breath of living creatures, YAMA monarch of the dead,
And VARUNA with his fetters which the trembling sinners dread,
Holy Spirit of GAYATRI goddess of the morning prayer,
VASUS and the hooded NAGAS, golden-winged GARUDA fair,
KARITKEYA heavenly leader strong to conquer and to bless,
DHARMA glad of human duty and of human righteousness,
Shrines of all these bright Immortals ruling in the skies above,
Filled the pure and peaceful forest with a calm and holy love!
Girt by hermits righteous-hearted then the Saint Agastya came,
Rich in wealth of pious penance, rich in learning and in fame,
Mighty-armèd Rama marked him radiant like the midday sun,
Bowed and rendered due obeisance with each act of homage done,
Valiant Lakshman tall and stately to the great Agastya bent,
With a woman's soft devotion Sita bowed unto the saint.
Saint Agastya raised the princes, greeted them in accents sweet,
Gave them fruit and herb and water, offered them the honoured seat,

With libations unto AGNI offered welcome to each guest,
Food and drink beseeming hermits on the wearied princes pressed.
"False the hermits," spake Agastya, "who to guests their dues deny,
Hunger they in life hereafter—like the speaker of a lie.
And a royal guest and wanderer doth our foremost honour claim,
Car-borne kings protect the wide earth by their prowess and their fame,
By these fruits and forest blossoms be our humble homage shewn,
By some gift, of Rama worthy, be Agastya's blessings known!
Take this bow, heroic Rama,—need for warlike arms is thine,—
Gems of more than earthly radiance on the goodly weapon shine,
Worshipper of righteous VISHNU! VISHNU's wondrous weapon take,
Heavenly artist VISWA-KARMAN shaped this bow of heavenly make!
Take this shining dart of BRAHMA radiant like a tongue of flame,
Sped by good and worthy archer never shall it miss its aim,
And this INDRA's sample quiver filled with arrows true and keen,
Filled with arrows still unfailing in the battle's dreadful scene!
Take this sabre golden-hilted in its case of burnished gold,
Not unworthy of a monarch and a warrior true and bold,
Impious foes of bright Immortals know these weapons dread and dire,
Mowing down the ranks of foemen, scathing like the forest fire!
Be these weapons thy companions,—Rama thou shall need them oft,—
Meet and conquer still thy foemen like the Thunder-God aloft!"

II The Counsel of Agastya

"Pleased am I," so spake Agastya, " in these forests dark and wild,
Thou hast come to seek me, Rama, with the saintly Janak's child,
But like pale and drooping blossoms severed from the parent tree,
Far from home in toil and trouble, faithful Sita follows thee,
True to wedded lord and husband she hath followed Raghu's son,
With a woman's deep devotion woman's duty she hath done!
How unlike the fickle woman, true while Fame and Fortune smile,
Faithless when misfortunes gather, loveless in her wicked wile,
How unlike the changeful woman, false as light the lightnings fling,
Keen as sabre, quick as tempest, swift as bird upon its wing!
Dead to Fortune's frown or favour, Sita still in truth abides,
As the star of Arundhati in her mansion still resides,
Rest thee with thy gentle consort, farther still she may not roam,
Holier were this hermit's forest as the saintly Sita's home!"
"Great Agastya!" answered Rama, "blessèd is my banished life,
For thy kindness to an exile and his friendless homeless wife,
But in wilder, gloomier forests lonesome we must wander still,

Where a deeper, darker shadow settles on the rock and rill."
"Be it so," Agastya answered, "two short *yojans* from this place,
Wild is Panchavati's forest where unseen the wild deer race,
Godavari's limpid waters through its gloomy gorges flow,
Fruit and root and luscious berries on its silent margin grow,
Seek that spot and with thy brother build a lonesome leafy home,
Tend thy true and toil-worn Sita, farther still she may not roam!
Not unknown to me the mandate by thy royal father given,
Not unseen thy endless wanderings destined by the will of Heaven,
Therefore Panchavati's forest marked I for thy woodland stay,
Where the ripening wild fruit clusters and the wild bird trills his lay,
Tend thy dear devoted Sita and protect each pious rite,
Matchless in thy warlike weapons peerless in thy princely might!
Mark yon gloomy *Mahua* forest stretching o'er the boundless lea,
Pass that wood and turning northward seek an old *Nyagrodha* tree,
Then ascend a sloping upland by a steep and lofty hill,
Thou shalt enter Panchavati, blossom-covered, calm and still!"
Bowing to the great Agastya, Rama left the mighty sage,
Bowing to each saint and hermit, Lakshman left the hermitage,
And the princes tall and stately marched where Panchavati lay,
Soft-eyed Sita followed meekly where her Rama led the way!

III The Forest of Panchavati

Godavari's limpid waters in her gloomy gorges strayed,
Unseen rangers of the jungle nestled in the darksome shade!
"Mark the woodlands," uttered Rama, "by the Saint Agastya told,
Panchavati's lonesome forest with its blossoms red and gold,
Skilled to scan the wood and jungle, Lakshman, cast thy eye around,
For our humble home and dwelling seek a low and level ground,
Where the river laves its margin with a soft and gentle kiss,
Where my sweet and soft-eyed Sita may repose in sylvan bliss,
Where the lawn is fresh and verdant and the *kusa* young and bright,
And the creeper yields her blossoms for our sacrificial rite."
"Little can I help thee, brother," did the duteous Lakshman say,
"Thou art prompt to judge and fathom, Lakshman listens to obey!"
"Mark this spot," so answered Rama, leading Lakshman by the hand,
"Soft the lawn of verdant *kusa*, beauteous blossoms light the land,
Mark the smiling lake of lotus gleaming with a radiance fair,
Wafting fresh and gentle fragrance o'er the rich and laden air,
Mark each scented shrub and creeper bending o'er the lucid wave,
Where the bank with soft caresses Godavari's waters lave!

Tuneful ducks frequent this margin, *Chakravakas*[1] breathe of love,
And the timid deer of jungle browse within the shady grove,
And the valleys are resonant with the peacock's clarion cry,
And the trees with budding blossoms glitter on the mountains high,
And the rocks in well-marked strata in their glittering lines appear,
Like the streaks of white and crimson painted on our tuskers fair!
Stately *Sal* and feathered palm-tree guard this darksome forest-land,
Golden date and flowering mango stretch afar on either hand,
Asok thrives and blazing *Kinsuk*, *Chandan* wafts a fragrance rare,
Aswa-karna and *Khadira* by the *Sami* dark and fair,
Beauteous spot for hermit-dwelling joyous with the voice of song,
Haunted by the timid wild deer and by black buck fleet and strong!"
Foe-compelling faithful Lakshman heard the words his elder said,
And by sturdy toil and labour stately home and dwelling made,
Spacious was the leafy cottage walled with moistened earth and soft,
Pillared with the stately bamboo holding high the roof aloft,
Interlacing twigs and branches, corded from the ridge to eaves,
Held the thatch of reed and branches and of jungle grass and leaves,
And the floor was pressed and levelled and the toilsome task was done,
And the structure rose in beauty for the righteous Raghu's son!
To the river for ablutions Lakshman went of warlike fame,
With a store of fragrant lotus and of luscious berries came,
Sacrificing to the Bright Gods sacred hymns and *mantras* said,
Proudly then unto his elder shewed the home his hand had made.
In her soft and grateful accents gentle Sita praised his skill,
Praised a brother's loving labour, praised a hero's dauntless will,
Rama clasped his faithful Lakshman in a brother's fond embrace,
Spake in sweet and kindly accents with an elder's loving grace:
"How can Rama, homeless wand'rer, priceless love like thine requite,
Let him hold thee in his bosom, soul of love and arm of might,
And our father good and gracious, in a righteous son like thee,
Lives again and treads the bright earth, from the bonds of YAMA free!"
Thus spake Rama, and with Lakshman and with Sita child of love,
Dwelt in Panchavati's cottage as the Bright Gods dwell above!

IV Winter in Panchavati

Came and passed the golden autumn in the forest's gloomy shade,
And the northern blasts of winter swept along the silent glade,
When the chilly night was over, once at morn the prince of fame,
For his morning's pure ablutions to the Godavari came

[1] The male and female geese, as symbols of conjugal love.

Meek-eyed Sita softly followed with the pitcher in her arms
Gallant Lakshman spake to Rama of the Indian winter's charms:
"Comes the bright and bracing winter to the royal Rama dear,
Like a bride the beauteous season doth in richest robes appear,
Frosty air and freshening zephyrs wake to life each mart and plain,
And the corn in dewdrop sparkling makes a sea of waving green,
But the village maid and matron shun the freezing river's shore,
By the fire the village elder tells the stirring tale of yore!
With the winter's ample harvest men perform each pious rite,
To the Fathers long departed, to the Gods of holy might,
With the rite of *agrayana*[1] pious men their sins dispel,
And with gay and sweet observance songs of love the women tell,
And the monarchs bent on conquest mark the winter's cloudless glow,
Lead their bannered cars and forces 'gainst the rival and the foe!
Southward rolls the solar chariot, and the cold and widowed North
Reft of 'bridal mark' and joyance coldly sighs her sorrows forth,
Southward rolls the solar chariot, Himalaya, 'home of snow,'
True to name and appellation doth in whiter garments glow,
Southward rolls the solar chariot, cold and crisp the frosty air,
And the wood of flower dismantled doth in russet robes appear!
Star of Pushya rules December and the night with rime is hoar,
And beneath the starry welkin in the woods we sleep no more,
And the pale moon mist-enshrouded sheds a faint and feeble beam,
As the breath obscures the mirror, winter mist obscures her gleam,
Hidden by the rising vapour faint she glistens on the dale,
Like our sun-embrownéd Sita with her toil and penance pale!
Sweeping blasts from western mountains through the gorges whistle by
And the *saras* and the curlew raise their shrill and piercing cry,
Boundless fields of wheat and barley are with dewdrops moist and wet,
And the golden rice of winter ripens like the clustering date,
Peopled marts and rural hamlets wake to life and cheerful toil,
And the peaceful happy nations prosper on their fertile soil!
Mark the sun in morning vapours—like the moon subdued and pale—
Brightening as the day advances piercing through the darksome veil,
Mark his gay and golden lustre sparkling o'er the dewy lea,
Mantling hill and field and forest, painting bush and leaf and tree,
Mark it glisten on the green grass, on each bright and bending blade,
Lighten up the long-drawn vista, shooting through the gloomy glade!
Thirst-impelled the lordly tusker still avoids the freezing drink,
Wild duck and the tuneful *hansa* doubtful watch the river's brink,
From the rivers wrapped in vapour unseen cries the wild curlew,

[1] The autumn harvest festival, with offerings of new grain.

Unseen rolls the misty streamlet o'er its sandbank soaked in dew,
And the drooping water-lily bends her head beneath the frost,
Lost her fresh and fragrant beauty and her tender petals lost!
Now my errant fancy wanders to Ayodhya's distant town,
Where in hermit's barks and tresses Bharat wears the royal crown,
Scorning regal state and splendour, spurning pleasures loved of yore,
Spends his winter day in penance, sleeps at night upon the floor,
Aye! perchance Sarayu's waters seeks he now, serene and brave,
As we seek, when dawns the daylight, Godavari's limpid wave!
Rich of hue, with eye of lotus, truthful, faithful, strong of mind,
For the love he bears thee, Rama, spurns each joy of baser kind,
'False he proves unto his father who is led by mother's wile,'—
Vain this ancient impious adage—Bharat spurns his mother's guile,
Bharat's mother Queen Kaikeyi, Dasa-ratha's royal spouse,
Deep in craft, hath brought disaster on Ayodhya's royal house!"
"Speak not thus," so Rama answered, "on Kaikeyi cast no blame,
Honour still the righteous Bharat, honour still the royal dame,
Fixed in purpose and unchanging still in jungle wilds I roam,
But thy accents, gentle Lakshman, wake a longing for my home!
And my loving mem'ry lingers on each word from Bharat fell,
Sweeter than the draught of nectar, purer than the crystal well,
And my righteous purpose falters, shaken by a brother's love,
May we meet again our brother, if it please the Gods above!"
Waked by love, a silent tear-drop on Godavari's wave,
True once more to righteous purpose Rama's heart was calm and brave,
Rama plunged into the river 'neath the morning's crimson beam,
Sita softly sought the waters as the lily seeks the stream,
And they prayed to Gods and Fathers with each rite and duty done,
And they sang the ancient *mantra* to the red and rising Sun,
With her lord, in loosened tresses Sita to her cottage came,
As with RUDRA wanders UMA in Kailasa's hill of fame.

BOOK VI SITA-HARANA

(Sita Lost)

WE EXCHANGE the quiet life of Rama in holy hermitages for the more stirring incidents of the Epic in this Book. The love of a Raksha princess for Rama and for Lakshman is rejected with scorn, and smarting under insult and punishment she fires her brother Ravan, the king of Ceylon, with a thirst for vengeance. The dwellers of Ceylon are described in

the Epic as monsters of various forms, and able to assume different shapes at will. Ravan sends Maricha in the shape of a beautiful deer to tempt away Rama and Lakshman from the cottage, and then finds his chance for stealing away the unprotected Sita.

The misfortunes of our lives, according to Indian thinkers, are but the results of our misdeeds; calamities are brought about by our sins. And thus we find in the Indian Epic, that a dark and foul suspicion against Lakshman crossed the stainless mind of Sita, and words of unmerited insult fell from her gentle lips, on the eve of the great calamity which clouded her life ever after. It was the only occasion on which the ideal woman of the Epic harboured an unjust thought or spoke an angry word; and it was followed by a tragic fate which few women on earth have suffered. To the millions of men and women in India, Sita remains to this day the ideal of female love and female devotion; her dark suspicions against Lakshman sprang out of an excess of her affection for her husband; and her tragic fate and long trial proved that undying love.

The portions translated in this Book form the whole or the main portions of Sections xvii., xviii., xliii., xlv., xlvi., xlvii., and xlix. of Book iii. of the original text.

I Surpa-nakha in Love

As the Moon with starry Chitra dwells in azure skies above,
In his lonesome leafy cottage Rama dwelt in Sita's love,
And with Lakshman strong and valiant, quick to labour and obey,
Tales of bygone times recounting Rama passed the livelong day.
And it so befell, a maiden, dweller of the darksome wood,
Led by wand'ring thought or fancy once before the cottage stood,
Surpa-nakha, Raksha maiden, sister of the Raksha lord,
Came and looked with eager longing till her soul was passion-stirred!
Looked on Rama lion-chested, mighty-armèd, lotus-eyed,
Stately as the jungle tusker, with his crown of tresses tied,
Looked on Rama lofty-frontèd, with a royal visage graced,
Like KANDARPA young and lustrous, lotus-hued and lotus-faced!
What though she a Raksha maiden, poor in beauty plain in face,
Fell her glances passion-laden on the prince of peerless grace,
What though wild her eyes and tresses, and her accents counselled fear
Soft-eyed Rama fired her bosom, and his sweet voice thrilled her ear,
What though bent on deeds unholy, holy Rama won her heart,
And, for love makes bold a female, thus did she her thoughts impart:
"Who be thou in hermit's vestments, in thy native beauty bright,

Friended by a youthful woman, armèd with thy bow of might,
Who be thou in these lone regions where the Rakshas hold their sway,
Wherefore in a lonely cottage in this darksome jungle stay?"
With his wonted truth and candour Rama spake sedate and bold,
And the story of his exile to the Raksha maiden told:
"Dasa-ratha of Ayodhya ruled with INDRA's godlike fame,
And his eldest, first-born Rama, by his mandate here I came,
Younger Lakshman strong and valiant doth with me these forests roam,
And my wife, Videha's daughter, Sita makes with me her home.
Duteous to my father's bidding, duteous to my mother's will,
Striving in the case of virtue in the woods we wander still.
Tell me, female of the forest, who thou be and whence thy birth,
Much I fear thou art a Raksha wearing various forms on earth!"
"Listen," so spake Surpa-nakha, "if my purpose thou wouldst know,
I am Raksha, Surpa-nakha, wearing various shapes below,
Know my brothers, royal Ravan, Lanka's lord from days of old,
Kumbha-karna dread and dauntless, and Bibhishan true and bold,
Khara and the doughty Dushan with me in these forests stray,
But by Rama's love emboldened I have left them on the way!
Broad and boundless is my empire and I wander in my pride,
Thee I choose as lord and husband,—cast thy human wife aside,
Pale is Sita and misshapen, scarce a warrior's worthy wife,
To a nobler, lordlier female consecrate thy gallant life!
Human flesh is food of Rakshas! weakling Sita I will slay,
Slay that boy the stripling brother,—thee as husband I obey,
On the peaks of lofty mountains, in the forests dark and lone,
We shall range the boundless woodlands and the joys of dalliance prove

II Surpa-nakha Punished

Rama heard her impious purpose and a gentle smile repressed,
To the foul and forward female thus his mocking words addressed:
"List, O passion-smitten maiden! Sita is my honoured wife,
With a rival loved and cherished cruel were thy wedded life!
But no consort follows Lakshman, peerless is his comely face,
Dauntless is his warlike valour, matchless is his courtly grace,
And he leads no wife or consort to this darksome woodland grove,
With no rival to thy passion seek his ample-hearted love!"
Surpa-nakha passion-laden then on Lakshman turned her eye,
But in merry mocking accents smiling Lakshman made reply:
'Ruddy in thy youthful beauty like the lotus in her pride,

I am slave of royal Rama, wouldst thou be a vassal's bride?
Rather be his younger consort, banish Sita from his arms,
Spurning Sita's faded beauty let him seek thy fresher charms,
Spurning Sita's faded graces let him brighter pleasures prove,
Wearied with a woman's dalliance let him court a Raksha's love!"
Wrath of unrequited passion raged like madness in her breast,
Torn by anger strong as tempest thus her answer she addrest:
"Are these mocking accents uttered, Rama, to insult my flame,
Feasting on her faded beauty doth thou still revere thy dame?
But beware a Raksha's fury and an injured female's wrath,
Surpa-nakha slays thy consort, bears no rival in her path!"
Fawn-eyed Sita fell in terror as the Raksha rose to slay,
So beneath the flaming meteor sinks Rohini's softer ray,
And like Demon of Destruction furious Surpa-nakha came,
Rama rose to stop the slaughter and protect his helpless dame.
"Brother, we have acted wrongly, for with those of savage breed,
Word in jest is courting danger,—this the penance of our deed,
Death perchance or death-like stupor hovers o'er my lovéd dame,
Let me wake to life my Sita, chase this female void of shame!"
Lakshman's anger leaped like lightning as the female hovered near,
With his sword the wrathful warrior cleft her nose and either ear,
Surpa-nakha in her anguish raised her accents shrill and high,
And the rocks and wooded valleys answered back the dismal cry,
Khara and the doughty Dushan heard the far-resounding wail,
Saw her red disfigured visage, heard her sad and woeful tale!

III Rama's Departure

Vainly fought the vengeful Khara, doughty Dushan vainly bled,
Rama and the valiant Lakshman strewed the forest with the dead,
Till the humbled Surpa-nakha to the royal brother hied,
Spake her sorrows unto Ravan and Maricha true and tried.
Shape of deer unmatched in beauty now the deep Maricha wore,
Golden tints upon his haunches, sapphire on his antlers bore,
Till the woodland-wand'ring Sita marked the creature in his pride,
Golden was his neck of beauty, silver-white his flank and side!
"Come, my lord and gallant Lakshman," thus the raptur'd Sita spake,
"Mark the deer of wondrous radiance browsing by the forest brake!"
"Much my heart misgives me, sister," Lakshman hesitated still,
" 'Tis some deep deceitful Raksha wearing every shape at will,
Monarchs wand'ring in this forest, hunting in this lonely glen,
Oft waylaid by artful Rakshas are by deep devices slain,

Bright as day-god or *Gandharva*,[1] woodland scenes they love to stray,
Till they fall upon the heedless, quick to slaughter and to slay,
Trust me, not in jewelled lustre forest creatures haunt the green,
'Tis some *maya*[2] and illusion, trust not what thy eyes have seen!"
Vainly spake the watchful Lakshman in the arts of Rakshas skilled,
For with forceful fascination Sita's inmost heart was thrilled,
"Husband, good and ever gracious," sweetly thus implored the wife,
"I would tend this thing of beauty,—sharer of my forest life!
I have witnessed in this jungle graceful creatures passing fair,
Chowri[3] and the gentle roebuck, antelope of beauty rare,
I have seen the lithesome monkey sporting in the branches' shade,
Grizzly bear that feeds on *Mahua*,[4] and the deer that crops the blade,
I have marked the stately wild bull dash into the deepest wood,
And the *Kinnar*[5] strange and wondrous as in sylvan wilds he stood,
But these eyes have never rested on a form so wondrous fair,
On a shape so full of beauty, decked with tints so rich and rare!
Bright his bosom gem-bespangled, soft the lustre of his eye,
Lighting up the gloomy jungle as the Moon lights up the sky,
And his gentle voice and glances and his graceful steps and light,
Fill my heart with eager longing and my soul with soft delight!
If alive that beauteous object thou canst capture in thy way,
As thy Sita's sweet companion in these woodlands he will stay,
And when done our days of exile, to Ayodhya will repair,
Dwell in Sita's palace chamber nursed by Sita's tender care,
And our royal brother Bharat oft will praise his strength and speed,
And the queens and royal mothers pause the gentle thing to feed!
If alive this wary creature be it, husband, hard to take,
Slay him and his skin of lustre cherish for thy Sita's sake,
I will as a golden carpet spread the skin upon the grass,
Sweet memento of this forest when our forest days will pass!
Pardon if an eager longing which befits a woman ill,
And an unknown fascination doth my inmost bosom fill,
As I mark his skin bespangled and his antlers' sapphire ray,
And his coat of starry radiance glowing in the light of day!"
Rama bade the faithful Lakshman with the gentle Sita stay,
Long through woods and gloomy gorges vainly held his cautious way,
Vainly set the snare in silence by the lake and in the dale,
'Scaping every trap, Maricha, pierced by Rama's arrows fell,

[1] A celestial musician.
[2] *Maya* is illusion.
[3] Properly *chamari* the yak.
[4] Properly *madhuka*, a tree.
[5] A being with the body of a man, and face of a horse.

Imitating Rama's accents uttered forth his dying cry:
"Speed, my faithful brother Lakshman, helpless in the woods I die!"

IV Lakshman's Departure

"Heardst that distant cry of danger?" questioned Sita in distress,
"Woe, to me! who in my frenzy sent my lord to wilderness,
Speed, brave Lakshman, help my Rama, doleful was his distant cry,
And my fainting bosom falters and a dimness clouds my eye!
To the dread and darksome forest with thy keenest arrows speed,
Help thy elder and thy monarch, sore his danger and his need,
For perchance the cruel Rakshas gather round his lonesome path,
As the mighty bull is slaughtered by the lions in their wrath!"
Spake the hero: "Fear not, Sita! Dwellers of the azure height,
Rakshas nor the jungle-rangers match the peerless Rama's might,
Rama knows no dread or danger, and his mandate still I own,
And I may not leave thee, Lady, in this cottage all alone!
Cast aside thy causeless terror; in the sky or earth below,
In the nether regions, Rama knows no peer or equal foe,
He shall slay the deer of jungle, he shall voice no dastard cry,
'Tis some trick of wily Rakshas in this forest dark and high!
Sita, thou hast heard my elder bid me in this cottage stay,
Lakshman may not leave thee, Lady, for this duty—to obey.
Ruthless Rakshas roam the forest to revenge their leader slain,
Various are their arts and accents; chase thy thought of causeless pain!'
Sparkled Sita's eye in anger, frenzy marked her speech and word,
For a woman's sense is clouded by the danger of her lord:
"Markest thou my Rama's danger with a cold and callous heart,
Courtest thou the death of elder in thy deep deceitful art,
In thy semblance of compassion dost thou hide a cruel craft,
As in friendly guise the foeman hides his death-compelling shaft,
Following like a faithful younger in this dread and lonesome land,
Seekest thou the death of elder to enforce his widow's hand?
False thy hope as foul thy purpose! Sita is a faithful wife,
Sita follows saintly Rama, true in death as true in life!"
Quivered Lakshman's frame in anguish and the tear stood in his eye,
Fixed in faith and pure in purpose, calm and bold he made reply:
"Unto me a Queen and Goddess,—as a mother to a son,—
Answer to thy heedless censure patient Lakshman speaketh none,
Daughter of Videha's monarch,—pardon if I do thee wrong,—
Fickle is the faith of woman, poison-dealing is her tongue!
And thy censure, trust me, Lady, scathes me like a burning dart,

Free from guile is Lakshman's purpose, free from sin is Lakshman's heart,
Witness ye my truth of purpose, unseen dwellers of the wood,
Witness, I for Sita's safety by my elder's mandate stood,
Duteous to my queen and elder, I have toiled and worked in vain,
Dark suspicion and dishonour cast on me a needless stain!
Lady! I obey thy mandate, to my elder now I go,
Guardian Spirits of the forest watch thee from each secret foe,
Omens dark and signs of danger meet my pained and aching sight,
May I see thee by thy Rama, guarded by his conquering might!"

V Ravan's Coming

Ravan watched the happy moment burning with a vengeful spite,
Came to sad and sorrowing Sita in the guise of anchorite,
Tufted hair and russet garment, sandals on his feet he wore,
And depending from his shoulders on a staff his vessel bore,
And he came to lonely Sita, for each warlike chief was gone,
As the darkness comes to evening lightless from the parted Sun,
And he cast his eyes on Sita, as a *graha*[1] casts its shade
On the beauteous star Rohini when the bright Moon's glories fade.
Quaking Nature knew the moment; silent stood the forest trees,
Conscious of a deed of darkness fell the fragrant forest breeze,
Godavari's troubled waters trembled 'neath his lurid glance,
And his red eye's fiery lustre sparkled in the wavelets' dance!
Mute and still were forest creatures when in guise of anchorite,
Unto Sita's lonely cottage pressed the Raksha in his might,
Mute and voiceless was the jungle as he cast on her his eye,
As across the star of Chitra, planet Sani walks the sky!
Ravan stood in hermit's vestments,—vengeful purpose unrevealed,—
As a deep and darksome cavern is by grass and leaf concealed,
Ravan stood sedate and silent, and he gazed on Rama's queen,
Ivory brow and lip of coral, sparkling teeth of pearly sheen!
Lighting up the lonely cottage, Sita sat in radiance high,
As the Moon with streaks of silver fills the lonely midnight sky,
Lighting up the gloomy woodlands with her eyes serenely fair,
With her bark-clad shape of beauty mantled by her raven hair!
Ravan fired by impure passion fixed on her his lustful eye,
And the light that lit his glances gave his holy texts the lie,
Ravan in his flattering accents, with a soft and soothing art,
Praised the woman's peerless beauty to subdue the woman's heart.

[1] The power of darkness, supposed to seize the sun or the moon at eclipse.

"Beaming in thy golden beauty, robed in sylvan russet dress,
Wearing wreath of fragrant lotus like a nymph of wilderness,
Art thou *Sri*[1] or radiant *Gauri*,[2] maid of Fortune or of Fame,
Nymph of Love or sweet Fruition, what may be thy sacred name?
On thy lips of ruddy coral teeth of tender jasmine shine,
In thy eyes of limpid lustre dwells a light of love divine,
Tall and slender, softly rounded, are thy limbs of beauty rare,
Like the swelling fruit of *tala*[3] heaves thy bosom sweetly fair!
Smiling lips that tempt and ravish, lustre that thy dark eyes beam,
Crush my heart, as rolling waters crush the margin of the stream.
And thy wealth of waving tresses mantles o'er thy budding charms,
And thy waist of slender beauty courts a lover's circling arms!
Goddess or Gandharva maiden wears no brighter form or face,
Woman seen by eyes of mortals owns not such transcendent grace,
Wherefore then, in lonesome forest, nymph or maiden, make thy stay,
Where the jungle creatures wander and the Rakshas hold their sway?
Royal halls and stately mansions were for thee a meeter home,
And thy steps should grace a palace, not in pathless forest roam,
Blossoms rich, not thorn of jungle, decorate a lady's bower,
Silken robes, not sylvan garments, heighten Beauty's potent power!
Lady of the sylvan forest! other destiny is thine,—
As a bride beloved and courted in thy bridal garments shine,
Choose a loved and lordly suitor who shall wait on thee in pride,
Choose a hero worth thy beauty, be a monarch's queenly bride!
Speak thy lineage, heaven-descended! who may be thy parents high,
Rudras or the radiant *Maruts*, *Vasus* leaders of the sky,
All unworthy is this forest for a nymph or heavenly maid,
Beasts of prey infest the jungle, Rakshas haunt its gloomy shade,
Lions dwell in lovely caverns, tuskers ford the silent lake,
Monkeys sport on pendant branches, tigers steal beneath the brake,
Wherefore then this dismal forest doth thy fairy face adorn,
Who art thou and whence descended, nymph or maid or goddess-born?"

VI Ravan's Wooing

"Listen, Brahman!" answered Sita,—unsuspecting in her mind
That she saw a base betrayer in a hermit seeming kind,—
"I am born of royal Janak, ruler of Videha's land,
Rama prince of proud Kosala by his valour won my hand.
Years we passed in peaceful pleasure in Ayodhya's happy clime,

[1] Goddess of beauty and wealth, wife of Vishnu.
[2] A goddess, wife of Siva.
[3] A species of palm-tree with round fruit.

Rich in every rare enjoyment gladsome passed our happy time,
Till the monarch Dasa-ratha,—for his days were almost done,—
Wished to crown the royal Rama as his Heir and Regent son.
But the scheming Queen Kaikeyi claimed a long-forgotten boon,
That my consort should be exiled and her son should fill the throne,
She would take no rest or slumber, nourishment of drink or food,
Till her Bharat ruled the empire, Rama banished to the wood!
Five and twenty righteous summers graced my good and gracious lord,
True to faith and true to duty, true in purpose, deed, and word,
Loved of all his loyal people, rich in valour and in fame,
For the rite of consecration Rama to his father came.
Spake Kaikeyi to my husband:—'List thy father's promise fair,
Bharat shall be ruling monarch, do thou to the woods repair,'—
Ever gentle, ever duteous, Rama listened to obey,
And through woods and pathless jungles we have held our lonely way.
This, O pious-hearted hermit, is his story of distress,
And his young and faithful brother follows him in wilderness,
Lion in his warlike valour, hermit in his saintly vow,
Lakshman with his honoured elder wanders through the forest now.
Rest thee here, O holy Brahman, rich in piety and fame,
Till the forest-ranging brothers greet thee with the forest game,
Speak, if so it please thee, father, what great *rishi* claims thy birth,
Wherefore in this pathless jungle wand'rest friendless on this earth."
"Brahman nor a righteous *rishi*," royal Ravan made reply,
"Leader of the wrathful Rakshas, Lanka's lord and king am I,
He whose valour quells the wide-world, Gods above and men below,
He whose proud and peerless prowess Rakshas and Asuras know!
But thy beauty's golden lustre, Sita, wins my royal heart,
Be a sharer of my empire, of my glory take a part,
Many queens of queenly beauty on the royal Ravan wait,
Thou shalt be their reigning empress, thou shalt own my regal state!
Lanka girt by boundless ocean is of royal towns the best,
Seated in her pride and glory on a mountain's towering crest,
And in mountain paths and woodlands thou shalt with thy Ravan stray,
Not in Godavari's gorges through the dark and dreary day,
And five thousand gay-dressed damsels shall upon my Sita wait,
Queen of Ravan's true affection, proud partaker of his state!"
Sparkled Sita's eyes in anger and a tremor shook her frame,
As in proud and scornful accents answered thus the royal dame:
"Knowest thou Rama great and godlike, peerless hero in the strife,
Deep, uncompassed, like the ocean?—I am Rama's wedded-wife!
Knowest thou Rama proud and princely, sinless in his saintly life,

Stately as the tall *Nyagrodha?*[1]—I am Rama's wedded wife!
Mighty-armèd, mighty-chested, mighty with his bow and sword,
Lion midst the sons of mortals,—Rama is my wedded lord!
Stainless as the Moon in glory, stainless in his deed and word
Rich in valour and in virtue,—Rama is my wedded lord!
Sure thy fitful life is shadowed by a dark and dreadful fate,
Since in frenzy of thy passion courtest thou a warrior's mate,
Tear the tooth of hungry lion while upon the calf he feeds,
Touch the fang of deadly cobra while his dying victim bleeds,
Aye, uproot the solid mountain from its base of rocky land,
Ere thou win the wife of Rama stout of heart and strong of hand!
Pierce thy eye with point of needle till it racks thy tortured head,
Press thy red tongue cleft and bleeding on the razor's shining blade,
Hurl thyself upon the ocean from a towering peak and high,
Snatch the orbs of day and midnight from their spheres in azure sky,
Tongues of flaming conflagration in thy flowing dress enfold,
Ere thou take the wife of Rama to thy distant dungeon hold,
Ere thou seek to insult Rama unrelenting in his wrath,
O'er a bed of pikes of iron tread a softer easier path!"

VII Ravan's Triumph

Vain her threat and soft entreaty, Ravan held her in his wrath,
As the planet Budha captures fair Rohini in his path,
By his left hand tremor-shaken, Ravan held her streaming hair,
By his right the ruthless Raksha lifted up the fainting fair!
Unseen dwellers of the woodlands watched the dismal deed of shame,
Marked the mighty-armèd Raksha lift the poor and helpless dame,
Seat her on his car celestial yoked with asses winged with speed,
Golden in its shape and radiance, fleet as INDRA's heavenly steed!
Angry threat and sweet entreaty Ravan to her ears addressed,
As the struggling fainting woman still he held upon his breast,
Vain his threat and vain entreaty, "Rama! Rama!" still she cried,
To the dark and distant forest where her noble lord had hied.
Then arose the car celestial o'er the hill and wooded vale,
Like a snake in eagle's talons Sita writhed with piteous wail,
Dim and dizzy, faint and faltering, still she sent her piercing cry,
Echoing through the boundless woodlands, pealing to the upper sky:
"Save me, mighty-armèd Lakshman, stainless in thy heart and deed,
Save a faithful wife and woman from a Raksha's lust and greed,
True and faithful was thy warning,—false and foul the charge I made,

[1] The banyan or Indian fig-tree.

Pardon, friend, an erring sister, pardon words a woman said!
Help me, ever righteous Rama, duty bade thee yield thy throne,
Duty bids thee smite the sinful, save the wife who is thy own,
Thou art king and stern chastiser of each deed of sin and shame,
Hurl thy vengeance on the Raksha who insults thy faithful dame!
Deed of sin, unrighteous Ravan, brings in time its dreadful meed,
As the young corn grows and ripens from the small and living seed,
For this deed of insult, Ravan, in thy heedless folly done,
Death of all thy race and kindred thou shalt reap from Raghu's son!
Darksome woods of Panchavati, Janasthana's smiling vale,
Flowering trees and winding creepers, murmur to my lord this tale,
Sweet companions of my exile, friends who cheered my woodland stay,
Speak to Rama, that his Sita ruthless Ravan bears away!
Towering peaks and lofty mountains, wooded hills sublime and high,
Far-extending gloomy ranges heaving to the azure sky,
In your voice of pealing thunder to my lord and consort say,
Speak of Rama, that his Sita ruthless Ravan bears away!
Unseen dwellers of the woodlands, spirits of the rock and fell,
Sita renders you obeisance as she speaks her sad farewell,
Whisper to my righteous Rama when he seeks his homeward way,
Speak to Rama, that his Sita ruthless Ravan bears away!
Ah, my Rama, true and tender! thou hast loved me as thy life,
From the foul and impious Raksha thou shalt still redeem thy wife,
Ah, my Rama, mighty-arméd! vengeance soon shall speed thy way,
When thou hearest helpless Sita is by Ravan torn away!
And thou royal bird, Jatayu, witness Ravan's deed of shame,
Witness how he courts destruction, stealing Rama's faithful dame,
Rama and the gallant Lakshman soon shall find their destined prey,
When they know that trusting Sita is by Ravan torn away!"
Vainly wept the anguished Sita; vain Jatayu in his wrath,
Fought with beak and bloody talons to impede the Raksha's path,
Pierced and bleeding fell the vulture; Ravan fled with Rama's bride,
Where amidst the boundless ocean Lanka rose in towering pride!

BOOK VII KISHKINDHA

(In the Nilgiri Mountains)

RAMA'S WANDERINGS in the Nilgiri mountains, and his alliance with Sugriva the chief of these regions, form the subject of the Book. With that contempt for aboriginal races which has marked civilized con-

querors of all ages, the poet describes the dwellers of these regions as monkeys and bears. But the modern reader sees through these strange epithets; and in the description of the social and domestic manners, the arts and industries, the sacred rites and ceremonies, and the civic and political life of the Vanars, the reader will find that the poet even imports Aryan customs into his account of the dwellers of Southern India. They formed an alliance with Rama, they fought for him and triumphed with him, and they helped him to recover his wife from the king of Ceylon.

The portions translated in this Book form Sections v., xv., xvi., xxvi., a portion of Section xxviii., and an abstract of Sections xl. to xliii. of Book iv. of the original text.

I Friends in Misfortune

Long and loud lamented Rama by his lonesome cottage door,
Janasthana's woodlands answered Panchavati's echoing shore,
Long he searched in wood and jungle, mountain crest and pathless plain,
Till he reached the Malya mountains stretching to the southern main.
There Sugriva king of Vanars, Hanuman his henchman brave,
Banished from their home and empire lived within the forest cave,
To the exiled king Sugriva, Hanuman his purpose told,
As he marked the pensive Rama wand'ring with his brother bold:
"Mark the sons of Dasa-ratha banished from their royal home,
Duteous to their father's mandate in these pathless forests roam,
Great was monarch Dasa-ratha famed for sacrifice divine,
Raja-suya,[1] *Aswa-medha*,[2] and for gift of gold and kine,
By a monarch's stainless duty people's love the monarch won,
By a woman's false contrivance banished he his eldest son!
True to duty, true to virtue, Rama passed his forest life,
Till a false perfidious Raksha stole his fair and faithful wife,
And the anguish-stricken husband seeks thy friendship and thy aid,
Mutual sorrow blends your fortunes, be ye friends in mutual need!"
Bold Sugriva heard the counsel, and to righteous Rama hied,
And the princess of Ayodhya with his greetings gratified:
"*Well I know thee, righteous Rama, soul of piety and love,*
And thy duty to thy father and thy faith in God above,
Fortune favours poor Sugriva, Rama courts his humble aid,
In our deepest direst danger be our truest friendship made!
Equal is our fateful fortune,—I have lost a queenly wife,
Banished from Kishkindha's empire here I lead a forest life,
Pledge of love and true alliance, Rama, take this proffered hand,

[1] An imperial sacrifice. [2] Horse sacrifice.

Banded by a common sorrow we shall fall or stoutly stand!"
Rama grasped the hand he offered, and the tear was in his eye,
And they swore undying friendship o'er the altar blazing high,
Hanuman with fragrant blossoms sanctified the sacred rite,
And the comrades linked by sorrow walked around the altar's light,
And their word and troth they plighted: "In our happiness and woe
We are friends in thought and action, we will face our common foe!"
And they broke a leafy *Sal* tree, spread it underneath their feet,
Rama and his friend Sugriva sat upon the common seat,
And a branch of scented *Chandan*[1] with its tender blossoms graced,
Hanuman as seat of honour for the faithful Lakshman placed.
"Listen, Rama," spake Sugriva, "reft of kingdom, reft of wife,
Fleeing to these rugged mountains I endure a forest life,
For my tyrant brother Bali rules Kishkindha all alone,
Forced my wife from my embraces, drove me from my father's throne,
Trembling in my fear and anguish I endure a life of woe,
Render me my wife and empire from my brother and my foe!"
"Not in vain they seek my succour," so the gallant Rama said,
"Who with love and offered friendship seek my counsel and my aid,
Not in vain these glistening arrows in my ample quiver shine,
Bali dies the death of tyrants, wife and empire shall be thine!
Quick as INDRA'S *forked lightning are these arrows feather-plumed,*
Deadly as the hissing serpent are these darts with points illumed,
And this day shall not be ended ere it sees thy brother fall,
As by lurid lightning severed sinks the crest of mountain tall!"

II The Counsel of Tara

Linked in bonds of faithful friendship Rama and Sugriva came,
Where in royal town Kishkindha, Bali ruled with warlike fame,
And a shout like troubled ocean's or like tempest's deafening roar
Spake Sugriva's mighty challenge to the victor king once more!
Bali knew that proud defiance shaking sky and solid ground,
And like sun by eclipse shaded, dark and pale he looked around,
And his teeth were set in anger and a passion lit his eye,
As a tempest stirs a torrent when its lilies scattered lie,
And he rose in wrath terrific with a thought of vengeance dread,
And the firm earth shook and trembled 'neath his proud and haughty tread!
But the true and tender Tara held her husband and her lord,
And a woman's deeper wisdom spake in woman's loving word:

[1] Sandal tree.

"Wherefore like a rain-fed torrent swells thy passion in its sway,
Thoughts of wrath like withered blossoms from thy bosom cast away,
Wait till dawns another morning, wait till thou dost truly know,
With what strength and added forces comes again thy humbled foe.
Crushed in combat faint Sugriva fled in terror and in pain,
Trust me, not without a helper comes he to the fight again,
Trust me, lord, that loud defiance is no coward's falt'ring cry,
Conscious strength not hesitation speaks in voice so proud and high!
Much my woman's heart misgives me, not without a mighty aid,
Not without a daring comrade comes Sugriva to this raid,
Not with feeble friend Sugriva seeks alliance in his need,
Nor invokes a powerless chieftain in his lust and in his greed.
Mighty is his royal comrade,—listen, husband, to my word,
What my son in forest confines from his messengers hath heard,—
Princes from Ayodhya's country peerless in the art of war,
Rama and the valiant Lakshman in these forests wander far,
Much I fear, these matchless warriors have their aid and counsel lent
Conscious of his strength Sugriva hath this proud defiance sent!
To his foes resistless Rama is a lightning from above,
To his friends a tree of shelter, soul of tenderness and love,
Dearer than his love of glory is his love to heal and bless,
Dearer than the crown and empire is his hermit's holy dress,
Not with such, my lord and husband, seek a vain unrighteous strife,
For, like precious ores in mountains, virtues dwell in Rama's life.
Make Sugriva thy companion, make him Regent and thy Heir,
Discord with a younger brother rends an empire broad and fair,
Make thy peace with young Sugriva, nearest and thy dearest kin,
Brother's love is truest safety, brother's hate is deadliest sin!
Trust me, monarch of Kishkindha, trust thy true and faithful wife,
Thou shalt find no truer comrade than Sugriva in thy life,
Wage not then a war fraternal, smite him not in sinful pride,
As a brother and a warrior let him stand by Bali's side.
Listen to thy Tara's counsel if to thee is Tara dear,
If thy wife is true in duty scorn not Tara's wifely tear,
Not with Rama prince of virtue wage a combat dread and high,
Not with Rama prince of valour, peerless like the Lord of sky!"

III The Fall of Bali

Star-eyed Tara softly counselled pressing to her consort's side,
Mighty Bali proudly answered with a warrior's lofty pride:
"Challenge of a humbled foeman and a younger's haughty scorn

May not, shall not, tender Tara, by a king be meekly borne!
Bali turns not from encounter even with his dying breath,
Insult from a foe, unanswered, is a deeper stain than death,
And Sugriva's quest for combat Bali never shall deny,
Though sustained by Rama's forces and by Rama's prowess high!
Free me from thy sweet embraces and amidst thy maids retire,
Woman's love and soft devotion woman's timid thoughts inspire,
Fear not, Tara, blood of brother Bali's honour shall not stain,
I will quell his proud presumption, chase him from this realm again,
Free me from thy loving dalliance, midst thy damsels seek thy place,
Till I come a happy victor to my Tara's fond embrace!"
Slow and sad with sweet obeisance Tara stepped around her lord,
Welling tear-drops choked her accents as she prayed in stifled word,
Slow and sad with swelling bosom Tara with her maids retired,
Bali issued proud and stately with the thought of vengeance fired!
Hissing like an angry cobra, city's lofty gates he past,
And his proud and angry glances fiercely all around he cast,
Till he saw bold Sugriva, gold-complexioned, red with ire,
Girded for the dubious combat, flaming like the forest fire!
Bali braced his warlike garments and his hand he lifted high,
Bold Surgiva raised his right arm with a proud and answering cry,
Bali's eyes were red as copper and his chain was burnished gold,
To his brother bold Sugriva thus he spake in accents bold:
"Mark this iron fist, intruder, fatal is its vengeful blow,
Crushed and smitten thou shalt perish and to nether world shalt go,"
"Nay that fate awaits thee, Bali," spake Sugriva armed for strife,
"When this right arm smites thy forehead, from thy bosom rends thy life!"
Closed the chiefs in fatal combat, each resistless in his pride,
And like running rills from mountains poured their limbs the purple tide,
Till Sugriva quick uprooting *Sal* tree from the jungle wood,
As the dark cloud hurls the lightning, hurled it where his brother stood,
Staggering 'neath the blow terrific Bali reeled and almost fell,
As a proud ship overladen reels upon the ocean's swell!
But with fiercer rage and fury Bali in his anguish rose,
And with mutual blows they battled,—brothers and relentless foes,
Like the sun and moon in conflict or like eagles in their fight,
Still they fought with cherished hatred and an unforgotten spite,
Till with mightier force and fury Bali did his younger quell,
Faint Sugriva fiercely struggling 'neath his brother's prowess fell!
Still the wrathful rivals wrestled with their bleeding arms and knees,

With their nails like claws of tigers and with riven rocks and trees,
And as INDRA battles Vritra in the tempest's pealing roar,
Blood-stained Bali, red Sugriva, strove and struggled, fought and tore,
Till Sugriva faint and falt'ring fell like Vritra from the sky,
To his comrade and his helper turned his faint and pleading eye!
Ah! those soft and pleading glances smote the gentle Rama's heart,
On his bow of ample stature Rama raised the fatal dart,
Like the fatal disc of YAMA was his proudly circled bow,
Like a snake of deadly poison flew his arrow swift and low,
Wingéd dwellers of the forest heard the twang with trembling fear,
Echoing woods gave back the accent, lightly fled the startled deer,
And as INDRA's flag is lowered when the Aswin winds prevail,
Lofty Bali pierced and bleeding by that fatal arrow fell!

IV The Consecration of Sugriva

Tears of love the tender Tara on her slaughtered hero shed,
E'en Sugriva's bosom melted when he saw his brother dead,
And each Vanar chief and warrior, *maha-matra*,[1] lord and peer,
Gathered round the sad Sugriva wet with unavailing tear!
And they girt the victor Rama and they praised his wond'rous might,
As the heavenly *rishis* gather circling BRAHMA's throne of light,
Hanuman of sun-like radiance, lofty as a hill of gold,
Clasped his hands in due obeisance, spake in accents calm and bold:
"By thy prowess, peerless Rama, prince Sugriva in our lord,
To his father's throne and empire, to his father's town restored,
Cleansed by bath and fragrant unguents and in royal garments gay,
He shall with his gold and garlands homage to the victor pay,
To the rock-bound fair Kishkindha do thy friendly footsteps bend,
And as monarch of the Vanars consecrate thy grateful friend!"
"Fourteen years," so Rama answered, "by his father's stern command,
In a city's sacred confines banished Rama may not stand,
Friend and comrade, brave Sugriva, enter thou the city wall,
And assume the royal sceptre in thy father's royal hall.
Gallant Angad, son of Bali, is in regal duties trained,
Ruling partner of thy empire be the valiant prince ordained,
Eldest son of eldest brother,—such the maxim that we own,—
Worthy of his father's kingdom, doth ascend his father's throne.
Listen! 'tis the month of *Sravan*,[2] now begins the yearly rain,
In these months of wind and deluge thoughts of vengeful strife were vain,
Enter then thy royal city, fair Kishkindha be thy home,

[1] A royal officer.

[2] *Sravana*, July-August.

With my ever faithful Lakshman let me in these mountains roam.
Spacious is yon rocky cavern fragrant with the mountain air,
Bright with lily and with lotus, watered by a streamlet fair,
Here we dwell to month of *Kartik*[1] when the clouded sky will clear,
And the time of war and vengeance on our foeman shall be near."
Bowing to the victor's mandate brave Sugriva marched in state,
And the host of thronging Vanars entered by the city gate,
Prostrate chiefs with due obeisance rendered homage, one and all,
And Sugriva blessed his people, stepped within the palace hall.
And they sprinkled sacred water from the vases jewel-graced,
And they waved the fan of *chowri*,[2] raised the sun-shade silver-laced,
And they spread the gold and jewel, grain and herb and fragrant *ghee*,[3]
Sapling twigs and bending branches, blossoms from the flowering tree,
Milk-white garments gem-bespangled, and the *Chandan's* fragrant dye,
Wreaths and spices, snow-white lilies, lotus azure as the sky,
Jatarupa and *Priyangu*,[4] honey, curd and holy oil,
Costly sandals gilt and jewelled, tiger-skin the hunter's spoil!
Decked in gold and scented garlands, robed in radiance rich and rare,
Sweetly stepped around Sugriva sixteen maidens passing fair,
Priests received the royal bounty, gift and garment gold-belaced,
And they lit the holy altar with the sacred *mantra* graced,
And they poured the sweet libation on the altar's lighted flame,
And on throne of royal splendour placed the chief of royal fame!
On a high and open terrace with auspicious garlands graced,
Facing eastward, in his glory was the brave Sugriva placed,
Water from each holy river, from each *tirtha* famed of old,
From the broad and boundless ocean, was arranged in jars of gold,
And from vase and horn of wild bull, on their monarch and their lord,
Holy consecrating water chiefs and loyal courtiers poured.
Gaya and the great Gavaksha, Gandha-madan proud and brave,
Hanuman held up the vases, Jambaman his succour gave,
And they laved the king Sugriva as Immortals in the sky
Consecrate the star-eyed INDRA in his mansions bright and high,
And a shout of joy and triumph, like the pealing voice of war,
Spake Sugriva's consecration to the creatures near and far!
Duteous still to Rama's mandate, as his first-born and his own,
King Sugriva named young Angad sharer of his royal throne,
Gay and bannered town Kishkindha hailed Sugriva's gracious word,
Tender Tara wiped her tear-drops bowing to a younger lord!

[1] *Kartika*, October-November.
[2] Fan made from the tail of the Indian yak.
[3] Or *ghrita*, clarified butter.
[4] Fragrant ointment.

V The Rains in the Nilgiri Mountains

"Mark the shadowing rain and tempest," Rama to his brother said,
As on Malya's cloud-capped ranges in their hermit-guise they strayed,
"Massive clouds like rolling mountains gather thick and gather high,
Lurid lightnings glint and sparkle, pealing thunders shake the sky,
Pregnant with the ocean moisture by the solar ray instilled,
Now the skies like fruitful mothers are with grateful waters filled!
Mark the folds of cloudy masses, ladder-like of smooth ascent,
One could almost reach the Sun-god, wreath him with a wreath of scent,
And when glow these heavy masses red and white with evening's glow,
One could almost deem them sword-cuts branded by some heavenly foe!
Mark the streaks of golden lustre lighting up the checkered sky,
Like a lover *chandan*-painted in each breeze it heaves a sigh,
And the earth is hot and feverish, moistened with the tears of rain,
Sighing like my anguished Sita when she wept in woe and pain!
Fresh and sweet like draught of nectar is the rain-besprinkled breeze,
Fragrant with the *ketak*[1] blossom, scented by the camphor trees,
Fresh and bold each peak and mountain bathed in soft descending rain,
So they sprinkle holy water when they bless a monarch's reign!
Fair and tall as holy hermits, stand yon shadow-mantled hills,
Murmuring *mantras* with the zephyr, robed in threads of sparkling rills,
Fair and young as gallant coursers neighing forth their thunder cries,
Lashed by golden whips of lightning are the dappled sunlit skies!
Ah, my lost and loving Sita! writhing in a Raksha's power,
As the lightning shakes and quivers in this dark tempestuous shower,
Shadows thicken on the prospect, flower and leaf are wet with rain,
And each passing object, Lakshman, wakes in me a thought of pain!
Joyously from throne and empire with my Sita I could part,
As the stream erodes its margin, Sita's absence breaks my heart,
Rain and tempest cloud the prospect as they cloud my onward path,
Dubious is my darksome future, mighty is my foeman's wrath!
Ravan monarch of the Rakshas,—so Jatayu said and died,—
In some unknown forest fastness doth my sorrowing Sita hide,
But Sugriva true and faithful seeks the Raksha's secret hold,
Firm in faith and fixed in purpose we will face our foeman bold!"

VI The Quest for Sita

Past the rains, the marshalled Vanars gathered round Sugriva bold,
And unto a gallant chieftain thus the king his purpose told:
"Brave in war and wise in counsel! take ten thousand of my best,

[1] A strong-scented plant.

Seek the hiding-place of Ravan in the regions of the East.
Seek each ravine rock and forest and each shadowy hill and cave,
Far where bright Sarayu's waters mix with Ganga's ruddy wave,
And where Jumna's dark blue waters ceaseless roll in regal pride,
And the Sone through leagues of country spreads its torrents far and wide.
Seek where in Videha's empire castled towns and hamlets shine,
In Kosala and in Malwa and by Kasi's sacred shrine,
Magadh rich in peopled centres, Pundra region of the brave,
Anga rich in corn and cattle on the eastern ocean wave.
Seek where clans of skilful weavers dwell upon the eastern shore,
And from virgin mines of silver miners work the sparkling ore.
In the realms of uncouth nations, in the islets of the sea,
In the mountains of the ocean, wander far and wander free!"
Next to Nila son of AGNI, Jambaman VIDHATA's son,
Hanuman the son of MARUT, famed for deeds of valour done,
Unto Gaya and Gavaksha, Gandha-madan true and tried,
Unto Angad prince and regent, thus the brave Sugriva cried:
"Noblest, bravest of our chieftains, greatest of our race are ye,
Seek and search the southern regions, rock and ravine, wood and tree,
Search the thousand peaks of Vindhya lifting high its misty head,
Through the gorges of Narmada rolling o'er its rocky bed,
By the gloomy Godavari and by Krishna's wooded stream,
Through Utkala's sea-girt forests tinged by morning's early gleam.
Search the towns of famed Dasarna and Avanti's rocky shore,
And the uplands of Vidarbha and the mountains of Mysore,
Land of Matsyas and Kalingas and Kausika's regions fair,
Trackless wilderness of Dandak seek with anxious toil and care.
Search the empire of the Andhras, of the sister-nations three,—
Cholas, Cheras and the Pandyas dwelling by the southern sea,
Pass Kaveri's spreading waters, Malya's mountains towering brave,
Seek the isle of Tamra-parni, gemmed upon the ocean wave!"
To Susena chief and elder,—Tara's noble sire was he,—
Spake Sugriva with obeisance and in accents bold and free:
"Take my lord, a countless army of the bravest and the best,
Search where beats the sleepless ocean on the regions of the West.
Search the country of Saurashtras, of Bahlikas strong and brave,
And each busy mart and seaport on the western ocean wave,
Castles girt by barren mountains, deserts by the sandy sea,
Forests of the fragrant *ketak*, regions of the *tamal* tree!
Search the ocean port of Pattan shaded by its fruitful trees,
Where the feathery groves of cocoa court the balmy western breeze,

Where on peaks of Soma-giri lórdly lions wander free,
Where the waters of the Indus mingle with the mighty sea!"
Lastly to the valiant chieftain Satavala strong and brave,
For the quest of saintly Sita thus his mighty mandate gave:
"Hie thee, gallant Satavala, with thy forces wander forth,
To the peaks of Himalaya, to the regions of the North!
Mlechchas and the wild Pulindas in the rocky regions dwell,
Madra chiefs and mighty Kurus live within each fertile vale,
Wild Kambojas of the mountains, Yavanas of wondrous skill,
Sakas swooping from their gorges, Pattanas of iron will!
Search the woods of *devadaru*[1] mantling Himalaya's side,
And the forests of the *lodhra*[2] spreading in their darksome pride,
Search the land of Soma-srama where the gay *Gandharvas* dwell
In the tableland of Kala search each rock and ravine well!
Cross the snowy Himalaya, and Sudarsan's holy peak,
Deva-sakha's wooded ranges which the feathered songsters seek,
Cross the vast and dreary region void of stream or wooded hill,
Till you reach the white Kailasa, home of Gods, serene and still!
Pass Kuvera's pleasant regions, search the Krauncha mountain well,
And the land where warlike females and the horse-faced women dwell,
Halt not till you reach the country where the Northern Kurus rest,
Utmost confines of the wide earth, home of Gods and Spirits blest!"

BOOK VIII SITA-SANDESA

(*Sita Discovered*)

AMONG THE MANY CHIEFS sent by Sugriva in different directions in search of Sita, Hanuman succeeded in the quest and discovered Sita in Ceylon. Ceylon is separated from India by a broad channel of the sea, and Hanuman leaped, or rather flew through the air, across the channel, and lighted on the island. Sita, scorning the proposals of Ravan, was kept in confinement in the garden of *Asoka* trees, surrounded by a terrible guard of Ravan females; and in this hard confinement she remained true and faithful to her lord. Hanuman gave her a token from Rama, and carried back to Rama a token which she sent of her undying affection and truth.

The portions translated in this Book form the whole of the main portions of Sections xv., xxxi., xxxvi., and lxvi. of Book v. of the original text.

[1] The Himalayan pine.

[2] A tree.

I Sita in the Asoka Garden

Crossed the ocean's boundless waters, Hanuman in duty brave,
Lighted on the emerald island girded by the sapphire wave,
And in tireless quest of Sita searched the margin of the sea,
In a dark *Asoka*[1] garden hid himself within a tree.
Creepers threw their clasping tendrils round the trees of ample height,
Stately palm and feathered cocoa, fruit and blossom pleased the sight,
Herds of tame and gentle creatures in the grassy meadow strayed,
Kokils[2] sang in leafy thicket, birds of plumage lit the shade,
Limpid lakes of scented lotus with their fragrance filled the air,
Homes and huts of rustic beauty peeped through bushes green and fair,
Blossoms rich in tint and fragrance in the checkered shadow gleamed,
Clustering fruits of golden beauty in the yellow sunlight beamed!
Brightly shone the red *Asoka* with the morning's golden ray,
Karnikara and *Kinsuka*[3] dazzling as the light of day,
Brightly grew the flower of *Champak* in the vale and on the reef,
Punnaga and *Saptaparna* with its seven-fold scented leaf,
Rich in blossoms many tinted, grateful to the ravished eye,
Gay and green and glorious Lanka was like garden of the sky,
Rich in fruit and laden creeper and in beauteous bush and tree,
Flower-bespangled golden Lanka was like gem-bespangled sea!
Rose a palace in the woodlands girt by pillars strong and high,
Snowy-white like fair Kailasa cleaving through the azure sky,
And its steps were ocean coral and its pavements yellow gold,
White and gay and heaven-aspiring rose the structure high and bold!
By the rich and royal mansion Hanuman his eyes did rest,
On a woman sad and sorrowing in her sylvan garments drest,
Like the moon obscured and clouded, dim with shadows deep and dark,
Like the smoke-enshrouded red fire, dying with a feeble spark,
Like the tempest-pelted lotus by the wind and torrent shaken,
Like the beauteous star Rohini by a *graha*[4] overtaken!
Fasts and vigils paled her beauty, tears bedimmed her tender grace,
Anguish dwelt within her bosom, sorrow darkened on her face,
And she lived by Rakshas guarded, as a faint and timid deer,
Severed from her herd and kindred when the prowling wolves are near,
And her raven locks ungathered hung behind in single braid,
And her gentle eye was lightless, and her brow was hid in shade!
"This is she! the peerless princess, Rama's consort loved and lost,
This is she! the saintly Sita, by a cruel fortune crost,"
Hanuman thus thought and pondered: "On her graceful form I spy,

[1] Name of a flower, orange and scarlet.
[2] An Indian singing bird.
[3] All names of flowers.
[4] The spirit of darkness, responsible for eclipse.

Gems and gold by sorrowing Rama oft depicted with a sigh,
On her ears the golden pendants and the tiger's sharpened tooth,
On her arms the jewelled bracelets, tokens of unchanging truth,
On her pallid brow and bosom still the radiant jewels shine,
Rama with a sweet affection did in early days entwine!
Hermit's garments clothe her person, braided is her raven hair,
Matted bark trees of forest drape her neck and bosom fair,
And a dower of dazzling beauty still bedecks her peerless face,
Though the shadowing tinge of sorrow darkens all her earlier grace.
This is she! the soft-eyed Sita, wept with unavailing tear,
This is she! the faithful consort, unto Rama ever dear,
Unforgetting and unchanging, truthful still in deed and word,
Sita in her silent suffering sorrows for her absent lord,
Still for Rama lost but cherished, Sita heaves the choking sigh,
Sita lives for righteous Rama, for her Rama she would die!"

II The Voice of Hope

Hanuman from leafy shelters lifts his voice in sacred song,
Till the tale of Rama's glory Lanka's woods and vales prolong:
"Listen, Lady, to my story;—Dasa-ratha famed in war,
Rich in steeds and royal tuskers, armèd men and battle car,
Ruled his realm in truth and virtue, in his bounty ever free,
Of the mighty race of Raghu mightiest king and monarch he,
Robed in every royal virtue, great in peace in battle brave,
Blest in bliss of grateful nations, blest in blessings which he gave!
And his eldest-born and dearest, Rama soul of righteous might,
Shone, as mid the stars resplendent shines the radiant Lord of Night,
True unto his sacred duty, true unto his kith and kin,
Friend of piety and virtue, punisher of crime and sin,
Loved in all his spacious empire, peopled mart and hermit's den,
With a truer deeper kindness Rama loved his subject men!
Dasa-ratha, promise-fettered, then his cruel mandate gave,
Rama with his wife and brother lived in woods and rocky cave,
And he slayed the deer of jungle and he slept in leafy shade,
Stern destroyer of the Rakshas in the pathless forests strayed,
Till the monarch of the Rakshas,—fraudful is his impious life,—
Cheated Rama in the jungle, from his cottage stole his wife!
Long lamenting lone and weary Rama wandered in the wood,
Searched for Sita in the jungle where his humble cottage stood,
Godavari's gloomy gorges, Krishna's dark and wooded shore,
And the ravine, rock and valley, and the cloud-capped mountain hoar!

Then he met the sad Sugriva in wild Malya's dark retreat,
Won for him his father's empire and his father's royal seat,
Now Sugriva's countless forces wander far and wander near,
In the search of stolen Sita still unto his Rama dear!
I am henchman of Sugriva and the mighty sea have crost,
In the quest of hidden Sita, Rama's consort loved and lost,
And methinks that form of beauty, peerless shape of woman's grace,
Is my Rama's dear-loved consort, Rama's dear-remembered face!"
Hushed the voice: the ravished Sita cast her wond'ring eyes around,
Whence that song of sudden gladness, whence that soul-entrancing sound?
Dawning hope and rising rapture overflowed her widowed heart,
Is it dream's deceitful whisper which the cruel Fates impart?

III Rama's Token

" 'Tis no dream's deceitful whisper!" Hanuman spake to the dame,
As from darksome leafy shelter he to Rama's consort came,
"Rama's messenger and vassal, token from thy lord I bring,
Mark this bright ring, jewel-lettered with the dear name of thy king,
For the loved and cherished Sita is to Rama ever dear,
And he sends his loving message and his force is drawing near!"
Sita held that tender token from her loved and cherished lord,
And once more herself she fancied to his loving arms restored,
And her pallid face was lighted and her soft eye sent a spark,
As the Moon regains her lustre freed from *Rahu's*[1] shadows dark!
And with voice of deep emotion in each softly whispered word,
Spake her thoughts in gentle accents of her consort and her lord:
"Messenger of love of Rama! Dauntless is thy deed and bold,
Thou hast crossed the boundless ocean to the Raksha's castled hold,
Thou hast crossed the angry billows which confess no monarch's sway,
O'er the face of rolling waters found thy unresisted way,
Thou hast done what living mortal never sought to do before,
Dared the Raksha in his island, Ravan in his sea-girt shore!
Speak, if Rama lives in safety in the woods or by the hill,
And if young and gallant Lakshman faithful serves his brother still,
Speak, if Rama in his anger and his unforgiving ire,
Hurls destruction on my captor like the world-consuming fire,
Speak, if Rama in his sorrow wets his pale and drooping eye,

[1] The spirit of darkness.

If the thought of absent Sita wakes within his heart a sigh!
Doth my husband seek alliance with each wild and warlike chief,
Striving for a speedy vengeance and for Sita's quick relief,
Doth he stir the warlike races to a fierce and vengeful strife,
Dealing death to ruthless Rakshas for this insult on his wife,
Doth he still in fond remembrance cherish Sita loved of yore,
Nursing in his hero-bosom tender sorrows evermore!
Didst thou hear from far Ayodhya, from Kausalya royal dame,
From the true and tender Bharat prince of proud and peerless fame,
Didst thou hear if royal Bharat leads his forces to the fight,
Conquering Ravan's scattered army in his all-resistless might,
Didst thou hear if brave Sugriva marshals Vanars in his wrath,
And the young and gallant Lakshman seeks to cross the ocean path?"
Hanuman with due obeisance placed his hand upon his head,
Bowed unto the queenly Sita and in gentle accents said:
"Trust me, Lady, valiant Rama soon will greet his saintly wife,
E'en as INDRA greets his goddess, SACHI dearer than his life,
Trust me, Sita, conquering Rama comes with panoply of war,
Shaking Lanka's sea-girt mountains, slaying Rakshas near and far!
He shall cross the boundless ocean with the battle's dread array,
He shall smite the impious Ravan and the cruel Rakshas slay,
Mighty Gods and strong Asuras shall not hinder Rama's path,
When at Lanka's gates he thunders with his more than godlike wrath,
Deadly YAMA, all-destroying, pales before his peerless might,
When his red right arm of vengeance wrathful Rama lifts to smite!
By the lofty Mandar mountains, by the fruit and root I seek,
By the cloud-obstructing Vindhyas, and by Malya's towering peak,
I will swear, my gentle Lady, Rama's vengenace draweth nigh,
Thou shalt see his beaming visage like the Lord of Midnight Sky,
Firm in purpose Rama waiteth on the Prasra-vana hill,
As upon the huge Airavat, INDRA, motionless and still!
Flesh of deer nor forest honey tasteth Rama true and bold,
Till he rescues cherished Sita from the Raksha's castled hold,
Thoughts of Sita leave not Rama dreary day or darksome night,
Till his vengenace deep and dreadful crushes Ravan in his might,
Forest flower nor scented creeper pleases Rama's anguished heart,
Till he wins his wedded consort by his death-compelling dart!"

IV Sita's Token

Token from her raven tresses Sita to the Vanar gave,
Hanuman with dauntless valour crossed once more the ocean wave.
Where in Prasra-vana's mountain Rama with his brother stayed,
Jewel from the brow of Sita by her sorrowing consort laid,
Spake of Ravan's foul endearment and his loathsome loving word,
Spake of Sita's scorn and anger and her truth unto her lord,
Tears of sorrow and affection from the warrior's eyelids start,
As his consort's loving token Rama presses to his heart!
"As the mother-cow, Sugriva, yields her milk beside her young,
Welling tears upon this token yields my heart by anguish wrung,
Well I know this dear-loved jewel sparkling with the ray of heaven,
Born in sea, by mighty INDRA to my Sita's father given,
Well I know this tender token, Janak placed it on her hair,
When she came my bride and consort decked in beauty rich and rare,
Well I know this sweet memorial, Sita wore it on her head,
And her proud and peerless beauty on the gem a lustre shed!
Ah, methinks the gracious Janak stands again before my eye,
With a father's fond affection, with a monarch's stature high,
Ah, methinks my bride and consort, she who wore it on her brow,
Stands again before the altar, speaks again her loving vow,
Ah, the sad, the sweet remembrance! ah, the happy days gone by,
Once again, O loving vision, wilt thou gladden Rama's eye!
Speak again, my faithful vassal, how my Sita wept and prayed,
Like the water to the thirsty, dear to me what Sita said,
Did she send this sweet remembrance as a blessing from above,
As a true and tender token of a woman's changeless love,
Did she waft her heart's affection o'er the billows of the sea,
Wherefore came she not in person from her foes and fetters free?
Hanuman, my friend and comrade, lead me to the distant isle,
Where my soft-eyed Sita lingers midst the Rakshas dark and vile,
Where my true and tender consort like a lone and stricken deer,
Girt by Rakshas stern and ruthless sheds the unavailing tear,
Where she weeps in ceaseless anguish, sorrow-stricken, sad and pale,
Like the Moon by dark clouds shrouded then her light and lustre fail!
Speak again, my faithful henchman, loving message of my wife,
Like some potent drug her accents renovate my fainting life,
Arm thy forces, friend Sugriva, Rama shall not brook delay,
While in distant Lanka's confines Sita weeps the livelong day,
Marshal forth thy bannered forces, cross the ocean in thy might,
Rama speeds on wings of vengeance Lanka's impious lord to smite!"

BOOK IX RAVANA-SABHA

(*The Council of War*)

RAVAN WAS THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED by the deeds of Hanuman. For Hanuman had not only penetrated into his island and discovered Sita in her imprisonment, but had also managed to burn down a great portion of the city before he left the island. Ravan called a Council of War, and as might be expected, all the advisers heedlessly advised war.

All but Bibhishan. He was the youngest brother of Ravan, and condemned the folly and the crime by which Ravan was seeking a war with the righteous and unoffending Rama. He advised that Sita should be restored to her lord and peace made with Rama. His voice was drowned in the cries of more violent advisers.

It is noticeable that Ravan's second brother, Kumbha-karna, also had the courage to censure his elder's action. But unlike Bibhishan he was determined to fight for his king whether he was right or wrong. There is a touch of sublimity in this blind and devoted loyalty of Kumbha-kanra to the cause of his king and his country.

Bibhishan was driven from the court with indignity, and joined the forces of Rama, to whom he gave much valuable information about Lanka and his warriors.

The passages translated in this Book form Sections vi., viii., ix., portions of Sections xii. and xv., and the whole of Section xvi. of Book vi. of the original text.

I Ravan Seeks Advice

Monarch of the mighty Rakshas, Ravan spake to warriors all,
Spake to gallant chiefs and princes gathered in his Council Hall:
"Listen, Princes, Chiefs, and Warriors! Hanuman our land hath seen,
Stealing through the woods of Lanka unto Rama's prisoned queen.
And audacious in his purpose and resistless in his ire,
Burnt our turret tower and temple, wasted Lanka's town with fire!
Speak your counsel, gallant leaders, Ravan is intent to hear,
Triumph waits on fearless wisdom, speak your thoughts without a fear,
Wisest monarchs act on counsel from his men for wisdom known,
Next are they who in their wisdom and their daring act alone,
Last, unwisest are the monarchs who nor death nor danger weigh,
Think not, ask not friendly counsel, by their passions borne away!

Wisest counsel comes from courtiers who in holy lore unite,
Next, when varying plans and reasons blending lead unto the right,
Last and worst, when stormy passions mark the hapless king's debate,
And his friends are disunited when his foe is at the gate!
Therefore freely speak your counsel and your monarch's task shall be
But to shape in deed and action what your wisest thoughts decree,
Speak with minds and hearts united, shape your willing monarch's deed,
Counsel peace, or Ravan's forces to a war of vengeance lead,
Ere Sugriva's countless forces cross the vast and boundless main,
Ere the wrathful Rama girdles Lanka with a living chain!"

II Prahasta's Speech

Dark and high as summer tempest mighty-armed Prahasta rose,
Spake in fierce and fiery accents hurling challenge on his foes:
"Wherefore, Ravan, quails thy bosom, gods against thee strive in vain,
Wherefore fear the feeble mortals, homeless hermits, helpless men?
Hanuman approached in secret, stealing like a craven spy,
Not from one in open combat would alive the Vanar fly,
Let him come with all his forces, to the confines of the sea
I will chase the scattered army and thy town from foeman free!
Not in fear and hesitation Ravan should repent his deed,
While his gallant Raksha forces stand beside him in his need,
Not in tears and vain repentance Sita to his consort yield,
While his chieftains guard his empire in the battle's gory field!"

III Durmukha's Speech

Durmukha of cruel visage and of fierce and angry word,
Rose within the Council Chamber, spake to Lanka's mighty lord:
"Never shall the wily foeman boast of insult on us flung,
Hanuman shall die a victim for the outrage and the wrong!
Stealing in unguarded Lanka through the city's virgin gate,
He hath courted deep disaster and a dark untimely fate,
Stealing in the inner mansions where our dames and damsels dwell.
Hanuman shall die a victim,—tale of shame he shall not tell!
Need is none of Ravan's army, bid me seek the foe alone,
If he hides in sky or ocean or in nether regions thrown,
Need is none of gathered forces, Ravan's mandate I obey,
I will smite the bold intruder and his Vanar forces slay!"

IV Vajra-danshtra's Speech

Iron-toothèd Vajra-danshtra then arose in wrath and pride,
And his blood-stained mace of battle held in fury by his side,
"Wherefore, Ravan, waste thy forces on the foemen poor and vile,
Hermit Rama and his brother, Hanuman of impious wile,
Bid me,—with this mace of battle proud Sugriva I will slay,
Chase the helpless hermit brothers to the forests far away!
Or to deeper counsel listen! Varied shapes the Rakshas wear,
Let them wearing human visage, dressed as Bharat's troops appear,
Succour from his ruling brother Rama will in gladness greet,
Then with mace and blood-stained sabre we shall lay them at our feet,
Rock and javelin and arrow we shall on our foemen hail,
Till no poor surviving Vanar lives to tell the tragic tale!"

V Speech of Nikumbha and Vajra-Hanu

Then arose the brave Nikumbha,—Kumbha-karna's son was he,—
Spake his young heart's mighty passion in his accents bold and free:
"Need is none, O mighty monarch, for a battle or a war,
Bid me meet the homeless Rama and his brother wand'ring far,
Bid me face the proud Sugriva, Hanuman of deepest guile,
I will rid thee of thy foemen and of Vanars poor and vile!"
Rose the chief with jaw of iron, Vajra-hanu fierce and young,
Licked his lips like hungry tiger with his red and lolling tongue:
"Wherefore, monarch, dream of battle? Rakshas feed on human gore,
Let me feast upon thy foemen by the ocean's lonely shore,
Rama and his hermit brother, Hanuman who hides in wood,
Angad and the proud Sugriva soon shall be my welcome food!"

VI Bibhishan's Warning

Twenty warriors armed and girded in the Council Hall arose,
Thirsting for a war of vengeance, hurling challenge on the foes,
But Bibhishan deep in wisdom,—Ravan's youngest brother he,—
Spake the word of solemn warning, for his eye could farthest see:
"Pardon, king and honoured elder, if Bibhishan lifts his voice
'Gainst the wishes of the warriors and the monarch's fatal choice,
Firm in faith and strong in forces Rama comes with conqu'ring might
Vain against a righteous warrior would unrighteous Ravan fight!
Think him not a common Vanar who transpassed the ocean wave,
Wrecked thy city tower and temple and a sign and warning gave,
Think him not a common hermit who Ayodhya ruled of yore,

Crossing India's streams and mountains, thunders now on Lanka's shore!
What dark deed of crime or folly hath the righteous Rama done,
That you stole his faithful consort unprotected and alone,
What offence or nameless insult hath the saintly Sita given,
She who chained in Lanka's prison pleads in pietous tear to Heaven?
Take my counsel, king and elder, Sita to her lord restore,
Wipe this deed of wrong and outrage, Rama's righteous grace implore,
Take my counsel, Raksha monarch, vain against him is thy might,
Doubly armèd is the hero,—he who battles for the right!
Render Sita to her Rama ere with vengeance swift and dire,
He despoils our peopled Lanka with his bow and brand and fire,
Render wife unto her husband ere in battle's dread array,
Rama swoops upon thy empire like a falcon on its prey,
Render to the lord his consort ere with blood of Rakshas slain,
Rama soaks the land of Lanka to the margin of the main!
Listen to my friendly counsel,—though it be I stand alone,—
Faithful friend by fiery foeman is this Dasa-ratha's son,
Listen to my voice of warning,—Rama's shafts are true and keen,
Flaming like the with'ring sunbeams on the summer's parchèd green,
Listen to my soft entreaty,—righteousness becomes the brave,
Cherish peace and cherish virtue and thy sons and daughters save!"

VII Kumbha-karna's Determination

Ravan's brother Kumbha-karna, from his wonted slumber woke:
Mightiest he of all the Rakshas, thus in solemn accents spoke:
"Truly speaks the wise Bibhishan; ere he stole a hermit's wife,
Ravan should have thought and pondered, courted not a causeless strife,
Ere he did this deed of folly, Ravan should have counsel sought,
Tardy is the vain repentance when the work of shame is wrought!
Word of wisdom timely spoken saves from death and dangers dire,
Vain is grief for crime committed,—offerings to unholy fire,
Vain is hero's worth or valour if by foolish counsel led,
Toil and labour fail and perish save when unto wisdom wed,
And the foeman speeds in triumph o'er a heedless monarch's might,
As through gaps of Krauncha mountains *hansas*[1] speed their southern flight!
Ravan, thou hast sought unwisely Sita in her calm retreat,
As the wild and heedless hunter feeds upon the poisoned meat,
Nathless, faithful Kumbha-karna will his loyal duty know,
He shall fight his monarch's battle, he shall face his brother's foe!

[1] Geese.

True to brother and to monarch, be he right or be he wrong,
Kumbha-karna fights for Lanka 'gainst her foemen fierce and strong,
Recks not if the mighty INDRA and VIVASVAT cross his path,
Or the wild and stormy MARUTS, AGNI in his fiery wrath!
For the Lord of Sky shall tremble when he sees my stature high,
And he hears his thunders echoed by my loud and answering cry,
Rama armed with ample quiver shall no second arrow send,
Ere I slay him in the battle and him limb from limb I rend!
Wiser heads than Kumbha-karna right and true from wrong may know,
Faithful to his race and monarch he shall face the haughty foe,
Joy thee in thy pleasure, Ravan, rule thy realm in regal pride,
When I slay the hermit Rama, widowed Sita be thy bride!"

VIII Indrajit's Assurance

Indrajit the son of Ravan then his lofty purpose told,
'Midst the best and boldest Rakshas none so gallant, none so bold:
"Wherefore, noble kin and father, pale Bibhishan's counsel hear,
Scion of the race of Rakshas speaks not thus in dastard fear,
In this race of valiant Rakshas, known for deeds of glory done,
Feeble-hearted, faint in courage, save Bibhishan, there is none!
Matched with meanest of the Rakshas what are sons of mortal men,
What are homeless human brothers hiding in the hermit's den,
Shall we yield to weary wand'rers, driven from their distant home,
Chased from throne and father's kingdom in the desert woods to roam?
Lord of sky and nether region, INDRA 'neath my weapon fell,
Pale Immortals know my valour and my warlike deeds can tell,
INDRA's tusker, huge Airavat, by my prowess overthrown,
Trumpeted its anguished accents, shaking sky and earth with groan,
Mighty God and dauntless Daityas fame of Indrajit may know,
And he yields not, king and father, to a homeless human foe!"

IX Ravan's Decision

Anger swelled in Ravan's bosom as he cast his blood-red eye
On Bibhishan calm and fearless, and he spake in accents high:
"Rather dwell with open foemen or in homes where cobras haunt,
Than with faithless friends who falter and whom fears of danger daunt!
O, the love of near relations!—false and faithless, full of guile,—
How they sorrow at my glory, at my danger how they smile,
How they grieve with secret anguish when my loftier virtues shine,
How they harbour jealous envy when deserts and fame are mine,
How they scan with curious vision every fault that clouds my path,

How they wait with eager longing till I fall in Fortune's wrath!
Ask the elephants of jungle how their captors catch and bind,—
Not by fire and feeble weapons, but by treason of their kind,
Not by javelin or arrow,—little for these arms they care,—
But their false and fondling females lead them to the hunter's snare!
Long as nourishment and vigour shall impart the milk of cow,
Long as woman shall be changeful, hermits holy in their vow,
Aye, so long shall near relations hate us in their inner mind,
Mark us with a secret envy though their words be ne'er so kind!
Rain-drops fall upon the lotus but unmingling hang apart,
False relations round us gather but they blend not heart with heart,
Winter clouds are big with thunder but they shed no freshening rain,
False relations smile and greet us but their soothing words are vain,
Bees are tempted by the honey but from flower to flower they range,
False relations share our favour but in secret seek a change!
Lying is thy speech, Bibhishan, secret envy lurks within,
Thou wouldst rule thy elder's empire, thou wouldst wed thy elder's queen,
Take thy treason to the foemen,—brother's blood I may not shed,—
Other Raksha craven-hearted by my royal hands had bled!"

X Bibhishan's Departure

"This to me!" Bibhishan answered, as with fiery comrades four,
Rose in arms the wrathful Raksha and in fury rushed before,
"But I spare thee, royal Ravan, angry words thy lips have passed,
False and lying and unfounded is the censure thou hast cast!
True Bibhishan sought thy safety, strove to save his elder's reign,—
Speed thee now to thy destruction since all counsel is in vain,
Many are thy smiling courtiers who with honeyed speech beguile,—
Few are they with truth and candour speak their purpose void of guile!
Blind to reason and to wisdom, Ravan, seek thy destined fate,
For thy impious lust of woman, for thy dark unrighteous hate,
Blind to danger and destruction, deaf to word of counsel given,
By the flaming shafts of Rama thou shalt die by will of Heaven!
Yet, O! yet, my king and elder, let me plead with latest breath,
'Gainst the death of race and kinsmen, 'gainst my lord and brother's death,
Ponder yet, O Raksha monarch, save thy race and save thy own,
Ravan, part we now for ever,—guard thy ancient sea-girt throne!"

BOOK X YUDDHA

(*The War in Ceylon*)

RAMA CROSSED over with his army from India to Ceylon. There is a chain of islands across the strait, and the Indian poet supposed them to be the remains of a vast causeway which Rama built to cross over with his army.

The town of Lanka, the capital of Ceylon, was invested, and the war which followed was a succession of sallies by the great leaders and princes of Lanka. But almost every sally was repulsed, every chief was killed, and at last Ravan himself who made the last sally was slain and the war ended.

Among the numberless fights described in the original work, those of Ravan himself, his brother Kumbha-karna, and his son Indrajit, are the most important, and oftenest recited and listened to in India; and these have been rendered into English in this Book. And the reader will mark a certain method in the poet's estimate of the warriors who took part in these battles.

First and greatest among the warriors was Rama; he was never beaten by an open foe, never conquered in fair fight. Next to him, and to him only, was Ravan the monarch of Lanka; he twice defeated Lakshman, in battle, and never retreated except before Rama. Next to Rama and to Ravan stood their brothers, Lakshman and Kumbha-karna; it is difficult to say who was the best of these two, for they fought only once, and it was a drawn battle. Fifth in order of prowess was Indrajit the son of Ravana, but he was the first in his magic art. Concealed in mists by his magic, he twice defeated both Rama and Lakshman; but in his last battle he had to face combat with Lakshman, and was slain. After these five warriors, pre-eminent for their prowess, various Vanars and Rakshas took their rank.

The war ended with the fall of Ravan and his funerals. The portions translated in this Book form the whole or portions of Sections xliv., xlviii., lix., lxvi., lxvii., and lxxiii., an abstract of Sections lxxv. to xci., and portions of Sections xciii., xcvi., ci., cii., ciii., cix., cx., and cxiii. of Book vi. of the original text.

I Indrajit's First Battle—The Serpent-Noose

Darkly round the leaguered city Rama's countless forces lay,
Far as Ravan cast his glances in the dawning light of day,
Wrath and anguish shook his bosom and the gates he opened wide,
And with ranks of charging Rakshas sallied with a Raksha's pride!
All the day the battle lasted, endless were the tale to tell,

What unnumbered Vanars perished and what countless Rakshas fell,
Darkness came, the fiery foemen urged the still unceasing fight,
Struggling with a deathless hatred fiercer in the gloom of night!
Onward came resistless Rakshas, laid Sugriva's forces low,
Crushed the broken ranks of Vanars, drank the red blood of the foe,
Bravely fought the scattered Vanars facing still the tide of war,
Struggling with the charging tusker and the steed and battle car,
Till at last the gallant Lakshman and the godlike Rama came,
And they swept the hosts of Ravan like a sweeping forest flame,
And their shafts like hissing serpents on the falt'ring foemen fell,
Fiercer grew the sable midnight with the dying shriek and yell!
Dust arose like clouds of summer from each thunder-sounding car,
From the hoofs of charging coursers, from the elephants of war,
Streams of red blood warm and bubbling issued from the countless slain,
Flooded battle's dark arena like the floods of summer rain,
Sound of trumpet and of bugle, drum and horn and echoing shell,
And the neigh of charging coursers and the tuskers' dying wail,
And the yell of wounded Rakshas and the Vanars' fierce delight,
Shook the earth and sounding welkin, waked the echoes of the night!
Six bright arrows Rama thundered from his weapon dark and dread,
Iron-toothéd Vajra-dranshtra and his fainting comrades fled,
Dauntless still the serried Rakshas, wave on wave succeeding came,
Perished under Rama's arrows as the moths upon the flame!
Indrajit the son of Ravan, Lanka's glory and her pride,
Matchless in his magic weapons came and turned the battle's tide,
What though Angad in his fury had his steeds and driver slayed,
Indrajit hid in the midnight battled from its friendly shade,
Shrouded in a cloud of darkness still he poured his darts like rain,
On young Lakshman and on Rama and on countless Vanars slain,
Matchless in his magic weapons, then he hurled his *Naga*[1]-dart,
Serpent noose upon his foemen draining lifeblood from their heart!
Vainly then the royal brothers fought the cloud-enshrouded foe,
Vainly sought the unseen warrior dealing unresisted blow,
Fastened by a noose of *Naga*[1] forced by hidden foe to yield.
Rama and the powerless Lakshman fell and fainted on the field!

II Sita's Lament

Indrajit ere dawned the morning entered in his father's hall,
Spake of midnight's darksome contest, Rama's death and Lakshman's fall,

[1] A snake; name of a tribe

And the proud and peerless Ravan clasped his brave and gallant son,
Praised him for his skill and valour and his deed of glory done,
And with dark and cruel purpose bade his henchmen yoke his car,
Bade them take the sorrowing Sita to the gory field of war!
Soon they harnessed royal coursers and they took the weeping wife,
Where her Rama, pierced and bleeding, seemed bereft of sense and life,
Brother lay beside his brother with their shattered mail and bow,
Arrows thick and dark with red blood spake the conquest of the foe,
Anguish woke in Sita's bosom and a dimness filled her eye,
And a widow's nameless sorrow burst in widow's mournful cry:
"Rama, lord and king and husband! didst thou cross the billowy sea,
Didst thou challenge death and danger, court thy fate to rescue me,
Didst thou hurl a fitting vengeance on the cruel Raksha force,
Till the hand of hidden foeman checked thy all-resistless course?
Breathes upon the earth no warrior who could face thee in the fight,
Who could live to boast his triumph o'er thy world-subduing might,
But the will of Fate is changeless, Death is mighty in his sway,—
Peerless Rama, faithful Lakshman, sleep the sleep that knows no day!
But I weep not for my Rama nor for Lakshman young and brave,
They have done a warrior's duty and have found a warrior's grave,
And I weep not for my sorrows,—sorrow marked me from my birth,—
Child of Earth I seek in suffering bosom of my mother Earth!
But I grieve for dear Kausalya, sonless mother, widowed queen,
How she reckons day and seasons in her anguish ever green.
How she waits with eager longing till her Rama's exile o'er,
He would soothe her lifelong sorrow, bless her agéd eyes once more,
Sita's love! Ayodhya's monarch! Queen Kausalya's dearest born!
Rama soul of truth and virtue sleeps the sleep that knows no morn!"
Sorely wept the sorrowing Sita in her accents soft and low,
And the silent stars of midnight wept to witness Sita's woe,
But Trijata her companion,—though a Raksha woman she,—
Felt her soul subdued by sadness, spake to Sita tenderly:
"Weep not, sad and saintly Sita, shed not widow's tears in vain,
For thy lord is sorely wounded, but shall live to fight again,
Rama and the gallant Lakshman, fainting, not bereft of life,
They shall live to fight and conquer,—thou shalt be a happy wife,
Mark the Vanars' marshalled forces, listen to their warlike cries,
'Tis not thus the soldiers gather when a chief and hero dies,
'Tis not thus round lifeless leader muster warriors true and brave,
For when falls the dying helmsman, sinks the vessel in the wave!
Mark the ring of hopeful Vanars, how they watch o'er Rama's face,
How they guard the younger Lakshman beaming yet with living grace,

Trust me, sad and sorrowing Sita, marks of death these eyes can trace.
Shade of death's decaying fingers sweeps not o'er thy Rama's face!
Listen more, my gentle Sita, though a captive in our keep,
For thy woes and for thy anguish see a Raksha woman weep,
Though thy Rama armed in battle is our unrelenting foe,
For a true and stainless warrior see a Raksha filled with woe!
Fainting on the field of battle, blood-ensanguined in their face,
They shall live to fight and conquer, worthy of their gallant race,
Cold nor rigid are their features, darkness dwells not on their brow,
Weep not thus, my gentle Sita,—hasten we to Lanka now."
And Trijata spake no falsehood, by the winged Garuda's skill,
Rama and the valiant Lakshman lived to fight their foemen still!

III Ravan's First Battle—The Javelin-Stroke

'Gainst the God-assisted Rama, Ravan's efforts all were vain,
Leaguered Lanka vainly struggled in her adamantine chain,
Wrathful Rakshas with their forces vainly issued through the gate,
Chiefs and serried ranks of warriors met the same resistless fate!
Dark-eyed chief Dhumraksha sallied with the fierce tornado's shock,
Hanuman of peerless prowess slayed him with a rolling rock,
Iron-toothéd Vajra-danshtra dashed through countless Vanars slain,
But the young and gallant Angad laid him lifeless on the plain,
Akampan unshaken warrior issued out of Lanka's wall,
Hanuman was true and watchful, speedy was the Raksha's fall,
Then the mighty-armed Prahasta strove to break the hostile line,
But the gallant Nila felled him as the woodman fells the pine!
Bravest chiefs and countless soldiers sallied forth to face the fight,
Broke not Rama's iron circle, 'scaped not Rama's wondrous might
Ravan could no longer tarry, for his mightiest chiefs were slain,
Foremost leaders, dearest kinsmen, lying on the gory plain!
"Lofty scorn of foes unworthy spared them from my flaming ire,
But the blood of slaughtered kinsmen claims from me a vengeance dire,"
Speaking thus the wrathful Ravan mounted on his thundering car,
Flame-resplendent was the chariot drawn by matchless steeds of war!
Beat of drum and voice of *sankha*[1] and the Raksha's battle cry,
Song of triumph, chanted *mantra*, smote the echoing vault of sky,
And the troops like cloudy masses with their eyes of lightning fire
Girt their monarch, as his legions girdle RUDRA in his ire!
Rolled the car with peal of thunder through the city's lofty gate,
And each fierce and fiery Raksha charged with warrior's deathless hate,

[1] Conch-shell, used as bugle in war and festivities.

And the vigour of the onset cleft the stunned and scattered foe,
As a strong bark cleaves the billows riding on the ocean's brow!
Brave Sugriva king of Vanars met the foeman fierce and strong,
And a rock with mighty effort on the startled Ravan flung,
Vain the toil, disdainful Ravan dashed aside the flying rock,
Brave Sugriva pierced by arrows fainted neath the furious shock.
Next Susena chief and elder, Nala and Gavaksha bold,
Hurled them on the path of Ravan speeding in his car of gold,
Vainly heaved the rock and missile, vainly did with trees assail,
Onward sped the conquering Ravan, pierced the fainting Vanars fell.
Hanuman the son of MARUT next against the Raksha came,
Fierce and strong as stormy MARUT, warrior of unrivalled fame,
But the Raksha's mighty onset gods nor mortals might sustain,
Hanuman in red blood welt'ring rolled upon the gory plain.
Onward rolled the car of Ravan, where the dauntless Nila stood,
Armed with rock and tree and missile, thirsting for the Raksha's blood,
Vainly fought the valiant Nila, pierced by Ravan's pointed dart,
On the gory field of battle poured the red blood of his heart.
Onward through the scattered forces Ravan's conquering chariot came,
Where in pride and dauntless valour Lakshman stood of warlike fame,
Calm and proud the gallant Lakshman marked the all-resistless foe,
Boldly challenged Lanka's monarch as he held aloft his bow:
"Welcome, mighty Lord of Lanka! wage with me an equal strife,
Wherefore with thy royal prowess seek the humble Vanar's life!"
"Hath thy fate," so answered Ravan, "brought thee to thy deadly foe,
Welcome, valiant son of Raghu! Ravan longs to lay thee low!"
Then they closed in dubious battle, Lanka's Lord his weapon bent,
Seven bright arrows, keen and whistling, on the gallant Lakshman sent,
Vain the toil, for watchful Lakshman stout of heart and true of aim,
With his darts like shooting sunbeams cleft each arrow as it came.
Bleeding from the darts of Lakshman, pale with anger, wounded sore,
Ravan drew at last his *Sakti*,[1] gift of Gods in days of yore,
Javelin of flaming splendour, deadly like the shaft of Fate,
Ravan hurled on dauntless Lakshman in his fierce and furious hate.
Vain were Lakshman's human weapons aimed with skill directed well,
Pierced by *Sakti*, gallant Lakshman in his red blood fainting fell,
Wrathful Rama saw the combat and arose in godlike might,
Bleeding Ravan turned to Lanka, sought his safety in his flight.

[1] Javelin.

IV Fall of Kumbha-Karna

Once more healed and strong and valiant, Lakshman in his arms arose,
Safe behind the gates of Lanka humbled Ravan shunned his foes,
Till the stalwart Kumbha-karna from his wonted slumbers woke,
Mightiest he of all the Rakshas;—Ravan thus unto him spoke:
"Thou alone, O Kumbha-karna, can the Raksha's honour save,
Strongest of the Raksha warriors, stoutest-hearted midst the brave,
Speed thee like the Dread Destroyer to the dark and dubious fray,
Cleave through Rama's girdling forces, chase the scattered foe away!"
Like a mountain's beetling turret Kumbha-karna stout and tall,
Passed the city's lofty portals and the city's girdling wall,
And he raised his voice in battle, sent his cry from shore to shore,
Solid mountains shook and trembled and the sea returned the roar!
INDRA nor the great VARUNA equalled Kumbha-karna's might,
Vanars trembled at the warrior, sought their safety in their flight,
But the prince of fair Kishkindha, Angad chief of warlike fame,
Marked his panic-stricken forces with a princely warrior's shame.
"Wither fly, ye trembling Vanars?" thus the angry chieftain cried,
"All forgetful of your duty, of your worth and warlike pride,
Deem not stalwart Kumbha-karna is our match in open fight,
Forward let us meet in battle, let us crush this giant might!"
Rallied thus, the broken army stone and tree and massive rock,
Hurled upon the giant Raksha speeding with the lightning's shock,
Vain each flying rock and missile, vain each stout and sturdy stroke,
On the Raksha's limbs of iron stone and tree in splinters broke.
Dashing through the scattered forces Kumbha-karna fearless stood,
As a forest conflagration feasts upon the parchéd wood,
Far as confines of the ocean, to the causeway they had made,
To the woods or caves or billows, Vanars in their terror fled!
Hanuman of dauntless valour turned not in his fear nor fled,
Heaved a rock with mighty effort on the Raksha's towering head,
With his spear-head Kumbha-karna dashed the flying rock aside,
By the Raksha's weapon stricken Hanuman fell in his pride.
Next Rishabha and brave Nila and the bold Sarabha came,
Gavaksha and Gandha-madan, chieftains of a deathless fame,
But the spear of Kumbha-karna hurled to earth his feeble foes,
Dreadful was the field of carnage, loud the cry of battle rose!
Angad prince of fair Kishkindha, filled with anger and with shame,
Tore a rock with wrathful prowess, to the fatal combat came,
Short the combat, soon the Raksha caught and turned his foe around
Hurled him in his deadly fury, bleeding, senseless on the ground!

Last, Sugriva king of Vanars with a vengeful anger woke,
Tore a rock from bed of mountain and in proud defiance spoke,
Vain Sugriva's toil and struggle, Kumbha-karna hurled a rock,
Fell Sugriva crushed and senseless 'neath the missile's mighty shock!
Piercing through the Vanar forces, like a flame through forest wood,
Came the Raksha where in glory Lakshman calm and fearless stood,
Short their contest,—Kumbha-karna sought a greater, mightier foe,
To the young and dauntless Lakshman spake in accents soft and low:
"Dauntless prince and matchless warrior, fair Sumitra's gallant son,
Thou hast proved unrivalled prowess and unending glory won,
But I seek a mightier foeman, to thy elder let me go,
I would fight the royal Rama, or to die or slay my foe!"
"*Victor proud!*" *said gallant Lakshman,* "*peerless in thy giant might,*
Conqueror of great Immortals, Lakshman owns thy skill in fight,
Mightier foe than bright Immortals thou shalt meet in fatal war,
Death for thee in guise of Rama tarries yonder, not afar!"
Ill it fared with Kumbha-karna when he strove with Rama's might,
Men on earth nor Gods immortal conquered Rama in the fight,
Deadly arrows keen and flaming from the hero's weapon broke,
Kumbha-karna faint and bleeding felt his death at every stroke,
Last, an arrow pierced his armour, from his shoulders smote his head,
Kumbha-karna, lifeless, headless, rolled upon the gory bed,
Hurled unto the heaving ocean Kumbha-karna's body fell,
And as shaken by a tempest, mighty was the ocean's swell!

V Indrajit's Sacrifice and Second Battle

Still around beleaguered Lanka girdled Rama's living chain,
Raksha chieftain after chieftain strove to break the line in vain,
Sons of Ravan,—brave Narantak was by valiant Angad slain,
Trisiras and fierce Devantak, Hanuman slew on the plain,
Atikaya, tall of stature, was by gallant Lakshman killed,
Ravan wept for slaughtered princes, brave in war in weapons skilled.
"Shed no tears of sorrow, father!" Indrajit exclaimed in pride,
"While thy eldest son surviveth triumph dwells on Ravan's side,
Rama and that stripling Lakshman, I had left them in their gore,
Once again I seek their lifeblood,—they shall live to fight no more.
Hear my vow, O Lord of Rakshas! ere descends yon radiant sun,
Rama's days and gallant Lakshman's on this wide earth shall be done,
Witness INDRA and VIVASWAT, VISHNU great and RUDRA dire,
Witness Sun and Moon and Sadhyas, and the living God of Fire!"
Opened wide the gates of Lanka; in the spacious field of war,

Indrajit arranged his army, foot and horse and battle car,
Then with gifts and sacred *mantras* bent before the God of Fire,
And invoked celestial succour in the battle dread and dire.
With his offerings and his garlands, Indrajit with spices rare,
Worshipped holy VAISWA-NARA on the altar bright and fair,
Spear and mace were ranged in order, dart and bow and shining blade
Sacred fuel, blood-red garments, fragrant flowers were duly laid,
Head of goat as black as midnight offered then the warrior brave,
And the shooting tongue of red fire omens of a conquest gave,
Curling to the right and smokeless, red and bright as molten gold,
Tongue of flame received the offering of the hero true and bold!
Victory the sign betokens! Bow and dart and shining blade,
Sanctified by holy *mantras*, by the Fire the warrior laid,
Then with weapons consecrated, hid in mists as once before,
Indrajit on helpless foemen did his fatal arrows pour!
Fled the countless Vanar forces, panic-stricken, crushed and slain,
And the dead and dying warriors strewed the gory battle plain,
Then on Rama, and on Lakshman, from his dark and misty shroud,
Indrajit discharged his arrows bright as sunbeams through a cloud.
Scanning earth and bright sky vainly for his dark and hidden foe,
Rama to his brother Lakshman spake in grief and spake in woe:
"Once again that wily Raksha, slaying all our Vanar train,
From his dark and shadowy shelter doth on us his arrows rain,
By the grace of great SWAYAMBHU, Indrajit is lost to sight,
Useless is our human weapon 'gainst his gift of magic might,
If SWAYAMBHU wills it, Lakshman, we shall face these fatal darts,
We shall stand with dauntless patience, we shall die with dauntless hearts!"
Weaponless but calm and valiant, from the foeman's dart and spell
Patiently the princes suffered, fearlessly the heroes fell!

VI Indrajit's Third Battle and Fall

Healing herbs from distant mountains Hanuman in safety brought,
Rama rose and gallant Lakshman, once again their foemen sought.
And when night its sable mantle o'er the earth and ocean drew,
Forcing through the gates of Lanka to the frightened city flew!
Gallant sons of Kumbha-karna vainly fought to stem the tide,
Hanuman and brave Sugriva slew the brothers in their pride,
Makaraksha, shark-eyed warrior, vainly struggled with the foe,
Rama laid him pierced and lifeless by an arrow from his bow.
Indrajit arose in anger for his gallant kinsmen slayed,

In his arts and deep devices Sita's beauteous image made,
And he placed the form of beauty on his speeding battle car,
With his sword he smote the image in the gory field of war!
Rama heard the fatal message which his faithful Vanars gave,
And a deathlike trance and tremor fell upon the warrior brave,
But Bibhishan deep in wisdom to the anguished Rama came,
With his words of consolation spake of Rama's righteous dame:
"Trust me, Rama, trust thy comrade,—for I know our wily house,—
Indrajit slays not the woman whom his father seeks as spouse,
'Tis for Sita, impious Ravan meets thee on the batttle-field,
Stakes his life and throne and empire, but thy Sita will not yield,
Deem not that the king of Rakshas will permit her blood be shed,
Indrajit slays not the woman whom his father seeks to wed!
'Twas an image of thy Sita, Indrajit hath cleft in twain,
While our army wails and sorrows,—he performs his rites again,
To the holy Nikumbhila, Indrajit in secret hies,
For the rights which yield him prowess, hide him in the cloudy skies.
Let young Lakshman seek the foeman ere his magic rites be done,—
Once the sacrifice completed, none can combat Ravan's son,—
Let young Lakshman speed through Lanka till his wily foe is found,
Slay the secret sacrificer on the sacrificial ground!"
Unto holy Nikumbhila, Lakshman with Bibhishan went,
Bravest, choicest of the army, Rama with his brother sent,
Magic rites and sacrifices Indrajit had scarce begun,
When surprised by armèd foemen rose in anger Ravan's son!
"Art thou he," thus to Bibhishan, Indrajit in anger spake,
"Brother of my royal father, stealing thus my life to take,
Raksha born of Raksha parents, dost thou glory in this deed,
Traitor to thy king and kinsmen, false to us in direct need?
Scorn and pity fill my bosom thus to see thee leave thy kin,
Serving as a slave of foemen, stooping to a deed of sin,
For the slave who leaves his kindred, basely seeks the foeman's grace,
Meets destruction from the foeman after he destroys his race!"
"Untaught child of impure passions," thus Bibhishan answer made,
"Of my righteous worth unconscious bitter accents hast thou said,
Know, proud youth, that Truth and Virtue in my heart precedence take,
And we shun the impious kinsman as we shun the pois'nous snake!
Listen, youth! this earth no longer bears the father's sin and strife,
Plunder of the righteous neighbour, passion for the neighbour's wife,
Earth and skies have doomed thy father for his sin-polluted reign,
Unto Gods his proud defiance and his wrongs to sons of men!
Listen more! this fated Lanka groans beneath her load of crime,

And shall perish in her folly by the ruthless hand of Time,
Thou shalt perish and thy father and this proud presumptuous state,
Lakshman meets thee, impious Raksha, by the stern decree of Fate!"
"Hast thou too forgot the lesson," Indrajit to Lakshman said,
"Twice in field of war unconscious thee with Rama have I laid,
Dost thou stealing like a serpent brave my yet unconquered might,
Perish, boy, in thy presumption, in this last and fatal fight!"
Spake the hero: "Like a coward hid beneath a mantling cloud,
Thou hast battled like a caitiff safe behind thy sheltering shroud,
Now I seek an open combat, time is none to prate or speak,
Boastful word is coward's weapon, weapons and thy arrows seek!"
Soon they mixed in dubious combat, fury fired each foeman's heart,
Either warrior felt his rival worthy of his bow and dart,
Lakshman with his hurtling arrows pierced the Raksha's golden mail,
Shattered by the Raksha's weapons Lakshman's useless armour fell,
Red with gore and dim in eyesight still the chiefs in fury fought,
Neither quailed before his foeman, pause nor grace nor mercy sought,
Till with more than human valour Lakshman drew his bow amain,
Slayed the Raksha's steeds and driver, severed too his bow in twain.
"If the great and godlike Rama is in faith and duty true,
Gods assist the cause of virtue!"—Lakshman uttered as he drew,
Fatal was the dart unerring,—Gods assist the true and bold,—
On the fields of Nikumbhila, Lakshman's foeman headless rolled!

VII Ravan's Lament

"Quenched the light of Rakshas' valour!" so the message-bearer said,
" Lakshman with the deep Bibhishan hath thy son in battle slayed,
Fallen is our prince and hero and his day on earth is done,
In a brighter world, O monarch, lives thy brave, thy gallant son!"
Anguish filled the father's bosom and his fleeting senses failed,
Till to deeper sorrow wakened Lanka's monarch wept and wailed:
"Greatest of my gallant warriors, dearest to thy father's heart,
Victor over bright Immortals,—art thou slain by Lakshman's dart,
Noble prince whose peerless arrows could the peaks of Mandar stain,
And could daunt the Dread Destroyer,—art thou by a mortal slain?
But thy valour lends a radiance to elysium's sunny clime,
And thy bright name adds a lustre to the glorious rolls of time,
In the skies the bright Immortals lisp thy name with terror pale,
On the earth our maids and matrons mourn thy fall with piercing wail!
Hark! the voice of lamentation waking in the palace halls,
Like the voice of woe in forests when the forest monarch falls,

Hark! the wailing widowed princess, mother weeping for her son,
Leaving them in tears and anguish, Indrajit, where art thou gone?
Full of years,—so oft I pondered,—when the monarch Ravan dies,
Indrajit shall watch his bedside, Indrajit shall close his eyes,
But the course of nature changes, and the father weeps the son,
Youth is fallen, and the aged lives to fight the foe alone!"
Tears of sorrow, slow and silent, fell upon the monarch's breast,
Then a swelling rage and passion woke within his heaving chest,
Like the sun of scorching summer glowed his face in wrathful shame,
From his brow and rolling eyeballs issued sparks of living flame!
"Perish she!" exclaimed the monarch, "she-wolf Sita dies to-day,
Indrajit but cleft her image, Ravan will the woman slay!"
Followed by his trembling courtiers, regal robes and garments rent,
Ravan shaking in his passion to *Asoka's* garden went,
Maddened by his wrath and anguish, with his drawn and flaming sword,
Sought the shades where soft-eyed Sita silent sorrowed for her lord.
Woman's blood the royal sabre on that fatal day had stained,
But his true and faithful courtiers Ravan's wrathful hand restrained.
And the watchful Raksha females girdled round the sorrowing dame,
Flung them on the path of Ravan to withstand a deed of shame.
"Not against a woman, Ravan, mighty warriors raise their hand,
In the battle," spake the courtiers, "duty bids thee use thy brand,
Versed in *Vedas* and in learning, court not thus a caitiff's fate,
Woman's blood pollutes our valour, closes heaven's eternal gate!
Leave the woman in her sorrow, mount upon thy battle car,
Faithful to our king and leader we will wake the voice of war,
'Tis the fourteenth day auspicious of the dark and waning moon,
Glory waiteth thee in battle and thy vengeance cometh soon,
All-resistless in the contest slay thy foeman in his pride,
Seek as victor of the combat widowed Sita as thy bride!"
Slow and sullen, dark and silent, Ravan then his wrath restrained,
Vengeance on his son's destroyer deep within his bosom reigned!

VIII Ravan's Second Battle and Vengeance

Voice of woe and lamentation and the cry of woman's wail,
Issuing from the homes of Lanka did the monarch's ears assail,
And a mighty thought of vengeance waked within the monarch's heart,
And he heaved a sigh of anguish as he grasped his bow and dart:
"Arm each chief and gallant Raksha! be our sacred duty done,
Ravan seeks a fitting vengeance for his brave and noble son,
Mahodar and Virupaksha, Mahaparshwa warrior tall,

Arm! this fated day will witness Lakshman's or your monarch's fall!
Call to mind each slaughtered hero,—Khara, Dushan, slain in fight,
Kumbha-karna giant warrior, Indrajit of magic might,
Earth nor sky shall hide my foemen nor the ocean's heaving swell,
Scattered ranks of Rama's forces shall my speedy vengenace tell,
Be the red-earth strewn and covered with our countless foemen slain,
Hungry wolves and blood-beaked vultures feed upon the ghastly plain,
For his great and gallant brother, for his brave and beauteous son,
Ravan seeks a fitting vengeance, Rakshas be your duty done!"
House to house, in Lanka's city, Ravan's royal hest was heard,
Street and lane poured forth their warriors by a mighty passion stirred,
With the javelin and sabre, mace and club and axe and pike,
Sataghni[1] and *bhindipala*,[2] quoit and discus quick to strike.
And they formed the line of tuskers and the line of battle car,
Mule and camel fit for burden and the fiery steed of war,
Serried ranks of arméd soldiers shook the earth beneath their tread,
Horsemen that on wings of lightning o'er the field of battle spread.
Drum and conch and sounding trumpet waked the echoes of the sky,
Pataha[3] and loud *mridanga*[4] and the people's maddening cry,
Thundering through the gates of Lanka, Ravan's lofty chariot passed
Destined by his fortune, Ravan ne'er again those portals crost!
And the sun was dim and clouded and a sudden darkness fell,
Birds gave forth their boding voices and the earth confessed a spell,
Gouts of blood in rain descended, startled coursers turned to fly,
Vultures swooped upon the banner, jackals yelled their doleful cry,
Omens of a dark disaster mantled o'er the vale and rock,
And the ocean heaved in billows, nations felt the earthquake shock!
Darkly closed the fatal battle, sturdy Vanars fell in fight,
Warlike leaders of the Rakshas perished neath the foeman's might,
Mahodhar and Virupaksha were by bold Sugriva slain,
Crushed by Angad, Mahaparshwa slumbered lifeless on the plain.
But with more than mortal valour Ravan swept the ranks of war,
Warriors fell beneath his prowess, fled before his mighty car,
Cleaving through the Vanar forces, filled with vengeance deep and dire,
Ravan marked the gallant Lakshman flaming like a crimson fire!
Like the tempest cloud of summer Ravan's wingéd courses flew,
But Bibhishan in his prowess soon the gallant charges slew,
Dashing from his useless chariot Ravan leaped upon the ground,
And his false and traitor brother by his dearest foeman found!
Wrathful Ravan marked Bibhishan battling by the foeman's side,

[1] A weapon of war, supposed to kill a hundred men at one discharge.
[2] A weapon of war. [3] A drum. [4] A drum.

And he hurled his pond'rous weapon for to slay him in his pride.
Lakshman marked the mighty jav'lin as it winged its whizzing flight,
Cleft it in its onward passage, saved Bibhishan by his might!
Grimly smiled the angry Ravan gloating in his vengeful wrath,
Spake to young and dauntless Lakshman daring thus to cross his path:
"Welcome, Lakshman! thee I battle for thy deed of darkness done,
Face the anger of a father, cruel slayer of the son,
By thy skill and by thy valour, false Bibhishan thou hast saved,
Save thyself! Deep in this bosom is a cruel grief engraved!"
Father's grief and sad remembrance urged the lightning-wingéd dart,
Ravan's *Sakti* fell resistless on the senseless Lakshman's heart,
Wrathful Rama saw the combat and arose in godlike might,
Carless, steedless, wounded Ravan sought his safety in his flight.

IX Rama's Lament

"Art thou fallen," sorrowed Rama, " weary of this endless strife,
Lakshman, if thy days are ended, Rama recks not for his life,
Gone is Rama's wonted valour, weapons leave his nerveless hand,
Drop his bow and shining arrows, useless hangs his sheathéd brand!
Art thou fallen, gallant Lakshman, death and faintness on me creep,
Weary of this fatal contest let me by my brother sleep,
Weary of the strife and triumph, since my faithful friend is gone,
Rama follows in his footsteps and his task on earth is done!
Thou hast from the far Ayodhya, followed me in deepest wood,
In the thickest of the battle thou hast by thy elder stood,
Love of woman, love of comrade, trite is love of kith and kind,
Love like thine, true-hearted brother, not on earth we often find!
When Sumitra seeks thee, Lakshman, ever weeping for thy sake,
When she asks me of her hero, what reply shall Rama make,
What reply, when Bharat questions,—Where is he who went to wood,
Where is true and faithful Lakshman who beside his elder stood?
What great crime or fatal shadow darkens o'er my hapless life,
Victim to the sins of Rama sinless Lakshman falls in strife,
Best of brothers, best of warriors, wherefore thus unconscious lie,
Mother, wife, and brother wait thee, ope once more thy sleeping eye!"
Tara's father, wise Susena, gentle consolation lent,
Hanuman from distant mountains herbs of healing virtue rent,
And by loving Rama tended, Lakshman in his strength arose,
Stirred by thoughts of fatal vengeance Rama sought the flying foes.

X Celestial Arms and Chariot

Not in dastard terror Ravan sought his safety in his flight,
But to seek fresh steeds of battle ere he faced his foeman's might,
Harnessing his gallant coursers to a new and glorious car,
Sunlike in its radiant splendour, Ravan came once more to war.
Gods in wonder watched the contest of the more than mortal foes,
Ravan mighty in his vengeance, Rama lofty in his woes,
Gods in wonder marked the heroes, lion-like in jungle wood,
INDRA sent his arms and chariot where the human warrior stood!
"*Speed, Matali,*" *thus spake* INDRA, "*speed thee with my heavenly car,*
Where on foot the righteous Rama meets his mounted foe in war,
Speed, for Ravan's days are ended, and his moments brief and few,
Rama strives for right and virtue,—Gods assist the brave and true!"
Brave Matali drove the chariot drawn by steeds like solar ray,
Where the true and righteous Rama sought his foe in fatal fray,
Shining arms and heavenly weapons he to lofty Rama gave,—
When the righteous strive and struggle, Gods assist the true and brave!
"Take this car," so said Matali, "which the helping Gods provide,
Rama, take these steeds celestial, INDRA's golden chariot ride,
Take this royal bow and quiver, wear this falchion dread and dire,
VISWA-KARMAN forged this armour in the flames of heavenly fire,
I shall be thy chariot driver and shall speed the thund'ring car,
Slay the sin-polluted Ravan in this last and fatal war!"
Rama mounted on the chariot clad in arms of heavenly sheen,
And he mingled in a contest mortal eyes have never seen!

XI Ravan's Third Battle and Fall

Gods and mortals watched the contest and the heroes of the war,
Ravan speeding on his chariot, Rama on the heavenly car,
And a fiercer form the warriors in their fiery frenzy wore,
And a deeper weight of hatred on their anguished bosoms bore,
Clouds of dread and deathful arrows hid the radiant face of sky,
Darker grew the day of combat, fiercer grew the contest high!
Pierced by Ravan's pointed weapons bleeding Rama owned no pain,
Rama's arrows keen and piercing sought his foeman's life in vain,
Long and dubious battle lasted, and with fury wilder fraught,
Wounded, faint, and still unyielding, blind with wrath the rivals fought,
Pike and club and mace and trident scaped from Ravan's vengeful hand,
Spear and arrows Rama wielded, and his bright and flaming brand!
Long the dubious battle lasted, shook the ocean, hill and dale,
Winds were hushed in voiceless terror and the livid sun was pale,

Still the dubious battle lasted, until Rama in his ire
Wielded BRAHMA's deathful weapon flaming with celestial fire!
Weapon which the Saint Agastya had unto the hero given,
Winged as lightning dart of INDRA, fatal as the bolt of heaven,
Wrapped in smoke and flaming flashes, speeding from the circled bow.
Pierced the iron heart of Ravan, laid the lifeless hero low,
And a cry of pain and terror from the Raksha ranks arose,
And a shout from joyous Vanars as they smote their fleeing foes!
Heavenly flowers in rain descended on the red and gory plain,
And from unseen harps and timbrels rose a soft celestial strain,
And the ocean heaved in gladness, brighter shone the sunlit sky,
Soft and cool the gentle zephyrs through the forest murmured by,
Sweetest scent and fragrant odours wafted from celestial trees,
Fell upon the earth and ocean, rode upon the laden breeze!
Voice of blessing from the bright sky fell on Raghu's valiant son,—
"Champion of the true and righteous! now thy noble task is done!"

XII Mandodari's Lament and the Funerals

" Hast thou fallen," wept in anguish Ravan's first and eldest bride,
Mandodari, slender-waisted, Queen of Lanka's state and pride,
"Hast thou fallen, king and consort, more than Gods in warlike might,
Slain by man, whom bright Immortals feared to face in dubious fight?
Not a man!—The Dark Destroyer came to thee in mortal form,
Or the heaven-traversing VISHNU, INDRA ruler of the storm,
Gods of sky in shape of Vanars helped the dark and cruel deed,
Girdling round the Discus-Wielder in the battle's direst need!
Well I knew,—when Khara, Dushan, were by Rama's prowess slain,
Rama was no earthly mortal, he who crossed the mighty main,
Well I knew,—when with his army he invested Lanka's gate,
Rama was no earthly mortal but the messenger of Fate,
And I prayed,—the faithful Sita might unto her consort go,
For 'tis writ that nations perish for a righteous woman's woe,
But for impious lust of woman,—all forgetful of thy wife,
Thou hast lost thy crown and kingdom, thou hast lost thy fated life!
Woe to me! the sad remembrance haunts my tortured bosom still,
Of our days on famed Kailasa or on Meru's golden hill,
Gone the days of joy and gladness, Mandodari's days are done,
Since her lord and king and husband from her dear embrace is gone!"
Sorely wept the Queen of Lanka; Rama, tender, tearful, true,
Bade the funeral rites and honours to a fallen foeman due,
And they heaped the wood of *Chandan* and the fragrant garland laid,
On the pyre they lifted Ravan in the richest robes arrayed,

Weeping queens and sorrowing Rakshas round their fallen leader stood,
Brahmans with their chaunted *mantras* piled the dry and scented wood,
Oil and cords and sacred offerings were upon the altar laid,
And a goat of inky darkness as a sacrifice was slayed.
Piously the good Bibhishan lighted Ravan's funeral pyre,
And the zephyrs gently blowing fanned the bright and blazing fire,
Slow and sad with due ablutions mourners left the funeral site,
Rama then unstrung his weapon, laid aside his arms of might.

BOOK XI RAJYA-ABHISHEKA

(*Rama's Return and Consecration*)

THE REAL EPIC ends with the war, and with Rama's happy return to Ayodhya. Sita proves her stainless virtue by an Ordeal of Fire, and returns with her lord and with Lakshman in an aërial car, which Ravan had won from the Gods, and which Bibhishan made over to Rama. Indian poets are never tired of descriptions of nature, and the poet of the Ramayana takes advantage of Rama's journey from Ceylon to Oudh to give us a bird's-eye view of the whole continent of India, as well as to recapitulate the principal incidents of his great Epic.

The gathering of men at Arodhya, the greetings to Rama, and his consecration by the Vedic bard Vasishtha, are among the most pleasing passages in the whole poem. And the happiness enjoyed by men during the reign of Rama—described in the last few couplets of this Book—is an article of belief and a living tradition in India to this day.

The portions translated in this Book form the whole or portions of Sections cxviii., cxx., cxxv., cxxix., and cxxx. of Book vi. of the original text.

I Ordeal by Fire

For she dwelt in Ravan's dwelling,—rumour clouds a woman's fame—
Righteous Rama's brow was clouded, saintly Sita spake in shame:
"Wherefore spake ye not, my Rama, if your bosom doubts my faith,
Dearer than a dark suspicion to a woman were her death!
Wherefore, Rama, with your token came your vassal o'er the wave,
To assist a fallen woman and a tainted wife to save,
Wherefore with your mighty forces crossed the ocean in your pride,
Risked your life in endless combats for a sin-polluted bride?
Hast thou, Rama, all forgotten?—Saintly Janak saw my birth,

Child of harvest-bearing furrow, Sita sprang from Mother Earth,
As a maiden true and stainless unto thee I gave my hand,
As a consort fond and faithful roved with thee from land to land!
But a woman pleadeth vainly when suspicion clouds her name,
Lakshman, if thou lov'st thy sister, light for me the funeral flame,
When the shadow of dishonour darkens o'er a woman's life—
Death alone is friend and refuge of a true and trustful wife,
When a righteous lord and husband turns his cold averted eyes,
Funeral flame dispels suspicion, honour lives when woman dies!"
Dark was Rama's gloomy visage and his lips were firmly sealed,
And his eye betrayed no weakness, word disclosed no thought concealed,
Silent heaved his heart in anguish, silent drooped his tortured head,
Lakshman with a throbbing bosom funeral pyre for Sita made,
And Videha's sinless daughter prayed unto the Gods above,
On her lord and wedded consort cast her dying looks of love!
"*If in act and thought*," *she uttered*, "*I am true unto my name,*
Witness of our sins and virtues, may this Fire protect my fame!
If a false and lying scandal brings a faithful woman shame,
Witness of our sins and virtues, may this Fire protect my fame!
If in lifelong loving duty I am free from sin and blame,
Witness of our sins and virtues, may this Fire protect my fame!"
Fearless in her faith and valour Sita stepped upon the pyre,
And her form of beauty vanished circled by the clasping fire,
And an anguish shook the people like the ocean tempest-tost,
Old and young and maid and matron wept for Sita true and lost,
For bedecked in golden splendour and in gems and rich attire,
Sita vanished in the red fire of the newly lighted pyre!
Rishis and the great *Gandharvas*, Gods who know each secret deed,
Witnessed Sita's high devotion and a woman's lofty creed,
And the earth by ocean girdled with its wealth of teeming life,
Witnessed deed of dauntless duty of a true and stainless wife!

II Woman's Truth Vindicated

Slow the red flames rolled asunder, God of Fire incarnate came,
Holding in his radiant bosom fair Videha's sinless dame,
Not a curl upon her tresses, not a blossom on her brow,
Not a fibre of her mantle did with tarnished lustre glow!
Witness of our sins and virtues, God of Fire incarnate spake,
Bade the sorrow-stricken Rama back his sinless wife to take:
"Ravan in his impious folly forced from thee thy faithful dame,
Guarded by her changeless virtue, Sita still remains the same,

Tempted oft by female Rakshas in the dark and dismal wood,
In her woe and in her sadness true to thee hath Sita stood,
Courted oft by royal Ravan in the forest far and lone,
True to wedded troth and virtue Sita thought of thee alone,
Pure is she in thought and action, pure and stainless, true and meek,
I, the witness of all actions, thus my sacred mandate speak!"
Rama's forehead was unclouded and a radiance lit his eye,
And his bosom heaved in gladness as he spake in accents high:
"Never from the time I saw her in her maiden days of youth,
Have I doubted Sita's virtue, Sita's fixed and changeless truth,
I have known her ever sinless,—let the world her virtue know,
For the God of Fire is witness to her truth and changeless vow!
Ravan in his pride and passion conquered not a woman's love,
For the virtuous like the bright fire in their native radiance move,
Ravan in his rage and folly conquered not a faithful wife,
For like ray of sun unsullied is a righteous woman's life,
Be the wide world now a witness,—pure and stainless is my dame,
Rama shall not leave his consort till he leaves his righteous fame!"
In his tears the contrite Rama clasped her in a soft embrace,
And the fond forgiving Sita in his bosom hid her face!

III Return Home by the Aërial Car

"Mark my love," so Rama uttered, as on flying Pushpa car,
Borne by swans, the home-returning exiles left the field of war,
"Lanka's proud and castled city on Trikuta's triple crest,
As on peak of bold Kailasa mansions of Immortals rest!
Mark the gory fields surrounding where the Vanars in their might,
Faced and fought the charging Rakshas in the long and deathful fight,
Indrajit and Kumbha-karna, Ravan and his chieftains slain,
Fell upon the field of battle and their red blood soaks the plain.
Mark where dark-eyed Mandodari, Ravan's slender-waisted wife,
Wept his widow's tears of anguish when her monarch lost his life,
She hath dried her tears of sorrow and bestowed her heart and hand,
On Bibhishan good and faithful, crownéd king of Lanka's land.
See my love, round Ceylon's island how the ocean billows roar,
Hiding pearls in caves of corals, strewing shells upon the shore,
And the causeway far-extending,—monument of Rama's fame,—
'Rama's Bridge' to distant ages shall our deathless deeds proclaim!
See the rockbound fair Kishkindha and her mountain-girdled town,
Where I slayed the warrior Bali, placed Sugriva on the throne,
And the hill of Rishyamukha where Sugriva first I met,

Gave him word,—he would be monarch ere the evening's sun had set.
See the sacred lake of Pampa by whose wild and echoing shore,
Rama poured his lamentations when he saw his wife no more,
And the woods of Janasthana where Jatayu fought and bled,
When the deep deceitful Ravan with my trusting Sita fled.
Dost thou mark, my soft-eyed Sita, cottage on the river's shore,
Where in righteous peace and penance Sita lived in days of yore,
And by gloomy Godavari, Saint Agastya's home of love,
Holy men by holy duties sanctify the sacred grove!
Dost thou, o'er the Dandak forest, view the Chitrakuta hill,
Deathless bard the Saint Valmiki haunts its shade and crystal rill,
Thither came the righteous Bharat and my loving mother came,
Longing in their hearts to take us to Ayodhya's town of fame,
Dost thou, dear devoted Sita, see the Jumna in her might,
Where in Bharad-waja's *asram* passed we, love, a happy night,
And the broad and ruddy Ganga sweeping in her regal pride,
Forest-dweller faithful Guha crossed us to the southern side.
Joy! joy! my gentle Sita! Fair Ayodhya looms above,
Ancient seat of Raghu's empire, nest of Rama's hope and love,
Bow, bow, to bright Ayodhya! Darksome did the exiles roam,
Now their weary toil is ended in their father's ancient home!"

IV Greetings

Message from returning Rama, Vanars to Ayodhya brought,
Righteous Bharat gave his mandate with a holy joy distraught:
"Let our city shrines and *chaityas*[1] with a lofty music shake,
And our priests to bright Immortals grateful gifts and offerings make,
Bards, reciters of *Purānas,*[2] minstrels versed in ancient song,
Women with their tuneful voices lays of sacred love prolong,
Let our queens and stately courtiers step in splendour and in state,
Chieftains with their marshalled forces range along the city gate,
And our white-robed holy Brahmans hymns and sacred *mantras* sing,
Offer greetings to our brother, render homage to our king!"
Brave Satrughna heard his elder and his mandate duly kept:
"Be our great and sacred city levelled, cleansed, and duly swept,
And the grateful earth be sprinkled with the water from the well,
Strewn with parchéd rice and offering and with flower of sweetest smell,

[1] Shrines or temples.

[2] Sacred chronicles.

On each turret, tower, and temple let our flags and colours wave,
On the gates of proud Ayodhya plant Ayodhya's banners brave,
Gay festoons of flowering creeper home and street and dwelling line,
And in gold and glittering garment let the gladdened city shine!"
Elephants in golden trappings thousand chiefs and nobles bore,
Chariots, cars, and gallant chargers speeding by Sarayu's shore,
And the serried troops of battle marched with colours rich and brave,
Proudly o'er the gay procession did Ayodhya's banners wave.
In their stately gilded litters royal dames and damsels came,
Queen Kausalya first and foremost, Queen Sumitra rich in fame,
Pious priest and learned Brahman, chief of guild from near and far,
Noble chief and stately courtier with the wreath and water jar.
Girt by minstrel, bard, and herald chanting glorious deeds of yore,
Bharat came,—his elder's sandals still the faithful younger bore,—
Silver-white his proud umbrella, silver-white his garland brave,
Silver-white the fan of *chowri* which his faithful henchmen wave.
Stately march of gallant chargers and the roll of battle car,
Heavy tread of royal tuskers and the beat of drum of war,
Dundubhi[1] and echoing *sankha*, voice of nations gathered nigh,
Shook the city's tower and temple and the pealing vault of sky!
Sailing o'er the cloudless ether Rama's Pushpa chariot came,
And ten thousand jocund voices shouted Rama's joyous name,
Women with their loving greetings, children with their joyous cry,
Tottering age and lisping infant hailed the righteous chief and high.
Bharat lifted up his glances unto Rama from afar,
Unto Sita, unto Lakshman, seated on the Pushpa car,
And he wafted high his greetings and he poured his pious lay,
As one wafts the chaunted *mantra* to the rising God of Day!
Silver swans by Rama's bidding soft descended from the air,
And on earth the chariot lighted,—car of flowers divinely fair,—
Bharat mounting on the chariot, sought his long-lost elder's grace,
Rama held his faithful younger in a brother's dear embrace.
With his greetings unto Lakshman, unto Rama's faithful dame,
To Bibhishan and Sugriva and each chief who hither came,
Bharat took the jewelled sandals with the rarest gems inlaid,
Placed them at the feet of Rama and in humble accents said:
"Tokens of thy rule and empire, *these* have filled thy royal throne,
Faithful to his trust and duty Bharat renders back thine own,
Bharat's life is joy and gladness, for returned from distant shore,
Thou shalt rule thy spacious kingdom and thy loyal men once more.

[1] Drum.

Thou shalt hold thy rightful empire and assume thy royal crown,
Faithful to his trust and duty,—Bharat renders back thine own."

V The Consecration

Joy! joy! in bright Ayodhya gladness filled the hearts of all,
Joy! joy! a lofty music sounded in the royal hall,
Fourteen years of woe were ended, Rama now assumed his own,
And they placed the weary wand'rer on his father's ancient throne,
And they brought the sacred water from each distant stream and hill,
From the vast and boundless ocean, from each far and sacred rill.
Vasishtha the Bard of *Vedas* with auspicious rites and meet
Placed the monarch and his consort on the gemmed and jewelled seat,
Gautama and Katyayana, Vamadeva priest of yore,
Jabali and wise Vijaya versed in holy ancient lore,
Poured the fresh and fragrant water on the consecrated king,
As the Gods anointed INDRA from the pure ethereal spring!
Vedic priests with sacred *mantra*, dark-eyed virgins with their song,
Warriors girt in arms and weapons round the crownéd monarch throng,
Juices from each fragrant creeper on his royal brow they place,
And his father's crown and jewels Rama's ample forehead grace,
And as Manu, first of monarchs, was enthroned in days of yore,
So was Rama consecrated by the priests of Vedic lore!
Brave Satrughna on his brother cast the white umbrella's shade,
Bold Sugriva and Bibhishan waved the *chowri* gem-inlaid,
VAYU, God of gentle zephyrs, gift of golden garland lent,
INDRA, God of rain and sunshine, wreath of pearls to Rama sent,
Gay *Gandharvas* raised the music, fair *Apsaras*[1] formed the ring,
Men in nations haled their Rama as their lord and righteous king!
And 'tis told by ancient sages, during Rama's happy reign,
Death untimely, dire diseases, came not to his subject men,
Widows wept not in their sorrow for their lords untimely lost,
Mothers wailed not in their anguish for their babes by YAMA crost,
Robbers, cheats, and gay deceivers tempted not with lying word,
Neighbour loved his righteous neighbour and the people loved their lord!
Trees their ample produce yielded as returning seasons went,
And the earth in grateful gladness never failing harvest lent,
Rains descended in their season, never came the blighting gale,
Rich in crop and rich in pasture was each soft and smiling vale,
Loom and anvil gave their produce and the tilled and fertile soil,
And the nation lived rejoicing in their old ancestral toil.

[1] Celestial nymph.

BOOK XII ASWA-MEDHA

(Sacrifice of the Horse)

THE REAL EPIC ends with Rama's happy return to Ayodhya. An *Uttara-Kanda* or Supplement is added, describing the fate of Sita, and giving the poem a sad ending.

The dark cloud of suspicion still hung on the fame of Sita, and the people of Ayodhya made reflections on the conduct of their king, who had taken back into his house a woman who had lived in the palace of Ravan. Rama gave way to the opinion of his people, and he sent away his loving and faithful Sita to live in forests once more.

Sita found an asylum in the hermitage of Valmiki, and reputed author of this Epic, and there gave birth to twins, Lava and Kusa. Years passed on, and Lava and Kusa grew up as hermit boys, and as pupils of Valmiki.

After years had passed, Rama performed a great Horse-sacrifice. Kings and princes were invited from the neighbouring countries, and a great feast was held. Valmiki came to the sacrifice, and his pupils, Lava and Kusa, chanted there the great Epic, the *Ramayana*, describing the deeds of Rama. In this interesting portion of the poem we find how songs and poetry were handed down in ancient India by memory. The boys had learnt the whole of the Epic by heart, and chanted portions of it, day after day, till the recital was completed. We are told that the poem consists of seven books, 500 cantos, and 24,000 couplets. Twenty cantos were recited each day, so that the recital of the whole poem must have taken twenty-five days. It was by such feats of memory and by such recitals that literature was preserved in ancient times in India.

Rama recognised his sons in the boy-minstrels, and his heart yearned once more for Sita, whom he had banished but never forgotten. He asked the Poet Valmiki to restore his wife to him, and he desired that Sita might once more prove her purity in the great assembly, so that he might take her back with the approval of his people.

Sita came. But her life had been darkened by an unjust suspicion, her heart was broken, and she invoked the Earth to take her back. And the Earth, which had given Sita birth, yawned and took back her suffering child into her bosom.

In the ancient hymns of the *Rig Veda*, Sita is simply the goddess of the field-furrow which bears crops for men. We find how that simple conception is concealed in the *Ramayana*, where Sita the heroine of the Epic is still born of the field-furrow, and after all her adventures returns to the Earth. To the millions of men and women in India, however, Sita is

not an allegory; she lives in their hearts and affections as the model of womanly love, womanly devotion, and a wife's noble self-abnegation.

The portions translated in this Book form the whole or portions of Sections xcii., xciii., xciv., and xcvii. of Book vii. of the original text.

I The Sacrifice

Years have passed; the lonely Rama in his joyless palace reigned,
And for righteous duty yearning, *Aswa-medha*[1] rite ordained,
And a steed of darkest sable with the valiant Lakshman sent,
And with troops and faithful courtiers to Naimisha's forest went.
Fair was far Naimisha's forest by the limpid Gumti's shore,
Monarchs came and warlike chieftains, Brahmans versed in sacred lore,
Bharat with each friend and kinsman served them with the choicest food,
Proud retainers by each chieftain and each crownéd monarch stood.
Palaces and stately mansions were for royal guests assigned,
Peaceful homes for learnéd Brahmans were with trees umbrageous lined,
Gifts were made unto the needy, cloth by skilful weavers wrought,
Ere the suppliants spake their wishes, ere they shaped their inmost thought!
Rice unto the helpless widow, to the orphan wealth and gold,
Gifts they gave to holy Brahmans, shelter to the weak and old,
Garments to the grateful people crowding by their monarch's door,
Food and drink unto the hungry, home unto the orphan poor.
Ancient *rishis* had not witnessed feast like this in any land,
Bright Immortals in their bounty blest not with a kinder hand,
Through the year and circling seasons lasted Rama's sacred feast,
And the untold wealth of Rama by his kindly gifts increased!

II Valmiki and His Pupils

Foremost midst the gathered Sages to the holy *yajna*[2] came
Deathless Bard of Lay Immortal—Saint Valmiki rich in fame,
Midst the humble homes of *rishis*, on the confines of the wood,
Cottage of the Saint Valmiki in the shady garden stood.
Fruits and berries from the jungle, water from the crystal spring,
With a careful hand Valmiki did unto his cottage bring,
And he spake to gentle Lava, Kusa child of righteous fame,—
Sita's sons, as youthful hermits to the sacred feast they came:
"Lift your voices, righteous pupils, and your richest music lend,
Sing the Lay of *Ramayana* from the first unto the end,

[1] Horse sacrifice.
[2] Sacrifice.

Sing it to the holy Brahman, to the warrior fair and tall,
In the crowded street and pathway, in the monarch's palace hall.
Sing it by the door of Rama,—he ordains this mighty feast,
Sing it to the royal ladies,—they shall to the story list,
Sing from day to day unwearied, in this sacrificial site,
Chant to all the gathered nations Rama's deeds of matchless might,
And this store of fruits and berries will allay your thirst and toil,
Gentle children of the forest, unknown strangers in this soil!
Twenty cantos of the Epic, morn to night, recite each day,
Till from end to end is chanted *Ramayana's* deathless Lay,
Ask no alms, receive no riches, nor of your misfortunes tell,
Useless unto us is bounty who in darksome forests dwell,
Children of the wood and mountain, cruel fortune clouds your birth.
Stainless virtue be your shelter, virtue be your wealth on earth!
If the royal Rama questions and your lineage seeks to know,
Say,—Valmiki is our Teacher and our Sire on earth below,
Wake your harps to notes of rapture and your softest accents lend,
With the music of the poet music of your voices blend,
Bow unto the mighty monarch, bow to Rama fair and tall,
He is father of his subjects, he is lord of creatures all!"

III Recital of the Ramayana

When the silent night was ended, and their pure ablutions done,
Joyous went the minstrel brothers, and their lofty lay begun,
Rama to the hermit minstrels lent a monarch's willing ear,
Blended with the simple music dulcet was the lay to hear,
And so sweet the chanted accents, Rama's inmost soul was stirred,
With his royal guests and courtiers still the deathless lay he heard!
Heralds versed in old *Purānas*, Brahmans skilled in pious rite,
Minstrels deep in lore of music, poets fired by heavenly might,
Watchers of the constellations, min'sters of the festive day,
Men of science and of logic, bards who sang the ancient lay,
Painters skilled and merry dancers who the festive joy prolong,
Hushed and silent in their wonder listed to the wondrous song!
And as poured the flood of music through the bright and livelong day,
Eyes and ears and hearts insatiate drank the nectar of the lay,
And the eager people whispered: "See the boys, how like our king
As two drops of limpid water from the parent bubble spring!
Were the boys no hermit-children, in the hermit's garments clad,
We would deem them Rama's image,—Rama as a youthful lad!"
Twenty cantos of the Epic thus the youthful minstrels sung,

And the voice of stringéd music through the Epic rolled along,
Out spake Rama in his wonder: "Scarce I know who these may be,
Eighteen thousand golden pieces be the children-minstrels' fee!"
"Not so," answered thus the children, "we in darksome forests dwell,
Gold and silver, bounteous monarch, forest life beseem not well!"
"Noble children!" uttered Rama, "dear to me the words you say,
Tell me who composed this Epic,—Father of this deathless Lay?"
"*Saint Valmiki,*" *spake the minstrels,* "*framed the great immortal song,*
Four and twenty thousand verses to this noble Lay belong,
Untold tales of deathless virtue sanctify his sacred line,
And five hundred glorious cantos in this glorious Epic shine,
In six Books of mighty splendour was the poet's task begun,
With a seventh Book, supplemental is the poet's labour done,
All thy matchless deeds, O monarch, in this Lay will brighter shine,
List to us from first to ending if thy royal heart incline!"
"Be it so," thus Rama answered, but the hours of day were o'er,
And Valmiki's youthful pupils to their cottage came once more.
Rama with his guests and courtiers slowly left the royal hall,
Eager was his heart to listen, eager were the monarchs all,
And the voice of song and music thus was lifted day to day,
And from day to day they listened to Valmiki's deathless Lay!

IV Lava and Kusa Recognised

Flashed upon the contrite Rama glimpses of the dawning truth,
And with tears of love paternal Rama clasped each minstrel youth,
Yearned his sorrow-stricken bosom for his pure and peerless dame,
Sita banished to the forest, stainless in her righteous fame!
In his tears repentant Rama to Valmiki message sent,
That his heart with eager longing sought her from her banishment:
"Pure in soul! before these monarchs may she yet her virtue prove,
Grace once more my throne and kingdom, share my unforgotten love,
Pure in soul! before my subjects may her truth and virtue shine,
Queen of Rama's heart and empire may she once again be mine!"

V Sita Lost

Morning dawned; and with Valmiki, Sita to the gathering came,
Banished wife and weeping mother, sorrow-stricken, suffering dame,
Pure in thought and deed, Valmiki gave his troth and plighted word,—
Faithful still the banished Sita in her bosom held her lord!
"Mighty Saint," so Rama answered as he bowed his humble head,

"Listening world will hear thy mandate and the word that thou hast said,
Never in his bosom Rama questioned Sita's faithful love,
And the God of Fire incarnate did her stainless virtue prove!
Pardon, if the voice of rumour drove me to a deed of shame,
Bowing to my people's wishes I disowned my sinless dame,
Pardon, if to please my subjects I have bade my Sita roam,
Tore her from my throne and empire, tore her from my heart and home!
In the dark and dreary forest was my Sita left to mourn,
In the lone and gloomy jungle were my royal children born,
Help me, Gods, to wipe this error and this deed of sinful pride,
May my Sita prove her virtue, be again my loving bride!"
Gods and Spirits, bright Immortals to that royal *Yajna* came,
Men of every race and nation, kings and chiefs of righteous fame,
Softly through the halls of splendour cool and scented breezes blew,
Fragrance of celestial blossoms o'er the royal chambers flew.
Sita saw the bright Celestials, monarchs gathered from afar,
Saw her royal lord and husband bright as heaven-ascending star,
Saw her sons as hermit-minstrels beaming with a radiance high,
Milk of love suffused her bosom, tear of sorrow filled her eye!
Rama's queen and Janak's daughter, will she stoop her cause to plead,
Witness of her truth and virtue can a loving woman need!
Oh! her woman's heart is bursting, and her day on earth is done,
And she pressed her heaving bosom, slow and sadly thus begun:
"*If unstained in thought and action I have lived from day of birth,
Spare a daughter's shame and anguish and receive her, Mother Earth!
If in duty and devotion I have laboured undefiled,
Mother Earth! who bore this woman, once again receive thy child!
If in truth unto my husband I have proved a faithful wife,
Mother Earth! relieve thy Sita from the burden of this life!*"
Then the earth was rent and parted, and a golden throne arose,
Held aloft by jewelled *Nagas* as the leaves enfold the rose,
And the Mother in embraces held her spotless sinless Child,
Saintly Janak's saintly daughter, pure and true and undefiled,
Gods and men proclaim her virtue! But fair Sita is no more,
Lone is Rama's loveless bosom and his days of bliss are o'er!

CONCLUSION

IN THE CONCLUDING PORTION of the *Uttara* or Supplemental Book, the descendants of Rama and his brothers are described as the founders of the great cities and kingdoms which flourished in Western India in the fourth and fifth centuries before the Christian Era.

Bharat had two sons, Taksha and Pushkala. The former founded Taksha-sila, to the east of the Indus, and known to Alexander and the Greeks as Taxila. The latter founded Pushkala-vati, to the west of the Indus, and known to Alexander and the Greeks as Peukelaotis. Thus the sons of Bharat are said to have founded kingdoms which flourished on either side of the Indus river in the fourth century before Christ.

Lakshman had two sons, Angada and Chandraketu. The former founded the kingdom of Karupada, and the latter founded the city of Chandrakanti in the Malwa country.

Satrughna had two sons, Suvahu and Satrughati. The former became king of Mathura, and the latter ruled in Vidisha.

Rama had two sons, Lava and Kusa. The former ruled in Sravasti, which was the capital of Oudh at the time of the Buddha in the fifth and sixth centuries before Christ. The latter founded Kusavati at the foot of the Vindhya mountains.

The death of Rama and his brothers was in accordance with Hindu ideas of the death of the righteous. Lakshman died under somewhat peculiar circumstances. A messenger from heaven sought a secret conference with Rama, and Rama placed Lakshman at the gate, with strict injunctions that whoever intruded on the private conference should be slain. Lakshman himself had to disturb the conference by the solicitation of the celestial *rishi* Durvasa, who always appears on earth to create mischief. And true to the orders passed by Rama, he surrendered his life by penances, and went to heaven.

In the fulness of time, Rama and his other brothers left Ayodhya, crossed the Sarayu, surrendered their mortal life, and entered heaven.

INDIAN HUMOUR

The Fables of Panchatantra

INTRODUCTION

INDIA IS THE HOME OF FABLES, which are usually associated in our minds with the Greek slave, mentioned by Herodotus, by the name of Æsop. Few users of allusions to Æsop's fables which have crept into our everyday language realize that these stories, their special form and technique, can be traced to very remote sources in India. Ernest Rhys, in his Introduction to *Fables, Æsop and Others* (Everyman's) justly remarks, "We have to admit that the beast-fable did not begin with him (Æsop), or in Greece at all. We have, in fact, to go East and to look to India and burrow in the 'tales within tales' of *Hitopadesa* to get an idea how old the antiquity of the fable actually is."

There are two outstanding collections of animal fables in Indian literature the *Panchatantra* and the *Hitopadesa*. The first is the older and richer collection, consisting of 87 stories, the second, of 43, of which 25 are found in the *Panchatantra*. According to Dr. Hertel, the *Panchatantra* was probably written down in the second century B.C. in Kashmir, but the stories themselves are much older from evidences in Sanskrit works. It was the German Sanskrit scholar, Theodor Benfey, who translated the *Panchatantra* in 1859, and started the comparative study of beast fables, while the science of comparative philology had been started by the English pioneer of Sanskrit studies, Sir William Jones in 1789, and its foundation laid by Franz Bopp in 1816 through the comparison of Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Celtic and Teutonic words. (Note that *Pancha* means "five," *Panchatantra* meaning "Five Sections"; cf. *Pentateuch*.) Curiously, a German version of these animal fables, made in 1481, was one of the earliest printed books in Europe, and an English version was among the books that came from Caxton's printing press. Also, the *Hitopadesa* was one of the first printed Sanskrit books in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Sir Edwin Arnold translated the *Hitopadesa*

(*Book of Good Counsels*) from the Sanskrit in 1861. On the other hand, the *Panchatantra* was not directly translated from the Sanskrit until 1924 by Stanley Rice,[1] and by Arthur W. Ryder in 1925.

While the indebtedness of Æsop to the Indian fables is open to question and can never be settled by conclusive evidence, the established route of migration of Indian fables into Europe has been interestingly described by Max Müller.[2] The stories from one of the collections of the *Panchatantra* (of which there are twenty-five recensions), were translated into Pahlawi (Pehlevi) in the sixth century. From the Persian, it was translated into Syriac in A.D. 570 (under the title *Kalilag and Damnag*, names of the jackals telling the stories, Tarataka and Damnaka), and into Arabic in the eighth century as the *Fables of Pilpay*. In this Arabic garb, it spread through the Islam world and reached Spain, Sicily, Provence and France, while through Constantinople, it reached Eastern Europe and was translated into Greek, Latin, German, Italian and English. In an English translation from the Italian it was probably known to Shakespeare. Such tales have inspired similar stories of Boccaccio; see *The Gullible Husband* and *The Butter-Blinded Brahman* in the present selection. La Fontaine, in the edition of his *Fables* published in 1678, says in the Preface, "It is not necessary that I should say whence I have taken the subjects of these new fables. I shall only say, from a sense of gratitude that I owe the largest portion of them to Pilpay the Indian Sage."[3]

The *Panchatantra* was therefore one of the most widely known and widely translated books of the world in the Middle Ages. As to the intriguing question of the origin of Æsop's fables, different views are possible and are held by different scholars. Max Müller believed that these fables found their way to Greece in or before Herodotus' time; others held the opposite; while still others believe in a common Aryan origin, or in independent origins. The question will probably never be settled. Rawlinson points out, however, "That the migration of fables was originally from East to West, and not vice versa, is shown by the fact that the animals and birds who play the leading parts, the lion, the jackal, the elephant, and the peacock, are mostly Indian ones. In the European versions the jackal becomes the fox: the relation between the lion and the jackal is a natural one, whereas that between the lion and the fox is not."[4] What seems to me common sense is that tigers, monkeys

[1] Stanley Rice wrote in 1924 in his introduction to *Ancient Fables and Stories* (Wisdom of the East Series): "Indeed, a search in the British Museum and in the India Office libraries has failed to discover any English translation whatsoever."

[2] "On the Migration of Fables," in *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. IV.

[3] Quoted by H. H. Gowen, *History of Indian Literature*.

[4] "India in European Thought and Literature," in *The Legacy o, India*, Oxford.

and crocodiles abound in Indian jungles and not in Greece. One cannot read Indian literature without being constantly impressed by the sense of the forest.

The important thing to point out is that the fables have had a too luxuriant growth in native Indian literature to permit of the theory of borrowed origins. With an apology for punning, one must say that the Hindu mind is fabulous. The genius for creating fables seems inexhaustible in Indian literature, while Æsop stood almost alone in Greece. Witness the *Buddhist Birth Stories* (the *Jātakas*),[1] and the *Dhammapada Commentary* by Buddhaghosha,[2] running each into four or five hundred stories, a great part of them animal fables, and the *Panchatantra* and the *Hitopadesa*. When one remembers also that many of the stories in the *Arabian Nights*, including that of the famous Sindbad the Sailor, are of Hindu origin, it is not easy to accept the view that such tales are not of native Indian growth.

Like the *Arabian Nights*, the *Panchatantra* uses a framework: that of a king despairing of teaching his two dull princes and finally engaging a wise Brahman who pledged to teach these two dull boys the complete *niti*, or wisdom of human intercourse, in six months, and who proceeded to teach these lessons on human nature through the fables, cleverly weaving one tale within another and very often making one character in the story start telling another story before one is completed.

The gift for moralizing that we see in *Æsop* exists in rather uncomfortable abundance. For it is quite clear that here the tale adorns the moral, rather than the moral adorns the tale. Many of these maxims are quotations from older books, like the *Vedas*, and some of them are extremely appropriate to-day. One might choose the following as the maxim for the present work and all folk literature:

> All things that are seen or heard
> In science or the Sacred Word,
> All things in interstellar space
> Are known among the populace.

And in an age when scholars build airplanes without knowing how to use them, one could agree in the tale of *Lion-Makers* that

> Scholarship is less than sense,
> Therefore seek intelligence.

The folly of appeasers was once wittily expressed by Heywood Broun in Æsop fashion when he said that "appeasers believe that if you keep

[1] Translated by T. W. Rhys Davids, London, 1880.
[2] Translated by E. W. Burlingame, *Buddhist Legends*, in 3 vols., Harvard Oriental Series, Nos. 28, 29 30.

on throwing steaks to a tiger, the tiger will become a vegetarian." The author of *Panchatantra* had something similar to say:

Caress a rascal as you will,
He was, and is, a rascal still:
All salve and sweating-treatments fail
To take the kink from doggy's tail.

Conciliation simply makes
A foeman's indignation splutter,
Like drops of water sprinkled on
A briskly burning pan of butter.

And we may derive some comfort in hearing that mankind eventually always overcomes its schemers:

Since scamp and sneak and snake
So often undertake
A plan that does not thrive,
The world wags on, alive.

The purpose of the book may be said to teach wisdom about human nature by libelling the animal world. Like Æsop, the author's morals are sharp and shrewd. But on the whole, it is a good procedure to make the animal kingdom bear all the sins of hypocrisy and cunning and avarice of mankind. When the wolf chides the lamb for fouling the water he is drinking, the people of the weak nations know who the wolf is if not the aggressor himself. And when a fox condemns "sour grapes," I feel that he is distinctly human: a fox is too honest for that, only humans indulge in the luxury of rationalizing errors. There is an advantage in making animals talk like men, rather than make gods do the same. When animals talk like men, we at least feel as if we were hearing children talk like grown-ups, which is pleasurable, but when we make the gods talk like human beings, we feel as if we were listening to old men talking like children. Rather than be anthropomorphic with the gods, let's be anthropomorphic with the animals.

The present selection is taken from the translation by Arthur W. Ryder,[1] who has also translated the beautiful *Sakuntala*, the classic Indian drama, for us. I have often found it necessary to omit some of the too many verse comments. In an age when men still fight like animals, it may be sometimes quite refreshing to re-enter the world of simple human truths and recognize ourselves or our fellow men whose names may appear in the morning papers. I have included some fables at the end of this selection, which are recognizable as familiar to us. The best known

[1] *The Panchatantra*, of University Chicago Press, 1925.

is that containing the classical example of anti-climax, *The Brahman's Dream*, known to us as the story of the Milkmaid who dreamed of her wedding and overthrew her milk pail. The story of the *Loyal Mungoose*, so heroically pathetic and worthy of a Walt Disney cartoon, can be recognized as the Welsh story of Llewellyn and Gelert, where the mungoose has been transformed into a faithful dog.

But I do wish that the wise, learned and calculating appeasers of America and Europe had read *The Frogs that Rode Snakeback* in their childhood and taken that simple wisdom to heart, for I believe Waterfoot who gave away the plebeian frogs to the snake was the first of the race of appeasers. And the first of the isolationists were the little monkeys in the story of *The Unforgiving Monkey*.

The Panchatantra

Translated by Arthur W. Ryder

INTRODUCTION TO THE STORIES

IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTRY is a city called Maidens' Delight. There lived a king named Immortal-Power. He was familiar with all the works treating of the wise conduct of life. His feet were made dazzling by the tangle of rays of light from jewels in the diadems of mighty kings who knelt before him. He had reached the far shore of all the arts that embellish life. This king had three sons. Their names were Rich-Power, Fierce-Power, Endless-Power, and they were supreme blockheads.

Now when the king perceived that they were hostile to education, he summoned his counsellors and said: "Gentlemen, it is known to you that these sons of mine, being hostile to education, are lacking in discernment. So when I behold them, my kingdom brings me no happiness, though all external thorns are drawn. For there is wisdom in the proverb:

> Of sons unborn, or dead, or fools,
> Unborn or dead will do:
> They cause a little grief, no doubt;
> But fools, a long life through.

And again:

> To what good purpose can a cow
> That brings no calf nor milk, be bent?
> Or why beget a son who proves
> A dunce and disobedient?

Some means must therefore be devised to awaken their intelligence."

And they, one after another, replied: "O King, first one learns

grammar, in twelve years. If this subject has somehow been mastered, then one masters the books on religion and practical life. Then the intelligence awakens."

But one of their number, a counsellor named Keen, said: "O King, the duration of life is limited, and the verbal sciences require much time for mastery. Therefore let some kind of epitome be devised to wake their intelligence. There is a proverb that says:

> Since verbal science has no final end,
> Since life is short, and obstacles impend,
> Let central facts be picked and firmly fixed,
> As swans extract the milk with water mixed.

"Now there is a Brahman here named Vishnusharman,[1] with a reputation for competence in numerous sciences. Intrust the princes to him. He will certainly make them intelligent in a twinkling."

When the king had listened to this, he summoned Vishnusharman and said: "Holy sir, as a favour to me you must make these princes incomparable masters of the art of practical life. In return, I will bestow upon you a hundred land-grants."

And Vishnusharman made answer to the king: "O King, listen. Here is the plain truth. I am not the man to sell good learning for a hundred land-grants. But if I do not, in six months' time, make the boys acquainted with the art of intelligent living, I will give up my own name. Let us cut the matter short. Listen to my lion-roar. My boasting arises from no greed for cash. Besides, I have no use for money; I am eighty years old, and all the objects of sensual desire have lost their charm. But in order that your request may be granted, I will show a sporting spirit in reference to artistic matters. Make a note of the date. If I fail to render your sons, in six months' time, incomparable masters of the art of intelligent living, then His Majesty is at liberty to show me His Majestic bare bottom."

When the king, surrounded by his counsellors, had listened to the Brahman's highly unconventional promise, he was penetrated with wonder, intrusted the princes to him, and experienced supreme content.

Meanwhile, Vishnusharman took the boys, went home, and made them learn by heart five books which he composed and called: (I) "The Loss of Friends," (II) "The Winning of Friends," (III) "Crows and Owls," (IV) "Loss of Gains," (V) "Ill-considered Action."

These the princes learned, and in six months' time they answered the prescription. Since that day this work on the art of intelligent living,

[1] It is possible that Vishnusharman was the real author of the book.

called *Panchatantra*, or the "Five Books," has travelled the world, aiming at the awakening of intelligence in the young. To sum the matter up:

Whoever learns the work by heart,
Or through the story-teller's art
  Becomes acquainted,
His life by sad defeat—although
The king of heaven be his foe—
  Is never tainted.

THE FROGS THAT RODE SNAKEBACK

There was once an elderly black snake in a certain spot, and his name was Slow-Poison. He considered the situation from this point of view: "How in the world can I get along without overtaxing my energies?" Then he went to a pond containing many frogs, and behaved as if very dejected.

As he waited thus, a frog came to the edge of the water, and asked: "Uncle, why don't you bustle about to-day for food as usual?"

"My dear friend," said Slow-Poison, "I am afflicted. Why should I wish for food? For this evening, as I was bustling about for food, I saw a frog and made ready to catch him. But he saw me and, fearing death, he escaped among some Brahmans intent upon holy recitation, nor did I perceive which way he went. But in the water at the edge of the pond was the great toe of a Brahman boy, and stupidly deceived by its resemblance to a frog, I bit it, and the boy died immediately. Then the sorrowing father cursed me in these terms: 'Monster! Since you bit my harmless son, you shall for this sin become a vehicle for frogs, and shall subsist on whatever they choose to allow you.' Consequently, I have come here to serve as your vehicle."

Now the frog reported this to all the others. And every last one of them, in extreme delight, went and reported to the frog-king, whose name was Water-Foot. He in turn, accompanied by his counsellors, rose hurriedly from the pond—for he thought it an extraordinary occurrence—and climbed upon Slow-Poison's hood. The others also, in order of age, climbed on his back. Yet others, finding no vacant spot, hopped along behind the snake. Now Slow-Poison, with an eye to making his living, showed them fancy turns in great variety. And Water-Foot, enjoying contact with his body, said to him:

I'd rather ride Slow-Poison than
  The finest horse I've seen,
Or elephant, or chariot,
  Or man-borne palanquin.

The next day, Slow-Poison was wily enough to move very slowly. So Water-Foot said: "My dear Slow-Poison, why don't you carry us nicely, as you did before?"

And Slow-Poison said: "O King, I have no carrying power to-day because of lack of food." "My dear fellow," said the king, "eat the plebeian frogs."

When Slow-Poison heard this he quivered with joy in every member and made haste to say: "Why, this is a part of the curse laid on me by the Brahman. For that reason I am greatly pleased at your command." So he ate frogs uninterruptedly, and in a very few days he grew strong. And with delight and inner laughter he said:

> The trick was good. All sorts of frogs
>   Within my power have passed.
> The only question that remains,
>   Is: How long will they last?

Water-Foot, for his part, was befooled by Slow-Poison's plausibilities, and did not notice a thing.

THE UNFORGIVING MONKEY

In a certain city was a king named Moon, who had a pack of monkeys for his son's amusement. They were kept in prime condition by daily provender and pabulum in great variety.

For the amusement of the same prince there was a herd of rams. One of them had an itching tongue, so he went into the kitchen at all hours of the day and night and swallowed everything in sight. And the cooks would beat him with any stick or other object within reach.

Now when the chief of the monkeys observed this, he reflected: "Dear me! This quarrel between ram and cooks will mean the destruction of the monkeys. For the ram is a regular guzzler, and when the cooks are infuriated, they hit him with anything handy. Suppose some time they find nothing else and beat him with a firebrand. Then that broad, woolly back will very easily catch fire. And if the ram, while burning, plunges into the stable near by, it will blaze—for it is mostly thatch—and the horses will be scorched. Now the standard work on veterinary science prescribes monkey-fat to relieve burns on horses. This being so, we are threatened with death."

Having reached this conclusion, he assembled the monkeys and said:

"A quarrel of the ram and cooks
Has lately come about;
It threatens every monkey life
Without a shade of doubt.

"Because, if senseless quarrels rend
A house from day to day,
The folk who wish to keep alive
Had better move away.

"Therefore let us leave the house and take to the woods before we are all dead."

But the conceited monkeys laughed at his warning and said: "Oho! You are old and your mind is slipping. Your words prove it. We have no intention of foregoing the heavenly dainties which the princes give us with their own hands, in order to eat fruits peppery, puckery, bitter, and sour from the trees out there in the forest."

Having listened to this, the monkey chief made a wry face and said: "Come, come! You are fools. You do not consider the outcome of this pleasant life. Just at present it is sweet, at the last it will turn to poison. At any rate, I will not behold the death of my household. I am off for that very forest."

With these words the chief left them all behind, and went to the forest.

One day after he had gone, the ram entered the kitchen. And the cook, finding nothing else, picked up a firebrand, half-consumed and still blazing, and struck him. Whereat, with half his body blazing, he plunged bleating into the stable near by. There he rolled until flames started up on all sides—for the stable was mostly thatch—and of the horses tethered there some died, their eyes popping, while some, half-burned to death and whinnying with pain, snapped their halters, so that nobody knew what to do.

In this state of affairs, the saddened king assembled the veterinary surgeons and said: "Prescribe some method of giving these horses relief from the pain of their burns." And they, recalling the teachings of their science, prescribed for this emergency the remedy of applyingmonkey fat.

When the king heard this, he ordered the slaughter of the monkeys. And, not to waste words, everyone was killed.

Now the monkey chief did not with his own eyes see this outrage perpetrated on his household. But he heard the story as it passed from one to another, and did not take it tamely. As the proverb says:

If foes commit an outrage on
A house, and one forgives—
Be it from fear or greed—he is
The meanest man that lives.

Now as the elderly monkey wandered about thirsty, he came to a lake made lovely by clusters of lotuses. And as he observed it narrowly, he noticed footprints leading into the lake, but none coming out. Thereupon he reflected: "There must be some vicious beast here in the water. So I will stay at a safe distance and drink through a hollow lotus-stalk."

When he had done so, there issued from the water a man-eating fiend with a pearl necklace adorning his neck, who spoke and said: "Sir, I eat everyone who enters the water. So there is none shrewder than you, who drink in this fashion. I have taken a liking to you. Name your heart's desire."

"Sir," said the monkey, "how many can you eat?" And the fiend replied: "I can eat hundreds, thousands, myriads, yes, hundreds of thousands, if they enter the water. Outside, a jackal can overpower me."

"And I," said the monkey, "I live in mortal enmity with a king. If you will give me that pearl necklace, I will awaken his greed with a plausible narrative, and will make that king enter the lake along with his retinue." So the fiend handed over the pearl necklace.

Then people saw the monkey roaming over trees and palace-roofs with a pearl necklace embellishing his throat, and they asked him: "Well, chief, where have you spent this long time? Where did you get a pearl necklace like that? Its dazzling beauty dims the very sun."

And the monkey answered: "In a spot in the forest is a shrewdly hidden lake, a creation of the god of wealth. Through his grace, if anyone bathes there at sunrise on Sunday, he comes out with a pearl necklace like this embellishing his throat."

Now the king heard this from somebody, summoned the monkey, and asked: " Is this true, chief?" "O King," said the monkey, "you have visible proof in the pearl necklace on my throat. If you, too, could find a use for one, send somebody with me, and I will show him."

On hearing this, the king said: "In view of the facts, I will come myself with my retinue, so that we may acquire numbers of pearl necklaces." "O King," said the monkey, "your idea is delicious."

So the king and his retinue started, greedy for pearl necklaces. And the king in his palanquin clasped the monkey to his bosom, showing him honour as they travelled. For there is wisdom in the saying:

> The hair grows old with ageing years;
> The teeth grow old, the eyes and ears.
> But while the ageing seasons speed
> One thing is young forever—greed.

At dawn they reached the lake and the monkey said to the king: "O

King, fulfilment comes to those who enter at sunrise. Let all your attendants be told, so that they may dash in with one fell swoop. You, however, must enter with me, for I will pick the place I found before and show you plenty of pearl necklaces." So all the attendants entered and were eaten by the fiend.

Then, as they lingered, the king said to monkey: "Well, chief, why do my attendants linger?" And the monkey hurriedly climbed a tree before saying to the king: "You villainous king, your attendants are eaten by a fiend that lives in the water. My enmity with you, arising from the death of my household, has been brought to a happy termination. Now go. I did not make you enter there, because I remembered that you were the king. Thus you plotted the death of my household, and I of yours."

When the king heard this, he hastened home, grief-stricken.

THE LION-MAKERS

In a certain town were four Brahmans who lived in friendship. Three of them had reached the far shore of all scholarship, but lacked sense. The other found scholarship distasteful; he had nothing but sense.

One day they met for consultation. "What is the use of attainments," said they, "if one does not travel, win the favour of kings, and acquire money? Whatever we do, let us all travel."

But when they had gone a little way, the eldest of them said: "One of us, the fourth, is a dullard, having nothing but sense. Now nobody gains the favourable attention of kings by simple sense without scholarship. Therefore we will not share our earnings with him. Let him turn back and go home."

Then the second said: "My intelligent friend, you lack scholarship. Please go home." But the third said: "No, no. This is no way to behave. For we have played together since we were little boys. Come along, my noble friend. You shall have a share of the money we earn."

With this agreement they continued their journey, and in a forest they found the bones of a dead lion. Thereupon one of them said: "A good opportunity to test the ripeness of our scholarship. Here lies some kind of creature, dead. Let us bring it to life by means of the scholarship we have honestly won."

Then the first said: "I know how to assemble the skeleton." The second said: "I can supply skin, flesh, and blood." The third said: "I can give it life."

So the first assembled the skeleton, the second provided skin, flesh, and blood. But while the third was intent on giving the breath of life, the man of sense advised against it, remarking: "This is a lion. If you bring him to life, he will kill every one of us."

"You simpleton!" said the other, "it is not I who will reduce scholarship to a nullity." "In that case," came the reply, "wait a moment, while I climb this convenient tree."

When this had been done, the lion was brought to life, rose up, and killed all three. But the man of sense, after the lion had gone elsewhere, climbed down and went home.

"And that is why I say:

Scholarship is less than sense;
Therefore seek intelligence:
Senseless scholars in their pride
Made a lion; then they died."

MOUSE-MAID MADE MOUSE

THE BILLOWS of the Ganges were dotted with pearly foam born of the leaping of fishes frightened at hearing the roar of the waters that broke on the rugged, rocky shore. On the bank was a hermitage crowded with holy men devoting their time to the performance of sacred rites—chanting, self-denial, self-torture, study, fasting, and sacrifice. They would take purified water only, and that in measured sips. Their bodies wasted under a diet of bulbs, roots, fruits, and moss. A loin-cloth made of bark formed their scanty raiment.

The father of the hermitage was named Yajnavalkya. After he had bathed in the sacred stream and had begun to rinse his mouth, a little female mouse dropped from a hawk's beak and fell into his hand. When he saw what she was, he laid her on a banyan leaf, repeated his bath and mouth-rinsing, and performed a ceremony of purification. Then through the magic power of his holiness, he changed her into a girl, and took her with him to his hermitage.

As his wife was childless, he said to her: "Take her, my dear wife. She has come into life as your daughter, and you must rear her carefully." So the wife reared her and spoiled her with petting. As soon as the girl reached the age of twelve, the mother saw that she was ready for marriage, and said to her husband: "My dear husband, how can you fail to see that the time is passing when your daughter should marry?"

And he replied: "You are quite right, my dear. The saying goes:

For if she bides a maiden still,
She gives herself to whom she will;
Then marry her in tender age:
So warns the heaven-begotten sage.

If she, unwed, unpurified,
Too long within the home abide,
She may no longer married be:
A miserable spinster, she.

A father then, avoiding sin,
Weds her, the appointed time within
(Where'er a husband may be had)
To good, indifferent, or bad.

Now I will try to give her to one of her own station. You know the saying:

Where wealth is very much the same,
And similar the family fame,
Marriage (or friendship) is secure;
But not between the rich and poor.

"But

Get money, good looks,
And knowledge of books,
Good family, youth,
Position, and truth.

"So, if she is willing, I will summon the blessèd sun, and give her to him." "I see no harm in that," said his wife. "Let it be done."

The holy man therefore summoned the sun, who appeared without delay, and said: "Holy sir, why am I summoned?" The father said: "Here is a daughter of mine. Be kind enough to marry her." Then, turning to his daughter, he said: "Little girl, how do you like him, this blessèd lamp of the three worlds?" "No, father," said the girl. "He is too burning hot. I could not like him. Please summon another one, more excellent than he is."

Upon hearing this, the holy man said to the sun: "Blessèd one, is there any superior to you?" And the sun replied: "Yes, the cloud is superior even to me. When he covers me, I disappear."

So the holy man summoned the cloud next, and said to the maiden:

"Little girl, I will give you to him." "No," said she. "This one is black and frigid. Give me to someone finer than he."

Then the holy man asked: "O cloud, is there anyone superior to you?" And the cloud replied: "The wind is superior even to me."

So he summoned the wind, and said: "Little girl, I give you to him." "Father," said she, "this one is too fidgety. Please invite somebody superior even to him." So the holy man said: "O wind, is there anyone superior even to you?" "Yes," said the wind. "The mountain is superior to me."

So he summoned the mountain and said to the maiden: "Little girl, I give you to him." "Oh, father," said she. "He is rough all over, and stiff. Please give me to somebody else."

So the holy man asked: "O kingly mountain, is there anyone superior even to you?" "Yes," said the mountain. "Mice are superior to me."[1]

Then the holy man summoned a mouse, and presented him to the little girl, saying: "Little girl, do you like this mouse?"

The moment she saw him she felt: "My own kind, my own kind," and her body thrilled and quivered, and she said: "Father dear, turn me into a mouse, and give me to him. Then I can keep house as my kind of people ought to do."

And her father, through the magic power of his holiness, turned her into a mouse, and gave her to him.

"And that is why I say:

> Though mountain, sun, and cloud, and wind
> Were suitors at her feet,
> The mouse-maid turned a mouse again—
> Nature is hard to beat."

THE DUEL BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND SPARROW

In a dense bit of jungle lived a sparrow and his wife, who had built their nest on the branch of a tamal tree, and in course of time a family appeared.

Now one day a jungle elephant with the spring fever was distressed by the heat, and came beneath that tamal tree in search of shade. Blinded by his fever, he pulled with the tip of his trunk at the branch where the sparrows had their nest, and broke it. In the process the sparrows' eggs

[1] Because mice bore holes in the mountain sides.

were crushed, though the parent-birds—further life being predestined—barely escaped death.

Then the hen-sparrow lamented, desolate with grief at the death of her chicks. And presently, hearing her lamentation, a woodpecker bird, a great friend of hers, came grieved at her grief and said: "My dear friend, why lament in vain? For the Scripture says:

For lost and dead and past
The wise have no laments:
Between the wise and fools
Is just this difference."

"That is good doctrine," said the hen-sparrow, "but what of it? This elephant—curse his spring fever!—killed my babies. So if you are my friend, think of some plan to kill this big elephant. If that were done, I should feel less grief at the death of my children."

"Madam," said the woodpecker, "your remark is very true. For the proverb says:

A friend in need is a friend indeed,
Although of different caste;
The whole world is your eager friend
So long as riches last.

"Now see what my wit can devise. But you must know that I, too, have a friend, a gnat called Lute-Buzz. I will return with her, so that this villainous beast of an elephant may be killed."

So he went with the hen-sparrow, found the gnat, and said: "Dear madam, this is my friend the hen-sparrow. She is mourning because a villainous elephant smashed her eggs. So you must lend your assistance while I work out a plan for killing him."

"My good friend," said the gnat, "there is only one possible answer. But I also have a very intimate friend, a frog named Cloud-Messenger. Let us do the right thing by calling him into consultation."

So all three went together and told Cloud-Messenger the entire story. And the frog said: "How feeble a thing is that wretched elephant when pitted against a great throng enraged! Gnat, you must go and buzz in his fevered ear, so that he may shut his eyes in delight at hearing your music. Then the woodpecker's bill will peck out his eyes. After that I will sit on the edge of a pit and croak. And he, being thirsty, will hear me, and will approach expecting to find a body of water. When he comes to the pit, he will fall in and perish."

When they carried out the plan, the fevered elephant shut his eyes

in delight at the song of the gnat, was blinded by the woodpecker, wandered thirst-smitten at noonday, followed the croak of a frog, came to a great pit, fell in, and died.

"And that is why I say:

> Woodpecker and sparrow,
> With froggy and gnat,
> Attacking *en masse*, laid
> The elephant flat."

THE HERON THAT LIKED CRABMEAT

THERE WAS ONCE a heron in a certain place on the edge of a pond. Being old, he sought an easy way of catching fish on which to live. He began by lingering at the edge of his pond, pretending to be quite irresolute, not eating even the fish within his reach.

Now among the fish lived a crab. He drew near and said: "Uncle, why do you neglect to-day your usual meals and amusements?" And the heron replied: "So long as I kept fat and flourishing by eating fish, I spent my time pleasantly, enjoying the taste of you. But a great disaster will soon befall you. And as I am old, this will cut short the pleasant course of my life. For this reason I feel depressed."

"Uncle," said the crab, "of what nature is the disaster?" And the heron continued: "To-day I overheard the talk of a number of fishermen as they passed near the pond. 'This is a big pond,' they were saying, 'full of fish. We will try a cast of the net to-morrow or the day after. But to-day we will go to the lake near the city.' This being so, you are lost, my food supply is cut off, I too am lost, and in grief at the thought, I am indifferent to food to-day."

Now when the water-dwellers heard the trickster's report, they all feared for their lives and implored the heron, saying: "Uncle! Father! Brother! Friend! Thinker! Since you are informed of the calamity, you also know the remedy. Pray save us from the jaws of this death."

Then the heron said: "I am a bird, not competent to contend with men. This, however, I can do. I can transfer you from this pond to another, a bottomless one." By this artful speech they were so led astray that they said: "Uncle! Friend! Unselfish kinsman! Take me first! Me first! Did you never hear this?

> Stout hearts delight to pay the price
> Of merciful self-sacrifice,
> Count life as nothing, if it end
> In gentle service to a friend."

Then the old rascal laughed in his heart, and took counsel with his mind, thus: "My shrewdness has brought these fishes into my power. They ought to be eaten very comfortably." Having thus thought it through, he promised what the thronging fish implored, lifted some in his bill, carried them a certain distance to a slab of stone, and ate them there. Day after day he made the trip with supreme delight and satisfaction, and meeting the fish, kept their confidence by ever new inventions.

One day the crab, disturbed by the fear of death, importuned him with the words: "Uncle, pray save me, too, from the jaws of death." And the heron reflected: "I am quite tired of this unvarying fish diet. I should like to taste him. He is different, and choice." So he picked up the crab and flew through the air.

But since he avoided all bodies of water and seemed planning to alight on the sun-scorched rock, the crab asked him: "Uncle, where is that pond without any bottom?" And the heron laughed and said: "Do you see that broad, sun-scorched rock? All the water-dwellers have found repose there. Your turn has now come to find repose."

Then the crab looked down and saw a great rock of sacrifice, made horrible by heaps of fish-skeletons. And he thought: "Ah me!

If you will, with serpents play;
Dwell with foemen who betray:
Shun your false and foolish friends,
Fickle, seeking vicious ends.

Why, he has already eaten these fish whose skeletons are scattered in heaps. So what might be an opportune course of action for me? Yet why do I need to consider?

Fear fearful things, while yet
  No fearful thing appears;
When danger must be met,
  Strike, and forget your fears.

So, before he drops me there, I will catch his neck with all four claws."

When he did so, the heron tried to escape, but being a fool, he found no parry to the grip of the crab's nippers, and had his head cut off.

Then the crab painfully made his way back to the pond, dragging the heron's neck as if it had been a lotus-stalk. And when he came among the fish, they said: "Brother, why come back?" Thereupon he showed the head as his credentials and said: "He enticed the water-dwellers from every quarter, deceived them with his prevarications, dropped

them on a slab of rock not far away, and ate them. But I—further life being predestined—perceived that he destroyed the trustful, and I have brought back his neck. Forget your worries. All the water-dwellers shall live in peace."

THE UNTEACHABLE MONKEY

IN A PART of a forest was a troop of monkeys who found a firefly one winter evening when they were dreadfully depressed. On examining the insect, they believed it to be fire, so lifted it with care, covered it with dry grass and leaves, thrust forward their arms, sides, stomachs, and chests, scratched themselves, and enjoyed imagining that they were warm. One of the arboreal creatures in particular, being especially chilly, blew repeatedly and with concentrated attention on the firefly.

Thereupon a bird named Needle-Face, driven by hostile fate to her own destruction, flew down from her tree and said to the monkey: "My dear sir, do not put yourself to unnecessary trouble. This is not fire. This is a firefly." He, however, did not heed her warning but blew again, nor did he stop when she tried more than once to check him. To cut a long story short, when she vexed him by coming close and shouting in his ear, he seized her and dashed her on a rock, crushing face, eyes, head, and neck so that she died.

"And that is why I say:

> No knife prevails against a stone;
>   Nor bends the unbending tree;
> No good advice from Needle-Face
>   Helped indocility."

THE BRAHMAN'S GOAT

IN A CERTAIN TOWN lived a Brahman named Friendly who had undertaken the labour of maintaining the sacred fire. One day in the month of February, when a gentle breeze was blowing, when the sky was veiled in clouds and a drizzling rain was falling, he went to another village to beg a victim for the sacrifice, and said to a certain man: "O sacrificer, I wish to make an offering on the approaching day of the new moon. Pray give me a victim." And the man gave him a plump goat, as prescribed in Scripture. This he put through its paces, found it sound, placed it on his shoulder, and started in haste for his own city.

Now on the road he was met by three rogues whose throats were pinched with hunger. These, spying the plump creature on his shoulder,

whispered together: "Come now! If we could eat that creature, we should have the laugh on this sleety weather. Let us fool him, get the goat, and ward off the cold."

So the first of them changed his dress, issued from a by-path to meet the Brahman, and thus addressed that man of pious life: "O pious Brahman, why are you doing a thing so unconventional and so ridiculous? You are carrying an unclean animal, a dog, on your shoulder."

At that the Brahman was mastered by anger, and he said: "Are you blind, man, that you impute doghood to a goat?" "O Brahman," said the rogue, "do not be angry. Go whither you will."

But when he had travelled a little farther, the second rogue met him and said: "Alas, holy sir, alas! Even if this dead calf was a pet, still you should not put it on your shoulder."

Then the Brahman spoke in anger: "Are you blind, man? You call a goat a calf." And the rogue said: "Holy sir, do not be angry. I spoke in ignorance. Do as you will."

But when he had walked only a little farther through the forest, the third rogue, changing his dress, met him and said: "Sir, this is most improper. You are carrying a donkey on your shoulder. Pray drop this thing, before another sees you."

So the Brahman concluded that it was a goblin in quadruped form, threw it on the ground, and made for home, terrified. Meanwhile, the three rogues met, caught the goat, and carried out their plan.

"And that is why I say:

> The strong, deft, clever rascals note,
> Who robbed the Brahman of his goat."

"Moreover, there is sound sense in this:

> Is any man uncheated by
>   New servants' diligence,
> The praise of guests, the maiden's tears,
>   And roguish eloquence?

Furthermore, one should avoid a quarrel with a crowd, though the individuals be weak. As the verse puts it:

> Beware the populace enraged;
>   A crowd's a fearsome thing:
> The ants devoured the giant snake
>   For all his quivering."

THE SNAKE IN THE PRINCE'S BELLY

IN A CERTAIN CITY DWELT A KING whose name was Godlike. He had a son who wasted daily in every limb because of a snake that used his belly as a home instead of an ant-hill. So the prince became dejected and went to another country. In a city of that country he begged alms, spending his time in a great temple.

Now in that city was a king named Gift, who had two daughters in early womanhood. One of these bowed daily at her father's feet with the greeting: "Victory, O King," while the other said: "Your deserts, O King."

At this the king grew very angry, and said: "See, counsellors. This young lady speaks malevolently. Give her to some foreigner. Let her have her own deserts." To this the counsellors agreed, and gave the princess, with very few maid-servants, to the prince who made his home in the temple.

And she was delighted, accepted her husband like a god, and went with him to a far country. There by the edge of a tank in a distant city she left the prince to look after the house while she went with her maids to buy butter, oil, salt, rice, and other supplies. When her shopping was done, she returned and found the prince with his head resting on an ant-hill. And from his mouth issued the head of a hooded snake, taking the air. Likewise another snake crawled from the ant-hill, also to take the air.

When these two saw each other, their eyes grew red with anger, and the ant-hill snake said: "You villain! How can you torment in this way a prince who is so perfectly handsome?" And the snake in the prince's mouth said: "Villain yourself! How can you bemire those two pots full of gold?" In this fashion each laid bare the other's weakness.

Then the ant-hill snake continued: "You villain! Doesn't anybody know the simple remedy of drinking black mustard and so destroying you?" And the belly-snake retorted: "And doesn't anybody know the simple way to destroy you, by pouring in hot water?"

Now the princess, hiding behind a branch, overheard their conversation, and did just as they suggested. So she made her husband sound and well, and acquired vast wealth. When she returned to her own country, she was highly honoured by father, mother, and relatives, and lived happily. For she had her deserts.

"And that is why I say:

Be quick with mutual defence
In honest give-and-take;
Or perish like the ant-hill beast
And like the belly-snake."

THE GULLIBLE HUSBAND

THERE WAS ONCE A CARPENTER in a certain village. His wife was a whore, and reputed to be such. So he, desiring to test her, thought: "How can I put her to the test? For the proverb says:

> Fire chills, rogues bless, and moonlight burns
> Before a wife to virtue turns.

"Now I know from popular gossip that she is unfaithful. For the saying goes:

> All things that are not seen or heard
> In science or the Sacred Word,
> All things in interstellar space
> Are known among the populace."

After these reflections, he said to his wife: "To-morrow morning, my dear, I am going to another village, where I shall be detained several days. Please put me up a nice lunch." And her heart quivered when she heard this; she eagerly dropped everything to make delicious dishes, almost pure butter and sugar. In fact, the old saw was justified:

> When lowering clouds
> Shut in the day,
> When streets are mired
> With sticky clay,
> When husband lingers
> Far away,
> The flirt becomes
> Supremely gay.

Now at dawn the carpenter rose and left his house. When she had made sure that he was gone, with laughing countenance she spent the dragging day in trying on all her best things. Then she called on an old lover and said: "My husband has gone to another village—the rascal! Please come to our house when the people are asleep." And he did so.

Now the carpenter spent the day in the forest, stole into his own house at twilight by a side entrance, and hid under the bed. At this juncture the other fellow arrived and got into bed. And when the carpenter saw him, his heart was stabbed by wrath, and he thought: "Shall I rise and smite him? Or shall I wait until they are asleep and kill them both without effort? Or again, shall I wait to see how she behaves,

listen to what she says to him?" At this moment she softly locked the door and went to bed.

But as she did so, she stubbed her toe on the carpenter's body. And she thought: "It must be that carpenter—the rascal!—who is testing me. Well, I will give him a taste of woman's tricks."

While she was thinking, the fellow became insistent. But she clasped her hands and said: "Dear and honoured sir, you must not touch me." And he said: "Well, well! For what purpose did you invite me?"

"Listen," said she. "I went this morning to Gauri's shrine to see the goddess. There all at once I heard a voice in the sky, saying: 'What am I to do, my daughter? You are devoted to me, yet in six months' time, by the decree of fate, you will be a widow.' Then I said: 'O blessed goddess, since you are aware of the calamity, you also know the remedy. Is there any means of making my husband live a hundred years?' And the goddess replied: 'Indeed there is—a remedy depending on you alone.' Of course I said: 'If it cost my life, pray tell me, and I will do it.' Then the goddess said: 'If you go to bed with another man, and embrace him, then the untimely death that threatens your husband will pass to him. And your husband will live another hundred years.' For this purpose I invited you. Now do what you had in mind. The words of a goddess must not be falsified—so much is certain." Then his face blossomed with noiseless laughter, and he did as she said.

Now the carpenter, fool that he was, felt his body thrill with joy on hearing her words, and he issued from under the bed, saying: "Bravo, faithful wife! Bravo, delight of the family! Because my heart was troubled by the gossip of evil creatures, I pretended a trip to another village in order to test you, and lay hidden under the bed. Come now, embrace me!"

With these words he embraced her and lifted her to his shoulder, then said to the fellow: "My dear and honoured sir, you have come here because my good deeds earned this happiness. Through your favour I have won a full hundred years of life. You, too, must mount my shoulder."

So he forced the fellow, much against his will, to mount his shoulder, and then went dancing about to the doors of the houses of all his relatives.

"And that is why I say:

> It argues utter want of sense
> To pardon obvious offence;
> The carpenter upon his head
> Took wife and him who fouled his bed."

THE BUTTER-BLINDED BRAHMAN

THERE WAS ONCE A BRAHMAN named Theodore in a certain town. His wife, being unchaste and a pursuer of other men, was forever making cakes with sugar and butter for a lover, and so cheating her husband.

Now one day her husband saw her and said: "My dear wife, what are you cooking? And where are you forever carrying cakes? Tell the truth."

But her impudence was equal to the occasion, and she lied to her husband: "There is a shrine of the blessed goddess not far from here. There I have undertaken a fasting ceremony, and I take an offering, including the most delicious dishes." Then she took the cakes before his very eyes and started for the shrine of the goddess, imagining that after her statement, her husband would believe it was for the goddess that his wife was daily providing delicious dishes. Having reached the shrine, she went down to the river to perform the ceremonial bath.

Meanwhile her husband arrived by another road and hid behind the statue of the goddess. And his wife entered the shrine after her bath, performed the various rites—laving, anointing, giving incense, making an offering, and so on—bowed before the goddess, and prayed: "O blessed one, how may my husband be made blind?"

Then the Brahman behind the goddess' back spoke, disguising his natural tone: "If you never stop giving him such food as butter and butter-cakes then he will presently go blind."

Now that loose female, deceived by the plausible revelation, gave the Brahman just that kind of food every day One day the Brahman said: "My dear, I don't see very well." And she thought: "Thank the goddess."

Then the favoured lover thought: "The Brahman has gone blind. What can he do to me?" Whereupon he came daily to the house without hesitation.

But at last the Brahman caught him as he entered, seized him by the hair, and clubbed and kicked him to such effect that he died. He also cut off his wicked wife's nose, and dismissed her.

THE BRAHMAN, THE THIEF, AND THE GHOST

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR BRAHMAN in a certain place. He lived on presents, and always did without such luxuries as fine clothes and ointments and perfumes and garlands and gems and betel-gum. His beard and his nails were long, and so was the hair that covered his head and his body. Heat, cold, rain, and the like had dried him up.

Then someone pitied him and gave him two calves. And the Brahman began when they were little and fed them on butter and oil and fodder and other things that he begged. So he made them very plump.

Then a thief saw them and the idea came to him at once: "I will steal these two cows from this Brahman." So he took a rope and set out at night. But on the way he met a fellow with a row of sharp teeth set far apart, with a high-bridged nose and uneven eyes, with limbs covered with knotty muscles, with hollow cheeks, with beard and body as yellow as a fire with much butter in it.

And when the thief saw him, he started with acute fear and said: "Who are you, sir?"

The other said: "I am a ghost named Truthful. It is now your turn to explain yourself."

The thief said: "I am a thief, and my acts are cruel. I am on my way to steal two cows from a poor Brahman."

Then the ghost felt relieved and said: "My dear sir, I take one meal every three days. So I will just eat this Brahman to-day. It is delightful that you and I are on the same errand."

So together they went there and hid, waiting for the proper moment. And when the Brahman went to sleep, the ghost started forward to eat him. But the thief saw him and said: "My dear sir, this is not right. You are not to eat the Brahman until I have stolen his two cows."

The ghost said: "The racket would most likely wake the Brahman. In that case all my trouble would be vain."

"But, on the other hand," said the thief, "if any hindrance arises when you start to eat him, then I cannot steal the two cows either. First I will steal the two cows, then you may eat the Brahman."

So they disputed, each crying "Me first! Me first!" And when they became heated, the hubbub waked the Brahman. Then the thief said: "Brahman, this is a ghost who wishes to eat you." And the ghost said: "Brahman, this is a thief who wishes to steal your two cows."

When the Brahman heard this, he stood up and took a good look. And by remembering a prayer to his favourite god, he saved his life from the ghost, then lifted a club and saved his two cows from the thief.

"And that is why I say:

From enemies expect relief,
  If discord pierce their host;
Then, life was given by the thief
  And cattle by the ghost."

THE LOYAL MUNGOOSE

There was once a Brahman named Godly in a certain town. His wife mothered a single son and a mungoose. And as she loved little ones, she cared for the mungoose also like a son, giving him milk from her breast, and salves, and baths, and so on. But she did not trust him, for she thought: "A mungoose is a nasty kind of creature. He might hurt my boy."

One day she tucked her son in bed, took a water-jar, and said to her husband: "Now, Professor, I am going for water. You must protect the boy from the mungoose." But when he was gone, the Brahman went off somewhere himself to beg food, leaving the house empty.

While he was gone, a black snake issued from his hole and, as fate would have it, crawled towards the baby's cradle. But the mungoose, feeling him to be a natural enemy, and fearing for the life of his baby brother, fell upon the vicious serpent halfway, joined battle with him, tore him to bits, and tossed the pieces far and wide. Then, delighted with his own heroism, he ran, blood trickling from his mouth, to meet the mother; for he wished to show what he had done.

But when the mother saw him coming, saw his bloody mouth and his excitement, she feared that the villain must have eaten her baby boy, and without thinking twice, she angrily dropped the water-jar upon him, which killed him the moment that it struck. There she left him without a second thought, and hurried home, where she found the baby safe and sound, and near the cradle a great black snake, torn to bits. Then, overwhelmed with sorrow because she had thoughtlessly killed her benefactor, her son, she beat her head and breast.

At this moment the Brahman came home with a dish of rice gruel which he had got from someone in his begging tour, and saw his wife bitterly lamenting her son, the mungoose. "Greedy! Greedy!" she cried. "Because you did not do as I told you, you must now taste the bitterness of a son's death, the fruit of the tree of your own wickedness. Yes, this is what happens to those blinded by greed."

THE MICE THAT SET ELEPHANTS FREE

There was once a region where people, houses, and temples had fallen into decay. So the mice, who were old settlers there, occupied the chinks in the floors of stately dwellings with sons, grandsons (both in the male and female line), and further descendants as they were born, until their holes formed a dense tangle. They found uncommon happiness in a

variety of festivals, dramatic performances (with plots of their own invention), wedding-feasts, eating-parties, drinking-bouts, and similar diversions. And so the time passed.

But into this scene burst an elephant-king, whose retinue numbered thousands. He, with his herd, had started for the lake upon information that there was water there. As he marched through the mouse community, he crushed faces, eyes, heads, and necks of such mice as he encountered.

Then the survivors held a convention. "We are being killed," they said, "by these lumbering elephants—curse them! If they come this way again, there will not be mice enough for seed. Therefore let us devise a remedy effective in this crisis."

When they had done so, a certain number went to the lake, bowed before the elephant-king, and said respectfully: "O King, not far from here is our community, inherited from a long line of ancestors. There we have prospered through a long succession of sons and grandsons. Now you gentlemen, while coming here to water, have destroyed us by the thousand. Furthermore, if you travel that way again, there will not be enough of us for seed. If then you feel compassion toward us, pray travel another path. Consider the fact that even creatures of our size will some day prove of some service."

And the elephant-king turned over in his mind what he had heard, decided that the statement of the mice was entirely logical, and granted their request.

Now in the course of time a certain king commanded his elephant-trappers to trap elephants. And they constructed a so-called water-trap, caught the king with his herd, three days later dragged him out with a great tackle made of ropes and things, and tied him to stout trees in that very bit of forest.

When the trappers had gone, the elephant-king reflected thus: "In what manner, or through whose assistance, shall I be delivered?" Then it occurred to him: "We have no means of deliverance except those mice."

So the king sent the mice an exact description of his disastrous position in the trap through one of his personal retinue, an elephant-cow who had not ventured into the trap, and who had previous information of the mouse community.

When the mice learned the matter, they gathered by the thousand, eager to return the favour shown them, and visited the elephant herd. And seeing king and herd fettered, they gnawed the guy-ropes where they stood, then swarmed up the branches, and by cutting the ropes aloft, set their friends free.

"And that is why I say:

Make friends, make friends, however strong
Or weak they be:
Recall the captive elephants
That mice set free."

THE ASS IN THE TIGER-SKIN

THERE WAS ONCE A LAUNDRYMAN named Clean-Cloth in a certain town. He had a single donkey who had grown very feeble from lack of fodder.

As the laundryman wandered in the forest, he saw a dead tiger, and he thought: "Ah, this is lucky. I will put this tiger-skin on the donkey and let him loose in the barley fields at night. For the farmers will think him a tiger and will not drive him out."

When this was done, the donkey ate barley to his heart's content. And at dawn the laundryman took him back to the barn. So as time passed, he grew plump. He could hardly squeeze into the stall.

But one day the donkey heard the bray of a she-donkey in the distance. At the mere sound he himself began to bray. Then the farmers perceived that he was a donkey in disguise, and killed him with blows from clubs and stones and arrows.

"And that is why I say:

However skilful in disguise,
However frightful to the eyes,
Although in tiger-skin arrayed,
The ass was killed—because he brayed."

THE FARMER'S WIFE

THERE WAS ONCE A FARMER who lived with his wife in a certain place. And because the husband was old, the wife was for ever thinking of lovers, and could not possibly be contented at home. Her one idea was strange men.

Now a rogue who lived by pilfering, noticed her and said: "You lovely creature, my wife is dead, and I am smitten with love at the sight of you. Pray enrich me with love's perfect treasure."

And she said: "You beautiful man, if you feel that way, my husband has a great deal of money, and he is so old that he cannot stir. I will bring it, so that I may go somewhere with you and enjoy the delights of love."

"That is satisfactory to me," he replied. "Suppose you hasten to this

spot at dawn, so that we may go together to some fascinating city where life may bear for me its perfect fruit." "Very well," she agreed, and went home with laughing countenance.

Then at night, while her husband slept, she took all the money, and reached the rendezvous at dawn. The rogue, for his part, put her in front, started south, and travelled two leagues, gaily enjoying the delights of conversation with her. But when he saw a river ahead, he reflected: "What am I to do with this middle-aged female? Besides, someone might perhaps pursue her. I will just take her money and be off."

So he said to her: "My dear, this is a great river, hard to cross. I will just take the money and put it safe on the far bank, then return to carry you alone on my back, and so transport you in comfort." "Do so, my belovèd," said she.

So he took the money to the last penny, and then he said: "Dearest, hand me your dress and your wrap, too, so that you may travel through the water unembarrassed." And when she did so, the rogue took the money and the two garments and went to the place he had in mind.

Then the farmer's wife sat down woebegone on the river-bank, digging her two hands into her throat. At that moment a she-jackal came to the spot, carrying a piece of meat. As she came up and peered about, a great fish leaped from the water and was stranded on the bank. On spying him, she dropped the meat and darted at the fish. Whereupon a vulture swooped from the sky and flew off with the meat. And the fish, perceiving the jackal, struggled into the river. So the she-jackal had her pains for nothing, and as she gazed after the vulture, the naked woman smiled and said:

"You poor she-jackal!

> The vulture has your meat;
> The water holds your fish:
> Of fish and flesh forlorn,
> What further do you wish?"

And the she-jackal, perceiving that the woman was equally forlorn, having lost her husband's money and her lover, said with a sneer:

"You naked thing!

> Your cleverness is twice
> As great as mine, 'twould seem;
> Lover and husband lost,
> You sit beside the stream."

The Enchanted Parrot

INTRODUCTION

THE ENCHANTED PARROT, or the *Suka Saptati*, "Seventy Stories," told by a parrot to keep her mistress from going out with her lovers for sixty-nine successive nights when her husband was away, is a charming collection of tales of feminine, and also masculine, infidelity, with a predominant sense of the comic, happening in a world of easy make-believe such as suggested by the *Arabian Nights*. The tales are for the most part simple and naïve. Like the *Arabian Nights* and the *Panchatantra*, it employs a framing story; like the *Panchatantra* and the *Hitopadesa*, it employs, but to a less extent, the device of a tale within a tale and delights in insertions of moral maxims for the edification of the hearers; and like the *Ocean of Stories*,[1] it rather delights in comments at the expense of women, dull husbands and Brahman monks, and in stories of rogues. Again the author is unknown, but the book was widely circulated and was certainly known to have existed before the eleventh century. These stories suggest Boccaccio.

What lifts *The Enchanted Parrot* from the rest is that here the comments are no longer broad generalities of impersonal proverbs, but have the distinct individual charm of a modern cynic and woman-hater. Cynicism, like that of the *Ecclesiastes*, is always refreshing, and even modern women can stand a few jokes at their expense.

The arts of women are these: deceitful speech; craft; oaths; pretended emotions; pretended weeping; pretended laughter; meaningless pleasures and pain; asking

[1] *Ocean of Stories*, a giant collection of Hindu short stories (Somadeva's *Kathā Sarit Sagara*), translated by C. H. Tawny, 2 vols., Calcutta, 1880. A beautiful edition, in 10 volumes, was privately printed for subscribers only in London.

questions with a deferential air; indifference; equanimity, in prosperity or in adversity; making no difference between good and evil; sidelong glances directed toward lovers—that is the list of the accomplishments practised by the ladies of the town.

At any rate, no woman of the country need be offended.

But the author is usually defter and less explicit; besides, he classifies women with kings and serpents, all three of whom he hates heartily.

Kings, women and creepers generally lay hold of what is near to them.

Put not your trust in rivers, in savage beasts, in horned cattle, in armed men, in women, in princes. Kings are like soldiers clad in mail, savage, crooked in their ways as serpents creep on you for evil. A king slays with his smile; he may pay honour, but he is dangerous; the elephant kills with a touch, the serpent with a caress.

His comments are by no means confined to the subject of women:

How should one sleep who is overwhelmed with debt, who has a disagreeable wife, who is surrounded by enemies?

It is the speaker of unpleasant but wholesome truths who cannot find a listener.

Cleanliness in a crow, honesty in a gambler, mildness in a serpent, women satisfied with love, vigour in a eunuch, truth in a drunkard, friendship in a king—who ever heard of these things ?

A stranger, if he is a rich man, is a relation; but a kinsman, if he be poor, is an outcast.

And there is something delightfully insinuating in the following:

Giving, receiving, imparting secrets, asking questions, eating in company—these are the five proofs of friendship.

The following selection is taken from the translation by the Rev. B. Hale Wortham (Luzac, London, 1911), with its rather unusual punctuation somewhat revised. In the words of the translator:

"The *Suka Saptati*, seventy tales of a parrot, are quite characteristic of Eastern story. The peg on which they hang is a certain Prabhāvatī. This lady's husband, whose name is Madana, has gone on a long journey. He has, however, left her his parrot, a bird which appears to be under a charm. Prabhāvatī, after her husband has been absent some little time, begins to feel rather dull, and her attendants, or friends, suggest that she had better look out for some admirer to console her during his absence. She accordingly is preparing to start on this errand, when the parrot suddenly finds his voice, and remarks very strongly on Prabhāvatī's disreputable intentions. Prabhāvatī makes up her mind to have the parrot's neck wrung, but before actually departing, and ordering

the bloodthirsty deed to be carried out, she reflects that after all it is only a bird speaking, and tells him that she means to go in spite of his well-meant advice. This starts the parrot off, and he bids her go by all means, if she is as clever as someone whom he knows. Prabhāvatī asks him who this person may be, and wherein his cleverness consists. This leads to Story I, and just when the climax arrives, the parrot stops, and asks Prabhāvatī and her friends how they think the story ends. Of course they don't know, and the parrot keeps them on tenterhooks for a bit, and finally tells them. By this time the evening is tolerably far advanced, so that it is of no use for Prabhāvatī to set out on her love-making expeditions, and she goes to bed with her attendants. This process is repeated for sixty-nine evenings, and finally Prabhāvatī's husband returns. From what he gathers, he does not altogether approve of his wife's goings on in his absence, and seems as if he meant to proceed to extremities, when the eloquent parrot calms him down with the seventieth story, after which Madana's father observes a great festival in honour of his son and daughter-in-law, and the parrot, having worked out the charm (or the curse), ascends to heaven in a rain of flowers."

The Enchanted Parrot

Translated by the Rev. B. Hale Wortham

YASODEVĪ AND HER TRANSMIGRATIONS

THE NEXT EVENING Prabhāvatī began to think over her pursuit of a lover, and asked the parrot for his advice. The parrot said: "Go, by all means, if you desire to go! That is to say, if you are as clever in getting out of difficulties as Yasodevī was."

"And pray who was Yasodevī?" rejoined Prabhāvatī.

"If I tell you," replied the parrot, "and keep you here, perhaps you will carry out your intention of wringing my neck."

"Never mind," answered Prabhāvatī, "be the result what it may, I must hear the story of Yasodevī."

So the parrot began:

"There is a town called Nandana, whose prince bore the same name. He had a son, Rājasekhara, and Rājasekhara's wife was called Sasiprabhā. Now a certain Dhanasena came across her, and fell violently in love with her. He was absolutely consumed with the flame of his passion, and at last his mother, Yasodevī, asked him what was the matter. With many sighs and tears he told her. He must have the prince's wife. She was very difficult to get hold of, but he could not live without her. On hearing this, Yasodevī bid him to be of good cheer, and said she would see what could be done. So she abstained from all food, and putting on her best clothes went to Sasiprabhā, taking with her a bitch. She assumed an appearance of grief, and taking Sasiprabhā aside, said to her: 'You see this bitch; well, you and I and this bitch were sisters in a former existence. As for me, I had no compunction in accepting the advances of my lovers; you received their addresses, but with some hesitation.

But this was not the case with our sister. She would not have anything to do with men at any price; she kept them at a distance, and now you see to what a condition she is reduced. She has to live as a bitch, all the time recollecting what she was. You, through your reluctance, may or may not remember your former state; but as far as I am concerned, I have no recollection of it whatever, for I thoroughly enjoyed myself. And so I am sorry for you, and I come to warn you by showing you this bitch, and telling you her story. If you have got a lover I advise you to give him all he wants, and save yourself from the disagreeables of a future state like this. For the person who gives liberally will himself be the recipient of endless favours. It is said: "Those who beg from house to house, merely let you know that they are there; they do not ask for anything, for the liberal always give alms freely according to their condition, to those in need of assistance." '

" Sasiprabhā was quite overcome by this address, and embracing Yasodevī wept over her and entreated her assistance in escaping from the fate which seemed to impend. So Yasodevī introduced Sasiprabhā to her own son and Rājasekhara, who had been bribed with magnificent presents of gold and jewels, was quite willing to let her go, and thought that a great piece of good luck had befallen him.

"So Yasodevī by her skill and cleverness cheated the prince of the princess, and gained her own ends. If you are as clever as she was, go; if not, stay at home—go to bed, and don't make a fool of yourself."

THE QUEEN AND THE LAUGHING FISH[1]

THERE IS A CITY called Ujjayinī, and the king's name is Vikramāditya. His queen was Kāmalīnā. She was a lady of very noble family, and was the king's favourite wife. One day the king was dining with her and he gave her some roast fish. She looked at them (the men present) and said, "Sir! I cannot bear to look at these men, much less to touch them!" On these words the fish burst into a loud laugh, so loud that it was heard by all the people in the town. The king could not understand this, so he asked the astrologers, who were acquainted with the language of birds, what the fish meant by their laughter. None of them could tell him; so he sent for his private chaplain, who was the head of the Brahmans in the town, and said: "If you don't tell me what those fish meant by laughing at what the queen said, I shall send you and all the

[1] This is another example of enclosing stories within a story, and of the abundance of wise-cracking comments in a Hindu story.

Brahmans into exile." The chaplain, on hearing this, was a good deal upset, and was quite sure that he and the rest of the reverend gentlemen would have to go, for it seemed impossible to find any answer to the question. His daughter observed his depressed condition and said: "Father! What's the matter? Why do you look so dismal? Tell me the cause of the trouble. You know people possessed of wisdom should not lose their self-possession even if difficulties arise. For it has been said: 'The man who is not overjoyed in prosperity, who is not cast down in adversity, who is steadfast in difficulties, such a man as this has been born for an everlasting ornament and protection to the world.' "

So the Brahman told his daughter the whole story, and how the king had threatened to banish him; since—

"There is not a single person in this world on whose friendship or affection one can rely: how much less on that of a king who walks in the ways of treachery."

For it has been said—"Cleanliness in a crow; honesty in a gambler; mildness in a serpent; women satisfied with love; vigour in a eunuch; truth in a drunkard; friendship in a king—who ever heard of these things?"

Moreover—"Put not your trust in rivers, in savage beasts, in horned cattle, in armed men, in women, in princes. Kings are like soldiers clad in mail, savage, crooked in their ways as serpents creep on you for evil. A king slays with his smile; he may pay honour, but he is dangerous; the elephant kills with a touch, the serpent with a caress."

"I have served the king," continued the Brahman, "faithfully all these years, yet he has become my enemy, and will send me and my fellow Brahmans into exile. It has been said—

" 'A man may give up something for the sake of his village; he may give up his village for the sake of his country; but he will give up the whole world to save his life.' "

When the Brahman's daughter heard that, she said: "This, Father, is all very true, but no respect will be paid to a servant that has been sent adrift by his master.

"For it has been said—'A man may be of the highest character, or very commonplace. If he devotes himself to the service of the ruler, whichever he may be, he will get nothing out of it. The king will take the first man he comes across, be he ignorant, or learned, honourable or dishonourable, into his service; for kings, women, and creepers generally lay hold of what is nearest to them.'

"Besides this—'A man may be learned, energetic, skilful, ambitious, well versed in all his duties, but he is nothing without the prince's favour. A man may be nobly born, possessed of ability, but if he does not pay

court to the prince he may just as well spend his life in begging or perpetual penance. One who falls into the power of diseases, crocodiles or kings, and the stupid man who does not know how to get out of a difficulty, will never keep his position in life.'

"For it has been said—'Kings are as nothing to those wise and skilful persons who by their power bring lions, tigers, serpents and elephants into subjection. But men who are wise rely on the king's favour, and so attain to eminence. The sandal grove only flourishes on Mount Malaya.'

"All the insignia of rank—parasols, elephants, horses—are given by the king to those whom he delights to honour. You are the object of the king's affection and honour, therefore, my dear father, do not be downcast. The chief minister's duty is to clear up, from time to time, all doubts which beset the king's mind. Therefore cheer up! I will find out for you what the fish meant by their laughter."

The Brahman at this advice felt somewhat comforted, and went and told the king what his daughter had said. The king was delighted, and immediately sent for the damsel. She came and made an elaborate obeisance to his majesty and said, "Sir! pray do not treat these Brahmans so ill; it is not their fault. Pray tell me what kind of a laugh was it that you heard from the fish? Still, I am only a woman, and I wonder you are not ashamed to ask me to clear the matter up. For—

" 'A king may be vile, yet he is even then not as another man, but bears a divine form.' You, Vikramāditya, as your name tells us, are the bearer of divine power. For it has been said—'From Indra comes might; from fire comes heat; from Yama wrath; from Kuvera riches; but a king is formed from Kā and Vishnu combined.'

"The person you ought to blame is yourself, for it is your business to remove doubts and difficulties.

"Hear, then, what I have to tell you:

"And if you can't find out the answer send for me. At any rate you cannot possibly doubt the queen's fidelity, seeing that she never goes out of doors."

Neither the king nor his wise men had the slightest idea what these verses meant, and so the Brahman's clever daughter went away, and left them in their bewilderment.

The king spent a sleepless night trying to puzzle out the meaning of the verses. For, as it has been said—

"How should one sleep who is overwhelmed with debt, who has a disagreeable wife, who is surrounded by enemies?"

So after a miserable night the king sent again for the wise maiden and said: "I cannot make out what the fish meant by their laughter."

"Your majesty had better not ask me," she replied, "or perhaps you may repent of it as the merchant's wife did when she was determined to find out where the cakes came from." The king said: "And what was that?" She told him the following story:

"There is a town called Jayantī, and a merchant whose name was Sunmata lived in it. His wife was Padminī. He was unlucky enough to lose all his money; in consequence his family would have nothing more to do with him, for it is well known that wealth and friendship go together—

" 'He who has money has friends; he who has money has relations; He who has money has wisdom; in fact, he is a man of importance.'

"It is said in the Mahābhārata—'There are five conditions in which a man though living may be regarded as dead: Poverty, disease, stupidity, exile, hopeless slavery.' Also—'A stranger, if he is a rich man, is a relation; but a kinsman, if he be poor, is an outcast.'

"So this merchant used to take straw and wood into the market for sale. One day he could not find either, but he came across an image of Ganesa, made of wood. He thought to himself, 'This will suit my purpose very well.'

"For it has been said—'There is nothing that a hungry man will not do for bread; and a man who is ruined has no conscience. Such will be guilty of any crime; what a respectable man would not dream of doing comes natural to them."

"So he made up his mind to break the image up for the sake of the wood, when Ganesa said to him: 'If you will leave my image alone, I will give you every day five cakes made of sugar and butter; you can come here for them. Only you must not tell anyone how you come by them. If you let the secret out, I shall be clear of my promise.'

"He gladly consented, and Ganesa gave him five cakes which he took home and gave to his wife. With some of them she supplied the wants of her own house, and gave what was left over to a friend. The friend asked her one day where the cakes came from; Padminī could not answer the question, and the friend said, 'If you don't tell me, then there is an end of our friendship.' For, as the saying is—

" 'Giving, receiving, imparting secrets, asking questions, eating in company: these are the five proofs of friendship.'

"Padminī replied: 'My husband knows, but he says it is a secret and will not tell me; even if I were to ask him a hundred times, I should get nothing out of him.' The friend replied: 'Then all I have to say is

that you must make a very bad use of your youth and beauty, if you can't find this out.'

"So Padminī asked her husband again, 'Where do those cakes come from?' 'By the favour of destiny," he replied, 'for it has been said, Fate, if it is on your side will accomplish your wishes. She will bring you what you want, even from a distant land, from the ends of the world, from the bottom of the sea. Once upon a time a mouse, making a hole for itself, fell into the jaws of a serpent. The serpent could not find anything to eat and was in the last stage of starvation, but refreshed by the lucky meal he went on his way rejoicing. So fate is the cause of a man's rise or fall.'

"Padminī, when she found her husband would not tell her, refused to eat. He was put in a difficulty and said: 'If I tell you what you want to know disaster will follow, and you will be sorry for it.' Padminī, however, took no heed of warnings, but continued to be obstinate, and at last her husband was obliged to tell her; for it is said, 'When the gods want to ruin a man, they first take away his senses, so that he does not know evil from good.'

"Then, your majesty," continued the Brahman's daughter, "Sumati was prevailed on by his foolish wife to tell her the secret. For—

" 'Even Rāma failed to recognize the golden deer; Nahusha harnessed the Brahmans to his chariot; Arjuna carried off both cow and calf; Yudhisthira gambled away his wife and four brothers. So often even a good man, in a crisis, becomes the victim of folly.'

"Well! Padminī got the secret out of her husband, and went and told her friend, and the result was the friend sent her own husband to Ganesa, who gave him the cakes. Next day Padminī went with Sumati to Ganesa for the daily present, and he told them plainly that it was no use their coming any more to him, for the bargain had been broken and the cakes had been given to someone else. So Padminī's husband gave her a good scolding, and they went home very sorry for what they had done. In the same way your majesty should not ask me to explain the meaning of the verses to you lest you repent of your knowledge. You had better make them out by yourself, without my help." So saying, she got up and went home.

After another sleepless night the king not being able to find out the meaning of the verses, sent for the Brahman's daughter again, and said, "Pray, tell me the meaning of the verses without any more delay."

She answered: "You must not importune the gods with entreaties, or

repentance will follow, as was the case with the Brahman who fell in love with Sthagikā. There is a town somewhere or other—it matters not where—whose king is Vīrābhya, and in it lived a Brahman called Keshava. One day the thought occurred to him: 'Why should I not increase the wealth my father has left me?' For it has been said—

" 'The glory that you gain from your own virtues is the truest; next best is that which you gain from your father; but that which comes to you from a remoter source is worth nothing.'

"So he started with a view of getting more money, and in the course of his wandering passed through several towns, and places of sacred pilgrimage. At last he reached an out-of-the-way place where he saw an ascetic sitting cross-legged in meditation.

"The Brahman came up to him and made a respectful obeisance. The ascetic ceased meditating for a moment, and seeing the Brahman said: 'To whom in this world should liberality be shown? Who should be protected? To whom should be granted what seems almost impossible of acquirement?'

"The Brahman rose up from his humble posture and said, 'Sir, to *me*. I am in pursuit of wealth.'

"The ascetic knew that his visitor was a Brahman and was quite shocked to hear him utter such an unworthy sentiment, for it has been said—

" 'To see a distinguished person begging, in a state of poverty, asking for what he ought not to want, troubles the mind, though one is prepared to give. For a good man, though he may be himself in trouble, performs his duty to another. The sandal tree may be broken in a thousand pieces, but it still keeps its cooling power.'

"The ascetic therefore gave his visitor a magic cloak, and said: 'Whenever you shake this, 500 gold pieces will fall from it; but you must not give it to anyone, or say where the money comes from.'

"The Brahman thanked the ascetic and departed with his cloak. Next morning he shook it, and immediately became the possessor of 500 gold pieces. He then proceeded on his travels and reached a town called Ratnavatī, where he fell violently in love with a young lady called Sthagikā. She could not make out where all the money came from, and her mother to whom she confided her doubts said: 'Well, what is this Brahman's business, for he seems to have plenty of money. How does he come by it?' So she asked her admirer but he would not tell her. By dint of worrying, however, she got it out of him, and he let out all about the magic cloak. The consequence was that she waited till he was asleep and then stole the cloak, and as now he had lost all his money, the girl's mother showed him the door. It has been said—

" 'There is not much cleverness required to deceive one who has confidence in us, nor is much courage required to kill one who is asleep.'

"The Brahman, when he woke up, could not find his cloak, and went and laid a complaint before the magistrates, asserting with great vehemence that he had been robbed. The case was therefore tried, and the mother and daughter were charged with the theft. The mother said: 'This good-for-nothing fellow made love to my daughter. He has invented this story about his cloak—no sensible person could believe such nonsense. The whole thing is a fabrication from beginning to end. He came to my house, and my servants finding that he was a foreigner turned him out of doors, and we sent the cloak back to the holy man who gave it to him.' This decided the case against the Brahman, and he lost both Sthagikā and his cloak, all through letting out the secret, and this may be your majesty's fate too, if you persist in your curiosity."

With these words the damsel got up and went home.

The king was still unable to fathom the meaning of the verses, so the next day he sent for the Brahman's daughter. She said: "Your majesty! You should not be so importunate. A king should not be so pertinacious, whether the objects at which he aims be good or bad. Kings are as the body, and their subjects are only their limbs. Still if I obey your commands evil will befall you, as it befell the merchant who lost his home and all that he had." "How was that?" said the king. The Brahman's daughter answered: "There is a place called Tripura, and in it lived Prince Vikrama. A merchant inhabited that city whose wife's name was Sabhagā. She was a person of very light frivolous disposition, and do what he would he could not keep her within bounds. One day when she was wandering about town and getting into mischief, she came across a merchant who lived in the house of a Yaksha. She promptly fell in love with him, and as he very willingly responded to her advances, she made up her mind to run away with him. Before going she called a confidential maid-servant and said: 'I am going away for a bit: directly after I have started do you set the house on fire, and my husband will be so taken up trying to put it out that he will not find out I am gone. I shall be back again before long.' So no sooner had Sabhagā started, then her confidante set the place on fire, and her husband who had had his suspicions of the merchant, left keeping guard over Yaksha's house and came home to try and put the fire out. Meanwhile her plan succeeded perfectly, while the house was burnt down.

"Thus the merchant lost house and everything, and that will be your

majesty's fate if you are so determined. If, however, you permit, I will tell you what you want to know myself."

So saying, she departed.

Next morning the king, who was still quite unable to find the answer, sent for the Brahman's daughter and said: "You promised to tell me the meaning of those verses, for I cannot make out what they mean myself." The girl replied: "If you cannot find out the meaning, then listen to me. You have among your soothsayers and wise men, one called Pushpakāra. He is their head. I believe he is a very prudent discreet person. Tell me, why is he called Pushpakāra?" The king replied: "He is rightly called Pushpakāra, because when he smiles it seems as if a shower of blossoms fell from his countenance. This was reported to be his characteristic, and so messengers were sent to fetch him to prove the truth of this report about him. When he came he neither laughed nor was there any shower of blossoms that fell from him, and for that reason they called him 'The bond of secrecy.' " The Brahman's daughter said: "And why did not Pushpakāra laugh? Do you know the reason?" "I haven't the least idea." replied the king. "Then you should make him tell you," rejoined the Brahman's daughter. "You have asked me what the fish meant by laughing. You ask him the same question. Perhaps he will answer it and tell you at the same time why he did not laugh himself."

So the king sent for Pushpakāra, and as he was a wise man, and of some importance, he made him valuable presents and asked him why he did not laugh, and why the fish did. He replied: "Family scandals should not be talked about. Loss of money, sorrow of mind, difficulties at home, fraud, contempt—these are things which no wise man ever publishes. Still the command of the king, equal to that of Rudra, has surpassing power on the earth; the very name of a righteous, energetic king, surpasses the sun in magnificence. Therefore I will answer your majesty's question. I found out that my wife was in love with someone else, and therefore grief stopped my laughter."

Then the king put his own difficulty before the wise man, and the latter gave no answer but struck the queen full in the face. The queen pretended to faint, and Pushpakāra burst into a fit of laughter. The king was extremely angry and looking at the magician and the Brahman's daughter, said, "What is there to laugh at? What do you mean by this?" "Sir," replied the magician, making a profound bow, "the queen did not faint the other night because she was struck by the

young men in whose company she was. Now when I strike her she faints, or pretends to faint." The king grew still more angry and said, "What is this? Do you know it of your own knowledge?" The magician answered, "I saw it with my own eyes, and if your majesty is not convinced I will prove it to you." The king went into the matter and found out everything. The magician said, "I suppose your majesty sees now why the Brahman's daughter would not tell you the reason why the fish laughed (when they heard her say that she could not bear to look at the men)." The end of it was that Pushpakāra and the Brahman's daughter were sent home in a considerable state of trepidation, while the queen and her lovers were sewn up in a sack and thrown into the river.

THE SON OF PROMISE

Next day Prabhāvatī's friends addressed her and said: "Go where the sandalwood ointment is rubbed off by the sweat which falls. Go where the sounds of love are manifold; where the tinkle of the anklets is silent: where everything incites to love. Go where the universal law of love prevails. For—

" 'Health, pleasure, peace, power, lordship: these are nothing without love.' It has been said—'The women with long half-closing eyes, looking at their own forms resplendent with beauty in the curving mirrors, wait with longing for the lover's approach. It is through their attractiveness that women gain the fruit of love.' "

The parrot answered: Men are easily won over; they always speak fair. It is the speaker of unpleasant though wholesome truths who cannot find a listener. But why say more? You and your friends are determined on evil deeds.

(The parrot continued:)

There is a town called Padmavatī, where the rays of the sun shine on streets paved with jewels, as though the glow of the gems on the hood of the serpent king had come down to earth. When the sun scorches, when the long days are unbearable, when the wind is the breath of a furnace, when everything is dried up or perishes through the heat, sandalwood ointment, light clothing, refreshing drink—these things bringing coolness and delight in conquering the heat. The heat is but a slave to those who at midday anoint themselves with the sandal, who bathe at evening, whose nights are tempered by the wind of the fans.

There was a merchant in the town called Chandana, and he and his wife Prabhāvatī passed the hot season on the roof of their house.

Even the sun supported in the heaven by his rays descends into the ocean when his day is done. For it has been said—"When fate is hostile it is useless to try and reach greatness!"

Even the thousand rays cannot support the sun when his time for setting is come. Then the sun, sunk low in the heaven, his brilliancy departed, shines like a piece of coral; and presently the wide-eyed moon comes forward and takes up his place, rising over the Eastern mountain, accompanied by the myriads of stars, to kill the darkness. The moon standing with her head above the Eastern mountain in the beginning of the night shines forth—a torch to the world overwhelmed by the gloom. The moon rising from behind the Eastern mountain shines resplendent as she lies in the lap of her beloved night, or as she stands gleaming on Krishna's head.

Such were the days and nights when Chandana and his wife passed their time together. They had a son whose name was Rāma, and to him his father taught the mysteries of the divine wisdom.

His mother prayed to Chandra and said: "I have but one only son: I am therefore exceedingly pained with anxiety." Chandra replied: "It is best for you that you should have but one son. For a son that is clever, gentle, self-denying, discreet, the abode of the arts, the dwelling-place of virtue; one only son such as this is all sufficient. Besides, what is the good of more sons? They may produce grief and care. It is better to be satisfied with one whose nature, whose disposition is noble."

But Prabhāvatī was not satisfied; so she took a woman called Dhūrtamāyā into her confidence, and said: "If you will train a son for me, able to resist all deceitful arts of women, I will give you 100 pieces of gold." "I will give you a son," replied Dhūrtamāyā, "and if he falls a victim to female seduction, I will forfeit to you twice as many pieces of money." So the bargain was concluded and signed and the son was placed in the merchant's house, where he became the object of all the wiles that women could devise.

The arts of women are these: deceitful speech; craft; oaths; pretended emotions; pretended weeping; pretended laughter; meaningless expressions of pleasure and pain; asking questions with a deferential air; indifference; equanimity, in prosperity or in adversity; making no difference between good and evil; sidelong glances directed towards lovers—that is the list of the accomplishments practised by the ladies of the town.

So the son, handed over according to the agreement with Dhūrtamāyā, was sent by his father to the island of Suvarna to acquire wealth. In that island lived a lady called Kalāvatī, and with her he spent a whole year. One day he said to Kalāvatī: "Pray tell me! My youngest

sister has often said that, although she was skilled in all the arts of attracting men, she never could succeed in getting anything out of her admirers. How is this to be accomplished?" Kalāvatī repeated this to her mother. "My dear," replied the old lady, "it is quite clear that this admirer of yours is well up in the ways of women: you can't catch him like this; perhaps flattery might succeed. When he is thinking of going back home, you say that you want to go with him, and that if he leaves you, you will drown yourself—and so on. I daresay he would give you anything you liked to ask for." Kalāvatī answered, "My dear mother, don't put it in that way: I care nothing for his money without him, and it has been said—

" 'Do not set your heart on riches gained by wickedness, or from an enemy whom you have humiliated.' "

Her mother answered: "Not at all, my daughter; riches are the cause of death or life. It has been said—

" 'A man who acts with energy is sure to prosper; for energy in all matters is the road to fortune. Those who have not revealed secrets, who have done no evil, who have not slain without cause—they attain glory. Fate is the cause of justice and injustice: the cause of honour and of dishonour. Fate makes a man both a giver and an asker.' "

"You do as I have told you," continued her mother. "I will manage all the rest." So she listened to the advice her mother had given, and the end of it was, that the merchant's son gave her all his money, and after she had got hold of several millions which had belonged to him, he was turned out of doors and sent adrift.

So Kalāvatī's admirer returned home, having lost both money and credit. His father, seeing him in this condition, was much distressed, and asked how it had all come about. He did not like to tell him, but told his spiritual father, who said: "My son, do not be cast down! Good luck and bad luck are equally the lot of man. Why should wise men think so much of money? If it goes, grieve not after it: if it comes back, care not for it."

When his father heard all that had happened, he went to Dhūrtamāyā and said: "I have come to tell you that a great misfortune has happened. My son has fallen a victim to the treachery of a woman." "Who has not been ruined by women?" replied Dhūrtamāyā, "for it has been said, 'A man who gains wealth becomes proud; he who falls into calamities loses his senses. Who can be the friend of a king? Who has not come into the power of death? Who does not respect a rich man? Who that falls into the net of the vile escapes without loss?' Therefore if you will take a passage for me in a ship, I will go back with your son. It has been said, 'Damage may be repaid with damage,

injury with injury; if you pull out my feathers, I will pull out your hair.'

"I agreed that if your son were cheated by a woman I would be responsible. For, 'Though the earth, supported by the serpent king, the mighty mountain, the tortoise, the elephant, may move, that which has been determined by the wise and thoughtful is never moved, even in the course of ages.' "

So Dhūrtamāyā and Chandana's son went back to Suvarna. All the inhabitants including Kālavatī welcomed him, but he did not recover his money. The question was therefore, what could Dhūrtamāyā do? Well, as the money was not forthcoming, she put on the disguise of a Chandalā and went about trying to find an opportunity of getting it back. In the course of her wanderings she came across Chandana's son in the company of Kālavatī. He saw her at the same time, and rushed to meet her, a line of action which had been already agreed upon between them. Kālavatī followed him, and exclaimed, "Pray who is this?" He replied, "This is my mother; I have not seen her since I lost all my money!" Dhūrtamāyā seizing hold of his hand greeted him affectionately, and said: "My son! You went to this lady's house! You fell a victim to her wiles, but after a time you escaped. You know all the money you took away belonged to me."

This she kept on asserting with oaths and imprecations, until Kālavatī and her mother took the woman disguised as a Chandalā into the house and said: "Madam! tell us, where do you come from? What is your name? In short, who are you?" "I," she replied, "am one of Sundarasana's minstrels, the king of Padmavatī. This son of mine took away all my money, and you stole it from him." Kālavatī and her mother were thoroughly frightened and said, "Here is the money! Pray take it!" "No," answered Dhūrtamāyā, "not unless the king of this country gives me permission."

Then they fell down at her feet and said: "We pray you accept it and have mercy on us!" So she took it, and having been treated with the greatest respect by Kālavatī and her mother, went back with Rāma rejoicing to their own country.

DEVIKĀ AND HER FOOLISH HUSBAND

There is a large village called Kukhādā; in it dwelt a certain Jarasa, who was a great fool. His wife's name was Devikā; she was a flighty, ill-conducted person, and had a lover—a Brahman—whom she used to meet under a Vibhītaka tree, some way from the village. These meetngs were a great subject of gossip in the place, and in the course of

time her husband heard of them! So he made up his mind to see into the matter himself and went and climbed into the tree. What he saw from his hiding place fully justified all the gossip and he called out to his wife: "You good-for-nothing hussy! You have been up to this game for some time past." She was put into somewhat of a difficulty and said: "I don't know what you mean!" "I will let you know what I mean," he answered, "if you will just wait till I come down." So she promised to wait till he came down from the tree, and meanwhile sent her lover away. At last her husband reached the ground. "It is of no use your making excuses," he said, "you have been caught in the act." "My dear husband!" she replied. "You must know that this tree has very peculiar properties: anyone who climbs up into it can see at once whether his or her spouse has been faithful." Her husband replied, "Well, you climb up and see if it is so," which she did, and cried out, "You good-for-nothing wretch! You have been running after other women for days and days." As this was perfectly true, the fool had nothing to say, and so he made up with his wife and they went home together.

THE LADY AND THE TIGER

IN A VILLAGE CALLED Devalākhya lived a prince whose name was Rājasinha. His wife was a person of irreproachable reputation, but very ill-tempered and quarrelsome. One day she had a violent altercation with her husband, and in consequence left home and started off with her two sons to her father's house. She travelled through several towns and villages, and at last reached a large wood near Malaya, where she saw a tiger. The tiger saw her, too, and came toward her lashing his tail with rage. She felt somewhat alarmed, but put on a bold front, and administering a smart slap to her sons she said: "What do you mean by quarrelling over who is to have a tiger to eat? Can't you see one here close by? Eat him first and then we will go and find another." The tiger heard all this, and thinking to himself, "Surely this lady must be indeed a formidable person," took to his heels and ran away in terror.

Presently a jackal met him. He burst into a fit of laughter and said: "Hullo! Here is a tiger running away from something in a fright." "Friend jackal," replied the tiger, "the sooner you go off to some far distant country the better, for there is a most terrible person hereabouts —a regular tiger-eater!—such as one only hears of in fables. She has almost been the death of me; as soon as I saw her, I ran away as fast as I could." "Well, I am surprised," said the jackal. "Do you mean that you are afraid of what after all is only a piece of human flesh?" "I was

close to her," answered the tiger, "and what she did and said was enough to frighten anyone." The jackal answered: "Well, I think I shall go by myself and see if I can find this tiger-eating lady. You had perhaps better not come, as she might recognize you again." "Whether you go with me or without me," replied the tiger, "it will make no difference; you are certain to be destroyed."

"Well, then," said the jackal, "let me mount on your back, and we will go together." So the jackal was tied on the tiger's back and off they started, and very soon found the tiger-eater with her two sons. She felt a little nervous at first, seeing the tiger had come back accompanied by a jackal, but reflecting a minute she cried out: "You rascally jackal! Once upon a time you used to bring me three tigers at once; what do you mean by coming here with only one?" The tiger heard this, and was so frightened that he turned and fled with the jackal on his back.

The tiger continued his headlong course, while the jackal, tied on the tiger's back, suffered the greatest discomfort and inconvenience. The question for him was how to get out of this unfortunate position, for the tiger in deadly fear, tore through rivers, over mountains, through forests. Suddenly he burst into a loud fit of laughter. The tiger exclaimed: "Well! I can't see what there is to laugh at!" "A great deal, I think," replied the jackal. "It just occurred to me how cleverly we have cheated that scoundrelly tiger-eater. Here I am safe and sound with your help, and she has been left behind, no one knows where. That was why I laughed. So, my dear tiger, do let me get down and see where we are." The tiger felt flattered and willingly loosed the jackal off his back. No sooner had he done so than he suddenly fell down dead, and the jackal went off rejoicing. For it has been said—

"Wisdom is better than pomp and display, for by it men gain place, riches, and honour; but he who is devoid of wisdom falls into dire misfortune. The strength of the ignorant is used to carry out the business of another, even as the surpassing might of an elephant is made subject to man."

THE CONCLUDING STORY

At the conclusion of these stories, Madana returned from his expedition, and was received by Prabhāvatī with every demonstration of affection.

The parrot said, very slowly and solemnly—

"Affection in woman means nothing; pride in woman means nothing. All the time that you have been absent, she has been my friend and devoted to me."

Madana heard what the parrot said, but he did not pay much attention to it. The parrot smiled and continued: "He who hears good advice and follows it is blessed both in this world and in the next." Madana therefore was induced to ask the parrot what he meant. Prabhāvatī at this felt a little bit anxious as to what might come out, for it has been said—"The good are always bold, sustained by consciousness of the good. The wicked are always afraid, for their evil conscience makes cowards of them."

So Prabhāvatī said to her husband, "Sir! your place has been well supplied, for in this house dwells a parrot, who seems to have come direct from the abode of the gods, and who speaks words of wisdom. He has been even as a husband and son to me."

The parrot at these words felt a little ashamed of himself, for it did not seem to him that he had merited such compliments. So Madana turned to Prabhāvatī and said: "Pray, what were the words of wisdom with which the parrot consoled you?"

She replied: "My lord, a speaker of truth may be found, but it is not so easy to find a listener, for it has been said—'Men who say what is pleasant are always welcome, but those who tell unpalatable truths will not find an audience.'

"Now, my husband, hear me. After your departure, for a time I kept you in remembrance, though there was separation between us. Then evil friends came by, and tried to lead me astray. This bird prevented my following after them, and held me back seventy nights, by means of the stories which he told me. So I was prevented from following my desires, and my designs of evil were not fulfilled. From today—whether in life or in death—you, my husband, shall be my chief object."

At the conclusion of this harangue, Madana turned to the parrot and asked what in the world it all meant.

The parrot answered: "Speech must not be uttered hastily by the wise; those who know what is right and proper must act accordingly. Sir, I say nothing of the foolish, drunkards, women, persons afflicted with disease, those in love, the weak, the wrathful. The mad, the careless, the timid, the starving, such as these have but few virtues. There are ten who know not the way of righteousness—the mad, the careless, the drunkard, the feeble, the wrathful, the glutton, the hasty, the coward, the covetous, the lustful.

"Pray grant Prabhāvatī pardon for her shortcomings. Indeed they were not her fault, but the fault of her evil companions. For it is said—

" 'The virtuous fall into evil ways through contact with the depraved,

Even Bhishma stole a cow under the influence of Duryodhana. The king's daughter was led astray by a Vidyādhara; but, though her fault was plain, she was forgiven by her father.' "

The parrot then told Madana the following story—

"There is a mountain called Malaya, and on the top of it is Manohara, a city of the Gandharvas. In it lived a certain Madana, a Gandharva, and he had a wife whose name was Ratnāvalī. Their daughter was Madanamanjarī. She was extremely beautiful and fascinating, and everyone who saw her absolutely lost his senses, whether god or hero. It was quite impossible to find a husband for her sufficiently good-looking. It so happened one day that a certain Nārada came by; when he saw her he was so fascinated by her charms that he went off his head. After a time, however, Nārada, who was a Rishi, came to himself. And he solemnly cursed her, in these words: 'Since the fire of passion has been kindled in me at the sight of your beauty, you shall be the victim of deceit.' Then her father, hearing the curse, bowed to the ground before the Rishi, and said: 'Sir, show compassion on my daughter, and grant her forgiveness!' Nārada replied: 'She shall indeed be deceived, but she shall not suffer loss, nor shall she fail in gaining a husband. On the top of Mount Meru is a city called Vipula, and in it dwells the Gandharva, Kanaprabha. He shall be your daughter's husband.' With these words Nārada departed, and according to his promise Madanamanjarī was given in marriage to the Gandharva.

"Soon after this, her husband left her, and went on a journey to Kailasa. She was inconsolable at his departure, and lay full length on a stone slab in the courtyard of her home. Here she was seen by a Vidyādhara, who made advances of love to her. She declined them without hesitation, but eventually, putting on the form of her husband, he accomplished his object. Before long her husband returned, but it appeared to him that she was not particularly glad to see him. He thought that there must be some counter-attraction, and eventually he worked himself up to such a state of jealousy that he contemplated putting an end to his wife's existence. So Madanamanjarī, seeing her end in view, went to the shrine of the goddess Durgā, and made loud lamentation. The goddess heard her complaints and said to her husband, 'Noble Gandharva! Your wife is guiltless; she was deceived by a Vidyādhara, who put on your form. Since she was ignorant of the real state of things, how could she be to blame? Besides, the cause of all this is the curse pronounced on her by the Rishi Nārada. Now the curse is worked out, and since she is free from guilt you must take her back.' Hearing the words of the goddess, Kanaprabha took his wife home, and they lived happily together.

"So, Madana," continued the parrot, "if you have any confidence in my words, receive your wife kindly, for there is no evil in her."

Then Madana, obedient to the parrot's wish, took Prabhāvatī home, and his father Haridatta, rejoicing at his son's return, made a great feast. While the festival was proceeding, a rain of flowers fell from heaven, and the parrot—the adviser and confidant of Prabhāvatī—freed from the curse which had compelled him to wear a parrot's form, ascended to the abode of the gods, and Madana and Prabhāvatī passed the remainder of their lives in peace and happiness.

BUDDHISM

The Dhammapada

INTRODUCTION

THE DHAMMAPADA, or "Words of the Doctrine," is a book of Buddhist aphorisms in 423 verses, but to say this is to mislead. It is not a collection of wise sayings in haphazard order, but a continuous, original, rare work of literature, unified in rhythm, style, themes and treatment, and infused with a high moral passion. The words are ascribed to Buddha himself; while scholars disagree on the subject, as scholars must, the layman stands on the sure ground that the thoughts represent correctly and truly Buddha's own teachings. The author of the verses is unknown. Whoever wrote this book must have caught the fire of a valiant call to the religious life and felt the spiritual joy that we associate with Thomas à Kempis. The obvious common-sense conclusion is that if Buddha himself had not spoken with this valiant voice, he could not have communicated it to his disciple, the unknown author. What we must be thankful for is that the voice of Buddha can still be distinctly heard through his work, which must be read continuously from the beginning to the end. That the sayings are often sharp and witty like aphorisms is the incidental literary quality of this work; behind them all, we hear the voice of someone who had something very important to say. It is a convincing voice; few works share this genuine moral passion.

It is, in short, a clear call to rouse oneself from the life of sloth, indolence and thoughtlessness of the common man, to achieve that greatest of all conquests, the conquest of self, to escape from the snares of evil passions, lust, hatred and anger, and to attain that highest human freedom, the moral freedom of one who has overcome himself. But this call for moral effort and struggle is coupled with a sense of urgency of escape and gives us the sensation of a race, as with St. Paul:

> Earnest among the thoughtless, awake among the sleepers, the wise man advances like a racer, leaving behind the hack.

Again:

He whose conquests cannot be conquered again, into whose conquest no one in this world enters, by what track can you lead him, the Awakened, the Omniscient, the trackless?

He whom no desire with its snares and poisons can lead astray, by what track can you lead him, the Awakened, the Omniscient, the trackless?

And why? Because all of us know that the body is transient, and all of us are seeking salvation:

Long is the night to him who is awake; long is the mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish who do not know the true law.

Because:

As a cow-herd with his staff drives his cows into the stable, so do Age and Death drive the life of men.

But, because we are subject to the temptations of this illusory world, the foolish keep on living their futile, indolent, weak and licentious life, which is a life in vain, a life not worth having:

And he who lives a hundred years, ignorant and unrestrained, a life of one day is better if a man is wise and reflecting.

And he who lives a hundred years, idle and weak, a life of one day is better if a man has attained firm strength. . . .

And he who lives a hundred years, not seeing the highest law, a life of one day is better if a man sees the highest law.

It is entirely possible for one to grow "old in vain":

A man is not an elder because his head is grey; his age may be ripe, but he is called "Old-in-Vain."

For there is such a thing as moral growth:

A man who has learnt little, grows old like an ox; his flesh grows, but his knowledge does not grow.

Hence we hear the clarion call to rouse oneself from that life of moral sloth and indolence and futile mischief:

Rouse thyself! Do not be idle! Follow the law of virtue!
The virtuous rest in bliss in this life and in the next.
Come, look at this world, glittering like a royal chariot;
The foolish are immersed in it, but the wise do not touch it.

The first and last step is the conquest of self:

Rouse thyself by thyself, examine thyself by thyself; thus self-protected and attentive wilt thou live happily, O Bhikshu!

For self is the lord of self, self is the refuge of self; therefore curb thyself as the merchant curbs a noble horse.

Mules are good, if tamed, and the noble Sindhu horses, and elephants with large tusks; but he who tames himself is better still.

For with these animals does no man reach the untrodden country (Nirvāna), where a tamed man goes on a tamed animal!—on his well-tamed self.

This essential thought recurs again and again, like a theme in a symphony:

If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors.

The process of salvation must come from within:

By one's self the evil is done, by one's self one suffers; by one's self evil is left undone, by one's self one is purified. The pure and the impure stand and fall by themselves, *no one can purify another.*

Hence Buddha's call for constant vigilance and individual effort:

You yourself must make an effort. The Tathāgatas (Buddhas) are only preachers. The thoughtful who enter the way are freed from the bondage of Māra . . .

And I like something which is so simple, so direct:

If anything is to be done, let a man do it, let him attack it vigorously! A careless pilgrim only scatters the dust of his passion more widely.

But one has first to rid oneself of the illusions of the false life and attain a moral height, from which he can see a different world:

When the learned man drives away vanity by earnestness, he, the wise, climbing the terraced heights of wisdom, looks down upon the fools: free from sorrow he looks upon the sorrowing crowd, as one that stands on a mountain looks down upon them that stand upon the plain.

Curiously, salvation comes from knowledge:

The channels run everywhere, the creeper of passion stands sprouting; if you see the creeper springing up, *cut its root by means of knowledge.*

Or again:

Knowing that this body is fragile like a jar, and making his thought firm like a fortress, one should attack Māra, the tempter, *with the weapon of knowledge,* one should watch him when conquered, and should never rest.

Because the greatest of all evils is the evil of ignorance:

But there is a taint worse than all taints—ignorance is the greatest taint. O mendicants, throw off that taint, and become taintless!

The evil life is really the *thoughtless* life:

Earnestness is the path of immortality (Nirvāna), thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

For after all, evil and pain are identical; it is those unable to see pain as the natural result of doing evil that continue to do evil:

If a man commits a sin, let him not do it again; let him not delight in sin: *the accumulation of evil is painful.*

And good and happiness are identical:

If a man does what is good, let him do it again, let him delight in it: *the accumulation of good is delightful.*

For the virtuous man alone is happy, for he has that happiness which cannot be taken away from him:

The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he is happy in the next; he is happy in both. He is happy when he thinks of the good he has done; he is still more happy when going on the good path.

Again:

We live happily indeed, not hating those who hate us! among men who hate us we dwell free from hatred!

We live happily indeed, free from greed among the greedy! among men who are greedy let us dwell free from greed!

We live happily indeed, though we call nothing our own! We shall be like the bright gods, feeding on happiness!

For the power of good pervades:

The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor that of sandalwood, or of Tagara and Mallikā flowers; but the odour of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place.

Again:

Good people are seen from afar, like the snowy mountains; bad people are not seen, like arrows shot by night.

The good man, who has achieved freedom from the senses, is even worthy of the envy of the gods:

The gods even envy him whose senses, like horses well broken in by the driver, have been subdued, who is free from pride, and free from appetites; such a one who does his duty is tolerant like the earth, like the threshold; he is like a lake without mud; no new births are in store for him.

And there we reach the spiritual joy of the calm, saintly life, strong above the trammels of passion and worldly cares:

The gift of the law exceeds all gifts; the sweetness of the law exceeds all sweetness; the delight in the law exceeds all delights; the extinction of thirst overcomes all pain.

Again, we hear the note of inner peace:

A Bhikshu who has entered his empty house, and whose mind is tranquil, feels more than a human delight when he sees the law clearly.

That is why one must allow no thoughts of hatred, anger and lust to enter the mind, and why one must not requite evil with evil, but must overcome evil with good:

He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins.

Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth!

For the man who is tainted with hatred and anger, or who injures others but injures himself:

If a man offend a harmless, pure, and innocent person, the evil falls back upon that fool, like light dust thrown up against the wind.

What the world calls victory is not victory, because it breeds more hatred:

Victory breeds hatred, for the conquered is unhappy. He who has given up both victory and defeat, he, the contented, is happy.

For what the saint prizes and values is moral victory:

Silently I endured abuse as the elephant in battle endures the arrow sent from the bow: for the world is ill-natured.

They lead a tamed elephant to battle, the king mounts a tamed elephant; the tamed is the best among men, he who silently endures abuse.

Here we reach the moral heights of the Sermon on the Mount. And having disabused our minds of the common passions of men, we arrive at a new set of moral values, the values of the inner life:

A man is not learned because he talks much; he who is patient, free from hatred and fear, he is called learned.

A man is not an elect (Ariya) because he injures living creatures; because he has pity on all living creatures, therefore is a man called Ariya.

The ordinary conventional values of society do not hold any more:

A man does not become a Brahmana by his plaited hair, by his family, or by birth; in whom there is truth and righteousness, he is blessed, he is a Brahmana.

I do not call a man a Brahmana because of his origin or of his mother. He is indeed arrogant, and he is wealthy; but the poor who is free from attachments, him I call indeed a Brahmana.

The externals of the religious practice are no substitutes for the inner spiritual life, for priests also go to hell:

Many men whose shoulders are covered with the yellow gown are ill-conditioned and unrestrained; such evil-doers by their evil deeds go to hell.

Better it would be to swallow a heated iron ball, like flaring fire, than that a bad, unrestrained fellow should live on the charity of the land.

Such are the main themes that occur again and again in the *Dhammapada*. While such doctrines afford no more glimpse into Buddhist philosophy than the Sermon on the Mount affords any glimpse of Christian theology, they are the central ethical teachings of Buddhism. Here we do not run into abstruse metaphysics (see the section, *The Surangama Sutra*), but see, on the other hand, the clarity, the simplicity and great humanity of Buddha's teachings, a humanity that is easy to appreciate:

If the occasion rises, friends are pleasant; enjoyment is pleasant, whatever be the cause; a good work is pleasant in the hour of death; the giving up of grief is pleasant.

Pleasant in the world is the state of a mother; pleasant the state of a father; pleasant the state of a Samana (ascetic); pleasant the state of a Brahmana.

Pleasant is virtue lasting to old age; pleasant is a faith firmly rooted; pleasant is attainment of intelligence; pleasant is avoiding of sin.

The following translation was made by Max Müller in 1870. There have been a number of succeeding efforts to re-translate the *Dhammapada*, by F. L. Woodward (1921), and by Wigiswara and Saunders (1920) in

prose, and by A. L. Edmunds in verse (*Hymns of the Faith*, 1902), for this unique work has attracted many scholars. The late Irving Babbitt's translation is based on the version by Max Müller.[1] Some translators may have improved upon Max Müller in literalness, but I doubt very much in aptness of expression or in producing the smooth-flowing rhythm, for as must be evident to the reader, the great translator was concerned not only with the words, as scholars are, but had a pleasing acquaintance with the sense of words. The Chinese version of the *Dhammapada* has been rendered into English by Samuel Beal (*Texts from the Buddhist Canon known as Dhammapada*, London and Boston, 1878). Its closeness to Confucian and Taoist teachings (e.g., advice on good friends, distinction between the wise and the fools, emphasis on self-examination, freedom from fear, moral strength and inner repose) explains why Buddhism is so readily acceptable to the Chinese people.

The *Dhammapada* is a great spiritual testimony, one of the very few religious masterpieces in the world, combining genuineness of spiritual passion with a happy gift of literary expression. It is closer to the modern man than the *Bhagavad-Gita;* the latter, with all its lofty moral conceptions, is bound to strike deeper a Hindu than a non-Hindu mind, while the *Dhammapada* speaks directly on common ethical terms, such as many a self-made man would like to present to his licentious-living son, but usually has not the courage to because he is his own father. The *Dhammapada* therefore belongs to the world and to all time.

[1] Published posthumously, Oxford, 1936. It contains a valuable essay by Babbitt on *Buddha and the Occident.* What interests Babbitt in Buddhism is the emphasis on the principle of the "inner check" and self-mastery.

The Dhammapada

Translated by F. Max Müller

CHAPTER I: THE TWIN-VERSES

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me"—in those who harbour such thoughts hatred will never cease.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me"—in those who do not harbour such thoughts hatred will cease.

For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time: hatred ceases by love—this is an old rule.

The world does not know that we must all come to an end here; but those who know it, their quarrels cease at once.

He who lives looking for pleasures only, his senses uncontrolled, immoderate in his food, idle, and weak, Māra (the tempter) will certainly overthrow him, as the wind throws down a weak tree.

He who lives without looking for pleasures, his senses well controlled, moderate in his food, faithful and strong, him Māra will certainly not overthrow, any more than the wind throws down a rocky mountain.

He who wishes to put on the yellow dress without having cleansed himself from sin, who disregards also temperance and truth, is unworthy of the yellow dress.

But he who has cleansed himself from sin, is well grounded in all virtues, and endowed also with temperance and truth: he is indeed worthy of the yellow dress.

They who imagine truth in untruth, and see untruth in truth, never arrive at truth, but follow vain desires.

They who know truth in truth, and untruth in untruth, arrive at truth, and follow true desires.

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passion will break through an unreflecting mind.

As rain does not break through a well-thatched house, passion will not break through a well-reflecting mind.

The evil-doer mourns in this world, and he mourns in the next; he mourns in both. He mourns and suffers when he sees the evil result of his own work.

The virtuous man delights in this world, and he delights in the next; he delights in both. He delights and rejoices, when he sees the purity of his own work.

The evil-doer suffers in this world, and he suffers in the next; he suffers in both. He suffers when he thinks of the evil he has done; he suffers more when going on the evil path.

The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he is happy in the next; he is happy in both. He is happy when he thinks of the good he has done; he is still more happy when going on the good path.

The thoughtless man, even if he can recite a large portion of the law, but is not a doer of it, has no share in the priesthood, but is like a cowherd counting the cows of others.

The follower of the law, even if he can recite only a small portion of the law, but, having forsaken passion and hatred and foolishness, possesses true knowledge and serenity of mind, he, caring for nothing in this world or that to come, has indeed a share in the priesthood.

CHAPTER II: ON EARNESTNESS

EARNESTNESS is the path of immortality (Nirvāna), thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

Having understood this clearly, those who are advanced in earnestness delight in earnestness, and rejoice in the knowledge of the elect.

These wise people, meditative, steady, always possessed of strong powers, attain to Nirvāna, the highest happiness.

If an earnest person has roused himself, if he is not forgetful, if his

deeds are pure, if he acts with consideration, if he restrains himself, and lives according to law—then his glory will increase.

By rousing himself, by earnestness, by restraint and control, the wise man may make for himself an island which no flood can overwhelm.

Fools follow after vanity. The wise man keeps earnestness as his best jewel.

Follow not after vanity, nor after the enjoyment of love and lust! He who is earnest and meditative, obtains ample joy.

When the learned man drives away vanity by earnestness, he, the wise, climbing the terraced heights of wisdom, looks down upon the fools: free from sorrow he looks upon the sorrowing crowd, as one that stands on a mountain looks down upon them that stand upon the plain.

Earnest among the thoughtless, awake among the sleepers, the wise man advances like a racer, leaving behind the hack.

By earnestness did Maghavan (Indra) rise to the lordship of the gods. People praise earnestness; thoughtlessness is always blamed.

A Bhikshu (mendicant) who delights in earnestness, who looks with fear on thoughtlessness, moves about like fire, burning all his fetters, small or large.

A Bhikshu (mendicant) who delights in reflection, who looks with fear on thoughtlessness, cannot fall away from his perfect state—he is close upon Nirvāna.

CHAPTER III: THOUGHT

As a fletcher makes straight his arrow, a wise man makes straight his trembling and unsteady thought, which is difficult to guard, difficult to hold back.

As a fish taken from his watery home and thrown on the dry ground, our thought trembles all over in order to escape the dominion of Māra, the tempter.

It is good to tame the mind, which is difficult to hold in and flighty, rushing wherever it listeth; a tamed mind brings happiness.

Let the wise man guard his thoughts, for they are difficult to perceive, very artful, and they rush wherever they list: thoughts well guarded bring happiness.

Those who bridle their mind which travels far, moves about alone, is without a body, and hides in the chamber of the heart, will be free from the bonds of Māra, the tempter.

If a man's faith is unsteady, if he does not know the true law, if his peace of mind is troubled, his knowledge will never be perfect.

If a man's thoughts are not dissipated, if his mind is not perplexed, if

he has ceased to think of good or evil, then there is no fear for him while he is watchful.

Knowing that this body is fragile like a jar, and making his thought firm like a fortress, one should attack Māra, the tempter, with the weapon of knowledge, one should watch him when conquered, and should never rest.

Before long, alas! this body will lie on the earth, despised, without understanding, like a useless log.

Whatever a hater may do to a hater, or an enemy to an enemy, a wrongly-directed mind will do him greater mischief.

Not a mother, not a father, will do so much, nor any other relatives; a well-directed mind will do us greater service.

CHAPTER IV: FLOWERS

WHO SHALL OVERCOME this earth, and the world of Yama, the lord of the departed, and the world of the gods? Who shall find out the plainly shown path of virtue, as a clever man finds the right flower?

The disciple will overcome the earth, and the world of Yama, and the world of the gods. The disciple will find out the plainly shown path of virtue, as a clever man finds the right flower.

He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learnt that it is as unsubstantial as a mirage, will break the flower-pointed arrow of Māra, and never see the king of death.

Death carries off a man who is gathering flowers, and whose mind is distracted, as a flood carries off a sleeping village.

Death subdues a man who is gathering flowers, and whose mind is distracted, before he is satiated in his pleasures.

As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its colour or scent, so let a sage dwell in his village.

Not the perversities of others, not their sins of commission or omission, but his own misdeeds and negligences should a sage take notice of.

Like a beautiful flower, full of colour, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.

But, like a beautiful flower, full of colour and full of scent, are the fine and fruitful words of him who acts accordingly.

As many kinds of wreaths can be made from a heap of flowers, so many good things may be achieved by a mortal when once he is born.

The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor that of sandal-wood, or of Tagara and Mallikā flowers; but the odour of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place.

Sandal-wood or Tagara, a lotus-flower, or a Vassikī, among these sorts of perfumes, the perfume of virtue is unsurpassed.

Mean is the scent that comes from Tagara and sandal-wood; the perfume of those who possess virtue rises up to the gods as the highest.

Of the people who possess these virtues, who live without thoughtlessness, and who are emancipated through true knowledge, Māra, the tempter, never finds the way.

As on a heap of rubbish cast upon the highway the lily will grow full of sweet perfume and delight, thus among those who are mere rubbish the disciple of the truly enlightened Buddha shines forth by his knowledge above the blinded worldling.

CHAPTER V: THE FOOL

Long is the night to him who is awake; long is a mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish who do not know the true law.

If a traveller does not meet with one who is his better, or his equal, let him firmly keep to his solitary journey; there is no companionship with a fool.

"These sons belong to me, and this wealth belongs to me," with such thoughts a fool is tormented. He himself does not belong to himself; how much less sons and wealth?

The fool who knows his foolishness, is wise at least so far. But a fool who thinks himself wise, he is called a fool indeed.

If a fool be associated with a wise man even all his life, he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of soup.

If an intelligent man be associated for one minute only with a wise man, he will soon perceive the truth, as the tongue perceives the taste of soup.

Fools of poor understanding have themselves for their greatest enemies, for they do evil deeds which bear bitter fruits.

That deed is not well done of which a man must repent, and the reward of which he receives crying and with a tearful face.

No, that deed is well done of which a man does not repent, and the reward of which he receives gladly and cheerfully.

As long as the evil deed done does not bear fruit, the fool thinks it is like honey; but when it ripens, then the fool suffers grief.

Let a fool month after month eat his food (like an ascetic) with the tip of a blade of Kusa-grass, yet is he not worth the sixteenth particle of those who have well weighed the law.

An evil deed, like newly-drawn milk, does not turn suddenly; smouldering, like fire covered by ashes, it follows the fool.

And when the evil deed, after it has become known, turns to sorrow for the fool, then it destroys his bright lot, nay, it cleaves his head.

Let the fool wish for a false reputation, for precedence among the Bhikshus, for lordship in the convents, for worship among other people!

"May both the layman and he who has left the world think that this is done by me; may they be subject to me in everything which is to be done or is not to be done," thus is the mind of the fool, and his desire and pride increase.

"One is the road that leads to wealth, another the road that leads to Nirvāna"—if the Bhikshu, the disciple of Buddha, has learnt this, he will not yearn for honour, he will strive after separation from the world.

CHAPTER VI: THE WISE MAN

If you see a man who shows you what is to be avoided, who administers reproofs, and is intelligent, follow that wise man as you would one who tells of hidden treasures; it will be better, not worse, for him who follows him.

Let him admonish, let him teach, let him forbid what is improper!—he will be beloved of the good, by the bad he will be hated.

Do not have evil-doers for friends, do not have low people for friends: have virtuous people for friends, have for friends the best of men.

He who drinks in the law lives happily with a serene mind: the sage rejoices always in the law, as preached by the elect.

Well-makers lead the water wherever they like; fletchers bend the arrow; carpenters bend a log of wood; wise people fashion themselves.

As a solid rock is not shaken by the wind, wise people falter not amidst blame and praise.

Wise people, after they have listened to the laws, become serene, like a deep, smooth, and still lake.

Good men indeed walk warily under all circumstances; good men speak not out of a desire for sensual gratification; whether touched by happiness or sorrow wise people never appear elated or depressed.

If, whether for his own sake, or for the sake of others, a man wishes neither for a son, nor for wealth, nor for lordship, and if he does not wish for his own success by unfair means, then he is good, wise, and virtuous.

Few are there among men who arrive at the other shore (become Arahats); the other people here run up and down the shore.

But those who, when the law has been well preached to them, follow the law, will pass over the dominion of death, however difficult to cross.

A wise man should leave the dark state of ordinary life, and follow

the bright state of the Bhikshu. After going from his home to a homeless state, he should in his retirement look for enjoyment where enjoyment seemed difficult. Leaving all pleasures behind, and calling nothing his own, the wise man should purge himself from all the troubles of the mind.

Those whose mind is well grounded in the seven elements of knowledge, who without clinging to anything, rejoice in freedom from attachment, whose appetites have been conquered, and who are full of light, they are free even in this world.

CHAPTER VII: THE VENERABLE

THERE IS NO SUFFERING for him who has finished his journey, and abandoned grief, who has freed himself on all sides, and thrown off all fetters.

They exert themselves with their thoughts well-collected, they do not tarry in their abode; like swans who have left their lake, they leave their house and home.

Men who have no riches, who live on recognized food, who have perceived void and unconditioned freedom (Nirvāna), their path is difficult to understand, like that of birds in the air.

He whose appetites are stilled, who is not absorbed in enjoyment, who has perceived void and unconditioned freedom (Nirvāna), his path is difficult to understand, like that of birds in the air.

The gods even envy him whose senses, like horses well broken in by the driver, have been subdued, who is free from pride, and free from appetites; such a one who does his duty is tolerant like the earth, or like a threshold; he is like a lake without mud; no new births are in store for him.

His thought is quiet, quiet are his word and deed, when he has obtained freedom by true knowledge, when he has thus become a quiet man.

The man who is free from credulity, but knows the uncreated, who has cut all ties, removed all temptations, renounced all desires, he is the greatest of men.

In a hamlet or in a forest, on sea or on dry land, wherever venerable persons (Arahats) dwell, that place is delightful.

Forests are delightful; where the world finds no delight, there the passionless will find delight, for they look not for pleasures.

CHAPTER VIII: THE THOUSANDS

EVEN THOUGH A SPEECH be a thousand (of words), but made up of senseless words, one word of sense is better, which if a man hears, he becomes quiet.

Even though a Gāthā (poem) be a thousand (of words), but made

up of senseless words, one word of a Gāthā is better, which if a man hears, he becomes quiet.

Though a man recite a hundred Gāthās made up of senseless words, one word of the law is better, which if a man hears, he becomes quiet.

If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors.

One's own self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god, a Gandharva, not Māra (with Brāhman), could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself, and always lives under restraint.

If a man for a hundred years sacrifice month by month with a thousand, and if he but for one moment pay homage to a man whose soul is grounded in true knowledge, better is that homage than a sacrifice for a hundred years.

If a man for a hundred years worship Agni (fire) in the forest, and if he but for one moment pay homage to a man whose soul is grounded in true knowledge, better is that homage than sacrifice for a hundred years.

Whatever a man sacrifices in this world as an offering or as an oblation for a whole year in order to gain merit, the whole of it is not worth a quarter a farthing; reverence shown to the righteous is better.

He who always greets and constantly reveres the aged, four things will increase to him: life, beauty, happiness, power.

But he who lives a hundred years, vicious and unrestrained, a life of one day is better if a man is virtuous and reflecting.

And he who lives a hundred years, ignorant and unrestrained, a life of one day is better if a man is wise and reflecting.

And he who lives a hundred years, idle and weak, a life of one day is better if a man has attained firm strength.

And he who lives a hundred years, not seeing beginning and end, a life of one day is better if a man sees beginning and end.

And he who lives a hundred years, not seeing the immortal place, a life of one day is better if a man sees the immortal place.

And he who lives a hundred years, not seeing the highest law, a life of one day is better if a man sees the highest law.

CHAPTER IX: EVIL

A MAN should hasten towards the good, and should keep his thought away from evil; if a man does what is good slothfully, his mind delights in evil.

If a man commits a sin, let him not do it again; let him not delight in sin: the accumulation of evil is painful.

If a man does what is good, let him do it again; let him delight in it: the accumulation of good is delightful.

Even an evil-doer sees happiness so long as his evil deed does not ripen; but when his evil deed ripens, then does the evil-doer see evil.

Even a good man sees evil days so long as his good deed does not ripen; but when his good deed ripens, then does the good man see good things.

Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, It will not come nigh unto me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled; the fool becomes full of evil, even if he gather it little by little.

Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart, It will not come nigh unto me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled; the wise man becomes full of good, even if he gather it little by little.

Let a man avoid evil deeds, as a merchant, if he has few companions and carries much wealth, avoids a dangerous road; as a man who loves life avoids poison.

He who has no wound on his hand, may touch poison with his hand; poison does not affect one who has no wound; nor is there evil for one who does not commit evil.

If a man offend a harmless, pure, and innocent person, the evil falls back upon that fool, like light dust thrown up against the wind.

Some people are born again; evil-doers go to hell; righteous people go to heaven; those who are free from all worldly desires attain Nirvāna.

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if we enter into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where a man might be freed from an evil deed.

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if we enter into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where death could not overcome the mortal.

CHAPTER X: PUNISHMENT

All men tremble at punishment, all men fear death; remember that you are like unto them, and do not kill, nor cause slaughter.

All men tremble at punishment, all men love life; remember that thou are like unto them, and do not kill, nor cause slaughter.

He who, seeking his own happiness, punishes or kills beings who also long for happiness, will not find happiness after death.

He who, seeking his own happiness, does not punish or kill beings who also long for happiness, will find happiness after death.

Do not speak harshly to anyone; those who are spoken to will answer

thee in the same way. Angry speech is painful: blows for blows will touch thee.

If, like a shattered metal plate (gong), thou utter nothing, then thou hast reached Nirvāna; anger is not known to thee.

As a cow-herd with his staff drives his cows into the stable, so do Age and Death drive the life of men.

A fool does not know when he commits his evil deeds: but the wicked man burns by his own deeds, as if burnt by fire.

He who inflicts pain on innocent and harmless persons, will soon come to one of these ten states:—

He will have cruel suffering, loss, injury of the body, heavy affliction, or loss of mind.

A misfortune coming from the king, or a fearful accusation, or loss of relations, or destruction of treasures.

Lightning-fire will burn his houses; and when his body is destroyed, the fool will go to hell.

Not nakedness, not platted hair, not dirt, not fasting, or lying on the earth, not rubbing with dust, not sitting motionless, can purify a mortal who has not overcome desires.

He who, though dressed in fine apparel, exercises tranquillity, is quiet, subdued, restrained, chaste, and has ceased to find fault with all other beings, he indeed is a Brāhmana, an ascetic (sramana), a friar (bhikshu).

Is there in this world any man so restrained by shame that he does not provoke reproof, as a noble horse the whip?

Like a noble horse when touched by the whip, be ye strenuous and eager, and by faith, by virtue, by energy, by meditation, by discernment of the law, you will overcome this great pain, perfect in knowledge and in behaviour, and never forgetful.

Well-makers lead the water wherever they like; fletchers bend the arrow; carpenters bend a log of wood; good people fashion themselves.

CHAPTER XI: OLD AGE

How is there laughter, how is there joy, as this world is always burning? Do you not seek a light, ye who are surrounded by darkness?

Look at this dressed-up lump, covered with wounds, joined together, sickly, full of many schemes, but which has no strength, no hold!

This body is wasted, full of sickness, and frail; this heap of corruption breaks to pieces, life indeed ends in death.

After one has looked at those grey bones, thrown away like gourds in the autumn, what pleasure is there left in life?

After a stronghold has been made of the bones, it is covered with flesh

and blood, and there dwell in it old age and death, pride and deceit.

The brilliant chariots of kings are destroyed, the body also approaches destruction, but the virtue of good people never approaches destruction —thus do the good say to the good.

A man who has learnt little, grows old like an ox; his flesh grows, but his knowledge does not grow.

Looking for the maker of this tabernacle, I have run through a course of many births, not finding him; and painful is birth again and again. But now, maker of the tabernacle, thou hast been seen; thou shalt not make up this tabernacle again. All thy rafters are broken, thy ridge-pole is sundered; the mind, approaching the Eternal (visankhāra, nirvāna), has attained to the extinction of all desires.

Men who have not observed proper discipline, and have not gained wealth in their youth, perish like old herons in a lake without fish.

Men who have not observed proper discipline, and have not gained wealth in their youth, lie, like broken bows, sighing after the past.

CHAPTER XII: SELF

If a man hold himself dear, let him watch himself carefully; during one at least out of the three watches a wise man should be watchful.

Let each man direct himself first to what is proper, then let him teach others; thus a wise man will not suffer.

If a man make himself as he teaches others to be, then, being himself well subdued, he may subdue others; for one's own self is difficult to subdue.

Self is the lord of self, who else could be the lord? With self well subdued, a man finds a lord such as few can find.

The evil done by one's self, self-forgotten, self-bred, crushes the foolish, as a diamond breaks even a precious stone.

He whose wickedness is very great brings himself down to that state where his enemy wishes him to be, as a creeper does with the tree which it surrounds.

Bad deeds, and deeds hurtful to others, are easy to do; what is beneficial and good, that is very difficult to do.

The foolish man who scorns the rule of the venerable (Arahat), of the elect (Ariya), of the virtuous, and follows a false doctrine, he bears fruit to his own destruction, like the fruits of the Katthaka reed.

By one's self the evil is done, by one's self one suffers; by one's self evil is left undone, by one's self one is purified. The pure and the impure stand and fall by themselves, no one can purify another.

Let no one forget his own duty for the sake of another's, however

great; let a man, after he has discerned his own duty, be always attentive to his duty.

CHAPTER XIII: THE WORLD

Do not follow the evil law! Do not live on in thoughtlessness! Do not follow false doctrine! Be not a friend of the world.

Rouse thyself! do not be idle! Follow the law of virtue! The virtuous rest in bliss in this world and in the next.

Follow the law of virtue; do not follow that of sin. The virtuous rest in bliss in this world and in the next.

Look upon the world as you would on a bubble, look upon it as you would on a mirage: the king of death does not see him who thus looks down upon the world.

Come, look at this world, glittering like a royal chariot; the foolish are immersed in it, but the wise do not touch it.

He who formerly was reckless and afterwards became sober, brightens up this world, like the moon when freed from clouds.

He whose evil deeds are covered by good deeds, brightens up this world, like the moon when freed from clouds.

This world is dark, few only can see here; a few only go to heaven, like birds escaped from the net.

The swans go on the path of the sun, they go miraculously through the ether; the wise are led out of this world, when they have conquered Māra and his train.

If a man has transgressed the one law, and speaks lies, and scoffs at another world, there is no evil he will not do.

The uncharitable do not go to the world of the gods; fools only do not praise liberality; a wise man rejoices in liberality, and through it becomes blessed in the other world.

Better than sovereignty over the earth, better than going to heaven, better than lordship over all worlds, is the reward of Sotāpatti, the first step in holiness.

CHAPTER XIV: THE BUDDHA—THE AWAKENED

He whose conquest cannot be conquered again, into whose conquest no one in this world enters, by what track can you lead him, the Awakened, the Omniscient, the trackless?

He whom no desire with its snares and poisons can lead astray, by what track can you lead him, the Awakened, the Omniscient, the trackless?

Even the gods envy those who are awakened and not forgetful, who are given to meditation, who are wise, and who delight in the repose of retirement from the world.

Difficult to obtain is the conception of men, difficult is the life of mortals, difficult is the hearing of the True Law, difficult is the birth of the Awakened (the attainment of Buddhahood).

Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, that is the teaching of all the Awakened.

The Awakened call patience the highest penance, long-suffering the highest Nirvāna; for he is not an anchorite (pravragita) who strikes others, he is not an ascetic (sramana) who insults others.

Not to blame, not to strike, to live restrained under the law, to be moderate in eating, to sleep and sit alone, and to dwell on the highest thoughts—this is the teaching of the Awakened.

There is no satisfying lusts, even by a shower of gold pieces; he who knows that lusts have a short taste and cause pain, he is wise; even in heavenly pleasures he finds no satisfaction, the disciple who is fully awakened delights only in the destruction of all desires.

Men, driven by fear, go to many a refuge, to mountains and forests, to groves and sacred trees.

But that is not a safe refuge, that is not the best refuge; a man is not delivered from all pains after having gone to that refuge.

He who takes refuge with Buddha, the Law, and the Church; he who, with clear understanding, sees the four holy truths; pain, the origin of pain, the destruction of pain, and the eightfold holy way that leads to the quieting of pain;—that is the safe refuge, that is the best refuge; having gone to that refuge, a man is delivered from all pain.

A supernatural person (a Buddha) is not easily found: he is not born everywhere. Wherever such a sage is born, that race prospers.

Happy is the arising of the Awakened, happy is the teaching of the True Law, happy is peace in the church, happy is the devotion of those who are at peace.

He who pays homage to those who deserve homage, whether the awakened (Buddha) or their disciples, those who have overcome the host of evils, and crossed the flood of sorrow, he who pays homage to such as have found deliverance and know no fear, his merit can never be measured by anyone.

CHAPTER XV: HAPPINESS

We live happily indeed, not hating those who hate us! among men who hate us we dwell free from hatred! We live happily indeed, free

from ailments among the ailing! among men who are ailing let us dwell free from ailments!

We live happily indeed, free from greed among the greedy! among men who are greedy let us dwell free from greed!

We live happily indeed, though we call nothing our own! We shall be like the bright gods, feeding on happiness!

Victory breeds hatred, for the conquered is unhappy. He who has given up both victory and defeat, he, the contented, is happy.

There is no fire like passion; there is no losing throw like hatred; there is no pain like this body; there is no happiness higher than rest.

Hunger is the worst of diseases, the elements of the body the greatest evil; if one knows this truly, that is Nirvāna, the highest happiness.

Health is the greatest of gifts, contentedness the best riches; trust is the best of relationships, Nirvāna the highest happiness.

He who has tasted the sweetness of solitude and tranquillity, is free from fear and free from sin, while he tastes the sweetness of drinking in the law.

The sight of the elect (Ariya) is good, to live with them is always happiness; if a man does not see fools, he will be truly happy.

He who walks in the company of fools suffers a long way; company with fools, as with an enemy, is always painful; company with the wise is pleasure, like meeting with kinsfolk.

Therefore, one ought to follow the wise, the intelligent, the learned the much enduring, the dutiful, the elect; one ought to follow such a good and wise man, as the moon follows the path of the stars.

CHAPTER XVI: PLEASURE

He who gives himself to vanity, and does not give himself to meditation, forgetting the real aim of life and grasping at pleasure, will in time envy him who has exerted himself in meditation.

Let no man ever cling to what is pleasant, or to what is unpleasant. Not to see what is pleasant is pain, and it is pain to see what is unpleasant.

Let, therefore, no man love anything; loss of the beloved is evil. Those who love nothing, and hate nothing, have no fetters.

From pleasure comes grief, from pleasure comes fear; he who is free from pleasure knows neither grief nor fear.

From affection comes grief, from affection comes fear; he who is free from affection knows neither grief nor fear.

From lust comes grief, from lust comes fear; he who is free from lust knows neither grief nor fear.

From love comes grief, from love comes fear; he who is free from love knows neither grief nor fear.

From greed comes grief, from greed comes fear; he who is free from greed knows neither grief nor fear.

He who possesses virtue and intelligence, who is just, speaks the truth, and does what is his own business, him the world will hold dear.

He in whom a desire for the Ineffable (Nirvāna) has sprung up, who in his mind is satisfied, and whose thoughts are not bewildered by love, he is called ūrdhvamsrotas (carried upwards by the stream).

Kinsmen, friends, and lovers salute a man who has been long away, and returns safe from afar.

In like manner his good works receive him who has done good, and has gone from this world to the other;—as kinsmen receive a friend on his return.

CHAPTER XVII: ANGER

Let a man leave anger, let him forsake pride, let him overcome all bondage! No sufferings befall the man who is not attached to name and form, and who calls nothing his own.

He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins.

Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth!

Speak the truth, do not yield to anger; give, if thou art asked for little; by these three steps thou wilt go near the gods.

The sages who injure nobody, and who always control their body, they will go to the unchangeable place (Nirvāna), where, if they have gone they will suffer no more.

Those who are ever watchful, who study day and night, and who strive after Nirvāna, their passions will come to an end.

This is an old saying, O Atula, this is not as if of to-day: "They blame him who sits silent, they blame him who speaks much, they also blame him who says little; there is no one on earth who is not blamed."

There never was, there never will be, nor is there now, a man who is always blamed, or a man who is always praised.

But he whom those who discriminate praise continually day after day, as without blemish, wise, rich in knowledge and virtue, who would dare to blame him, like a coin made of gold from the Jambū river? Even the gods praise him, he is praised even by Brāhman.

Beware of bodily anger, and control thy body! body, and with thy body practise virtue!

Beware of the anger of the tongue, and control thy tongue! Leave the sins of the tongue, and practise virtue with thy tongue!

Beware of the anger of the mind, and control thy mind! Leave the sins of the mind, and practise virtue with thy mind!

The wise who control their body, who control their tongue, the wise who control their mind, are indeed well controlled.

CHAPTER XVIII: IMPURITY

THOU ART NOW like a sear leaf, the messengers of death (Yama) have come near to thee; thou standest at the door of thy departure, and thou hast no provision for thy journey.

Make thyself an island, work hard, be wise! When thy impurities are blown away, and thou art free from guilt, thou wilt enter into the heavenly world of the elect (Ariya).

Thy life has come to an end, thou art come near to death (Yama), there is no resting-place for thee on the road, and thou hast no provision for thy journey.

Make thyself an island, work hard, be wise! When thy impurities are blown away, and thou art free from guilt, thou wilt not enter again into birth and decay.

Let a wise man blow off the impurities of himself, as a smith blows off the impurities of silver, one by one, little by little, and from time to time.

As the impurity which springs from the iron, when it springs from it, destroys it; thus do a transgressor's own works lead him to the evil path.

The taint of prayers is non-repetition; the taint of houses, non-repair; the taint of complexion is sloth; the taint of a watchman, thoughtlessness.

Bad conduct is the taint of woman, niggardliness the taint of a benefactor; tainted are all evil ways, in this world and in the next.

But there is a taint worse than all taints—ignorance is the greatest taint. O mendicants! throw off that taint, and become taintless!

Life is easy to live for a man who is without shame: a crow hero, a mischief-maker, an insulting, bold, and wretched fellow.

But life is hard to live for a modest man, who always looks for what is pure, who is distinterested, quiet, spotless, and intelligent.

He who destroys life, who speaks untruth, who in the world takes what is not given him, who goes to another man's wife; and the man who gives himself to drinking intoxicating liquors, he, even in this world, digs up his own root.

O man, know this, that the unrestrained are in a bad state; take care that greediness and vice do not bring thee to grief for a long time!

The world gives according to their faith or according to their pleasure:

if a man frets about the food and the drink given to others, he will find no rest either by day or by night.

He in whom that feeling is destroyed, and taken out with the very root, finds rest by day and by night.

There is no fire like passion, there is no shark like hatred, there is no snare like folly, there is no torrent like greed.

The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of one's self is difficult to perceive; a man winnows his neighbour's faults like chaff, but his own fault he hides, as a cheat hides the bad die from the player.

If a man looks after the faults of others, and is always inclined to be offended, his own passions will grow, and he is far from the destruction of passions.

There is no path through the air, a man is not a Samana outwardly. The world delights in vanity, the Tathāgatas (the Buddhas) are free from vanity.

There is no path through the air, a man is not a Samana outwardly. No creatures are eternal; but the awakened (Buddha) are never shaken.

CHAPTER XIX: THE JUST

A MAN IS NOT JUST if he carries a matter by violence; no, he who distinguishes both right and wrong, who is learned and guides others, not by violence, but by the same law, being a guardian of the law and intelligent, he is called just.

A man is not learned because he talks much; he who is patient, free from hatred and fear, he is called learned.

A man is not a supporter of the law because he talks much; even if a man has learnt little, but sees the law bodily, he is a supporter of the law, a man who never neglects the law.

A man is not an elder because his head is grey; his age may be ripe. but he is called "Old-in-vain."

He in whom there is truth, virtue, pity, restraint, moderation, he who is free from impurity and is wise, he is called an elder.

An envious, stingy, dishonest man does not become respectable by means of much talking only, or by the beauty of his complexion.

He in whom all this is destroyed, and taken out with the very root, he, when freed from hatred, is called respectable.

Not by tonsure does an undisciplined man who speaks falsehood become a Samana;[1] can a man be a Samana who is still held captive by desire and greediness?

[1] Pali form of Sanskrit *Sramana*, an ascetic.

He who always quiets the evil, whether small or large, he is called a Samana (a quiet man), because he has quieted all evil.

A man is not a mendicant (Bhikshu) simply because he asks others for alms; he who adopts the whole law is a Bhikshu, not he who only begs.

He who is above good and evil, who is chaste, who with care passes through the world, he indeed is called a Bhikshu.

A man is not a Muni[1] because he observes silence if he is foolish and ignorant; but the wise who, as with the balance, chooses the good and avoids evil, he is a Muni, and is a Muni thereby; he who in this world weighs both sides is called a Muni.

A man is not an elect (Ariya) because he injures living creatures; because he has pity on all living creatures, therefore is a man called Ariya.

Not only by discipline and vows, not only by much learning, not by entering into a trance, not by sleeping alone, do I earn the happiness of release which no worldling can know. O Bhikshu, he who has obtained the extinction of desires, has obtained confidence.

CHAPTER XX: THE WAY

THE BEST OF WAYS is the eightfold;[2] the best of truths the four words;[3] the best of virtues passionlessness; the best of men he who has eyes to see.

This is the way, there is no other that leads to the purifying of intelligence. Go on this path! This is the confusion of Māra, the tempter.

If you go on this way, you will make an end of pain! The way was preached by me, when I had understood the removal of the thorns in the flesh.

You yourself must make an effort. The Tathāgatas (Buddhas) are only preachers. The thoughtful who enter the way are freed from the bondage of Māra.

"All created things perish," he who knows and sees this becomes passive in pain; this is the way to purity.

"All created things are grief and pain," he who knows and sees this becomes passive in pain; this is the way that leads to purity.

"All forms are unreal," he who knows and sees this becomes passive in pain; this is the way that leads to purity.

He who does not rouse himself when it is time to rise, who, though young and strong, is full of sloth, whose will and thought are weak, that lazy and idle man never finds the way to knowledge.

[1] A holy sage.

[2] Right Doctrine, Right Purpose, Right Discourse, Right Behaviour, Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Solitude, Right Rapture.

[3] See Chap. XIV.

Watching his speech, well restrained in mind, let a man never commit any wrong with his body! Let a man but keep these three roads of action clear, and he will achieve the way which is taught by the wise.

Through zeal knowledge is gained, through lack of zeal knowledge is lost; let a man who knows this double path of gain and loss thus place himself that knowledge may grow.

Cut down the whole forest of desires, not a tree only! Danger comes out of the forest of desires. When you have cut down both the forest of desires and its undergrowth, then, Bhikshus, you will be rid of the forest and of desires!

So long as the desire of man towards women, even the smallest, is not destroyed, so long is his mind in bondage, as the calf that drinks milk is to its mother.

Cut out the love of self, like an autumn lotus, with thy hand! Cherish the road of peace. Nirvāna has been shown by Sugata (Buddha).

"Here I shall dwell in the rain, here in winter and summer," thus the fool meditates, and does not think of death.

Death comes and carries off that man, honoured for his children and flocks, his mind distracted, as a flood carries off a sleeping village.

Sons are no help, nor a father, nor relations; there is no help from kinsfolk for one whom death has seized.

A wise and well-behaved man who knows the meaning of this, should quickly clear the way that leads to Nirvāna.

CHAPTER XXI: MISCELLANEOUS

If by leaving a small pleasure one sees a great pleasure, let a wise man leave the small pleasure, and look to the great.

He who, by causing pain to others, wishes to obtain pleasure for himself, he, entangled in the bonds of hatred, will never be free from hatred.

What ought to be done is neglected, what ought not to be done is done; the desires of unruly, thoughtless people are always increasing.

But they whose whole watchfulness is always directed to their body, who do not follow what ought not to be done, and who steadfastly do what ought to be done, the desires of such watchful and wise people will come to an end.

A true Brāhmana goes scatheless, though he have killed father and mother, and two valiant kings, though he has destroyed a kingdom with all its subjects.

A true Brāhmana goes scatheless, though he have killed father and mother, and two holy kings, and an eminent man besides.

The disciples of Gotama (Buddha) are always well awake, and their thoughts day and night are always set on Buddha.

The disciples of Gotama are always well awake, and their thoughts day and night are always set on the law.

The disciples of Gotama are always well awake, and their thoughts day and night are always set on the church.

The disciples of Gotama are always well awake, and their thoughts day and night are always set on their body.

The disciples of Gotama are always well awake, and their mind day and night always delights in compassion.

The disciples of Gotama are always well awake, and their mind day and night always delights in meditation.

It is hard to leave the world to become a friar, it is hard to enjoy the world; hard is the monastery, painful are the houses; painful it is to dwell with equals (to share everything in common), and the itinerant mendicant is beset with pain. Therefore let no man be an itinerant mendicant, and he will not be beset with pain.

A man full of faith, if endowed with virtue and glory, is respected, whatever place he may choose.

Good people shine from afar, like the snowy mountains; bad people are not seen, like arrows shot by night.

Sitting alone, lying down alone, walking alone without ceasing, and alone subduing himself, let a man be happy near the edge of a forest.

CHAPTER XXII: THE DOWNWARD COURSE

He who says what is not, goes to hell; he also who, having done a thing, says I have not done it. After death both are equal: they are men with evil deeds in the next world.

Many men whose shoulders are covered with the yellow gown[1] are ill-conditioned and unrestrained; such evil-doers by their evil deeds go to hell.

Better it would be to swallow a heated iron ball, like flaring fire, than that a bad unrestrained fellow should live on the charity of the land.

Four things does a reckless man gain who covets his neighbour's wife —demerit, an uncomfortable bed, thirdly, punishment, and lastly, hell.

There is demerit, and the evil way to hell: there is the short pleasure of the frightened in the arms of the frightened, and the king imposes heavy punishment; therefore let no man think of his neighbour's wife.

As a grass-blade, if badly grasped, cuts the arm, badly-practised asceticism leads to hell.

[1] Priests.

An act carelessly performed, a broken vow, and hesitating obedience to discipline (Brāhma-cariyam), all this brings no great reward.

If anything is to be done, let a man do it, let him attack it vigorously! A careless pilgrim only scatters the dust of his passions more widely.

An evil deed is better left undone, for a man repents of it afterwards; a good deed is better done, for having done it, one does not repent.

Like a well-guarded frontier fort, with defences within and without, so let a man guard himself. Not a moment should escape, for they who allow the right moment to pass, suffer pain when they are in hell.

They who are ashamed of what they ought not to be ashamed of, and are not ashamed of what they ought to be ashamed of, such men, embracing false doctrines, enter the evil path.

They who fear when they ought not to fear, and fear not when they ought to fear, such men, embracing false doctrines, enter the evil path.

They who see sin where there is no sin, and see no sin where there is sin, such men, embracing false doctrines, enter the evil path.

They who see sin where there is sin, and no sin where there is no sin, such men, embracing the true doctrine, enter the good path.

CHAPTER XXIII: THE ELEPHANT

SILENTLY I endured abuse as the elephant in battle endures the arrow sent from the bow: for the world is ill-natured.

They lead a tamed elephant to battle, the king mounts a tamed elephant; the tamed is the best among men, he who silently endures abuse.

Mules are good, if tamed, and noble Sindhu horses, and elephants with large tusks; but he who tames himself is better still.

For with these animals does no man reach the untrodden country (Nirvāna), where a tamed man goes on a tamed animal—on his own well-tamed self.

The elephant called Dhanapālaka, his temples running with pungent sap, and who is difficult to hold, does not eat a morsel when bound; the elephant longs for the elephant grove.

If a man becomes fat and a great eater, if he is sleepy and rolls himself about, that fool, like a hog fed on grains, is born again and again.

This mind of mine went formerly wandering about as it liked, as it listed, as it pleased; but I shall now hold it in thoroughly, as the rider who holds the hook holds in the furious elephant.

Be not thoughtless, watch your thoughts! Draw yourself out of the evil way, like an elephant sunk in mud.

If a man finds a prudent companion who walks with him, is wise, and

lives soberly, he may walk with him, overcoming all dangers, happy, but considerate.

If a man find no prudent companion who walks with him, is wise, and lives soberly, let him walk alone, like a king who has left his conquered country behind—like an elephant in the forest.

It is better to live alone: there is no companionship with a fool; let a man walk alone, let him commit no sin, with few wishes, like an elephant in the forest.

If the occasion arises, friends are pleasant; enjoyment is pleasant, whatever be the cause; a good work is pleasant in the hour of death; the giving up of all grief is pleasant.

Pleasant in the world is the state of a mother, pleasant the state of a father, pleasant the state of a Samana, pleasant the state of a Brāhmana.

Pleasant is virtue lasting to old age, pleasant is a faith firmly rooted; pleasant is attainment of intelligence, pleasant is avoiding of sins.

CHAPTER XXIV: THIRST

THE THIRST of a thoughtless man grows like a creeper; he runs from life to life, like a monkey seeking fruit in the forest.

Whomsoever this fierce poisonous thirst overcomes, in this world, his sufferings increase like the abounding Bīrana grass.

But from him who overcomes this fierce thirst, difficult to be conquered in this world, sufferings fall off, like water-drops from a lotus leaf.

This salutary word I tell you, "Do ye, as many as are here assembled, dig up the root of thirst, as he who wants the sweet-scented Usīra root must dig up the Bīrana grass, that Māra, the tempter, may not crush you again and again, as the stream crushes the reeds."

As a tree, even though it has been cut down, is firm so long as its root is safe, and grows again, thus, unless the feeders of thirst are destroyed, this pain of life will return again and again.

He whose thirty-six streams are strongly flowing in the channels of pleasure, the waves—his desires which are set on passion—will carry away that misguided man.

The channels run everywhere, the creeper of passion stands sprouting; if you see the creeper springing up, cut its root by means of knowledge.

A creature's pleasures are extravagant and luxurious; given up to pleasure and deriving happiness, men undergo again and again birth and decay.

Beset with lust, men run about like a snared hare; held in fetters and bonds, they undergo pain for a long time, again and again.

Beset with lust, men run about like a snared hare; let therefore the

mendicant drive out thirst, by striving after passionlessness for himself.

He who, having got rid of the forest of lust (after having reached Nirvāna), gives himself over to forest-life (to lust), and who, when free from the forest (from lust), runs to the forest (to lust), look at that man! though free, he runs into bondage.

Wise people do not call that a strong fetter which is made of iron, wood, or hemp; passionately strong is the care for precious stones and rings, for sons and a wife.

That fetter wise people call strong which drags down, yields, but is difficult to undo; after having cut this at last, people leave the world, free from cares, and leaving the pleasures of love behind.

Those who are slaves to passions, run down the stream of desires, as a spider runs down the web which he has made himself; when they have cut this, at last, wise people go onwards, free from cares, leaving all pain behind.

Give up what is before, give up what is behind, give up what is between, when thou goest to the other shore of existence; if thy mind is altogether free, thou wilt not again enter into birth and decay.

If a man is tossed about by doubts, full of strong passions, and yearning only for what is delightful, his thirst will grow more and more, and he will indeed make his fetters strong.

If a man delights in quieting doubts, and, always reflecting, dwells on what is not delightful, he certainly will remove, nay, he will cut the fetter of Māra.

He who has reached the consummation, who does not tremble, who is without thirst and without sin, he has broken all the thorns of life: this will be his last body.

He who is without thirst and without affection, who understands the words and their interpretation, who knows the order of letters (those which are before and which are after), he has received his last body, he is called the great sage, the great man.

"I have conquered all, I know all, in all conditions of life I am free from taint; I have left all, and through the destruction of thirst I am free; having learnt myself, whom should I indicate as my teacher?"

The gift of the law exceeds all gifts; the sweetness of the law exceeds all sweetness; the delight in the law exceeds all delights; the extinction of thirst overcomes all pain.

Riches destroy the foolish, if they look not for the other shore; the foolish by his thirst for riches destroys himself, as if he were destroying others.

The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind is damaged by passion: therefore a gift bestowed on the passionless brings great reward.

The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind is damaged by hatred: therefore a gift bestowed on those who do not hate brings great reward.

The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind is damaged by vanity: therefore a gift bestowed on those who are free from vanity brings great reward.

The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind is damaged by lust; therefore a gift bestowed on those who are free from lust brings great reward.

CHAPTER XXV: THE BHIKSHU[1]

Restraint in the eye is good, good is restraint in the ear, in the nose restraint is good, good is restraint in the tongue.

In the body restraint is good, good is restraint in speech, in thought restraint is good, good is restraint in all things. A Bhikshu, restrained in all things, is freed from all pain.

He who controls his hand, he who controls his feet, he who controls his speech, he who is well controlled, he who delights inwardly, who is collected, who is solitary and content, him they call Bhikshu.

The Bhikshu who controls his mouth, who speaks wisely and calmly, who teaches the meaning and the law, his word is sweet.

He who dwells in the law, delights in the law, meditates on the law, recollects the law: that Bhikshu will never fall away from the true law.

Let him not despise what he has received, nor ever envy others: a mendicant who envies others does not obtain peace of mind.

A Bhikshu who, though he receives little, does not despise what he has received, even the gods will praise him, if his life is pure, and if he is not slothful.

He who never identifies himself with name and form, and does not grieve over what is no more, he indeed is called Bhikshu.

The Bhikshu who behaves with kindness, who is happy in the doctrine of Buddha, will reach the quiet place (Nirvāna), happiness arising from the cessation of natural inclinations.

O Bhikshu, empty this boat! if emptied, it will go quickly; having cut off passion and hatred, thou wilt go to Nirvāna.

Cut off the five fetters, leave the five, rise above the five. A Bhikshu, who has escaped from the five fetters, he is called Oghatinna—"saved from the flood."

Meditate, O Bhikshu, and be not heedless! Do not direct thy thought to what gives pleasure, that thou mayest not for thy heedlessness have to swallow the iron ball in hell, and that thou mayest not cry out when burning, "This is pain."

[1] Monk, mendicant, a religious devotee.

Without knowledge there is no meditation, without meditation there is no knowledge: he who has knowledge and meditation is near unto Nirvāna.

A Bhikshu who has entered his empty house, and whose mind is tranquil, feels a more than human delight when he sees the law clearly.

As soon as he has considered the origin and destruction of the elements of the body, he finds happiness and joy which belong to those who know the immortal (Nirvāna).

And this is the beginning here for a wise Bhikshu: watchfulness over the senses, contentedness, restraint under the law; keep noble friends whose life is pure, and who are not slothful.

Let him live in charity, let him be perfect in his duties; then in the fulness of delight he will make an end of suffering.

As the Vassikā plant sheds its withered flowers, men should shed passion and hatred, O ye Bhikshus!

The Bhikshu whose body and tongue and mind are quieted, who is collected, and has rejected the baits of the world, he is called quiet.

Rouse thyself by thyself, examine thyself by thyself, thus self-protected and attentive wilt thou live happily, O Bhikshu!

For self is the lord of self, self is the refuge of self; therefore curb thyself as the merchant curbs a noble horse.

The Bhikshu, full of delight, who is happy in the doctrine of Buddha will reach the quiet place (Nirvāna), happiness consisting in the cessation of natural inclinations.

He who, even as a young Bhikshu, applies himself to the doctrine of Buddha, brightens up this world, like the moon when free from clouds.

CHAPTER XXVI: THE BRĀHMANA[1]

STOP THE STREAM VALIANTLY, drive away the desires, O Brāhmana! When you have understood the destruction of all that was made, you will understand that which was not made.

If the Brāhmana has reached the other shore in both laws, in restraint and contemplation, all bonds vanish from him who has obtained knowledge.

He for whom there is neither the hither nor the further shore, nor both, him, the fearless and unshackled, I call indeed a Brāhmana.

He who is thoughtful, blameless, settled, dutiful, without passions, and who has attained the highest end, him I call indeed a Brāhmana.

The sun is bright by day, the moon shines by night, the warrior is

[1]Usually called "Brahmin" in English.

bright in his armour, the Brāhmaṅa is bright in his meditation; but Buddha, the Awakened, is bright with splendour day and night.

Because a man is rid of evil, therefore he is called Brāhmana; because he walks quietly, therefore he is called Samana; because he has sent away his own impurities, therefore he is called Pravrāgita (Pabbāgita,[1] a pilgrim).

No one should attack a Brāhmana, but no Brāhmana, if attacked, should let himself fly at his aggressor! Woe to him who strikes a Brāhmana, more woe to him who flies at his aggressor!

It advantages a Brāhmana not a little if he holds his mind back from the pleasures of life; the more all wish to injure has vanished, the more all pain will cease.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who does not offend by body, word, or thought, and is controlled on these three points.

He from whom he may learn the law, as taught by the Well-awakened (Buddha), him let him worship assiduously, as the Brāhmạna worships the sacrificial fire.

A man does not become a Brāhmana by his plaited hair, by his family, or by birth; in whom there is truth and righteousness, he is blessed, he is a Brāhmana.

What is the use of plaited hair, O fool! what of the raiment of goat-skins? Within thee there is ravening, but the outside thou makest clean.

The man who wears dirty raiments, who is emaciated and covered with veins, who meditates alone in the forest, him I call indeed a Brāhmana.

I do not call a man a Brāhmana because of his origin or of his mother. He is indeed arrogant, and he is wealthy: but the poor, who is free from all attachments, him I call indeed a Brāhmana.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who, after cutting all fetters, never trembles, is free from bonds and unshackled.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who, after cutting the strap and the thong, the rope with all that pertains to it, has destroyed all obstacles, and is awakened.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who, though he has committed no offence, endures reproach, stripes, and bonds: who has endurance for his force, and strength for his army.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who is free from anger, dutiful, virtuous, without appetites, who is subdued, and has received his last body.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who does not cling to sensual pleasures, like water on a lotus leaf, like a mustard seed on the point of a needle.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who, even here, knows the end of

1 Pali for Sanskrit *Pravrāgita*.

his own suffering, has put down his burden, and is unshackled.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana whose knowledge is deep, who possesses wisdom, who knows the right way and the wrong, and has attained the highest end.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who keeps aloof both from laymen and from mendicants, who frequents no houses, and has but few desires.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who without hurting any creatures, whether feeble or strong, does not kill nor cause slaughter.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who is tolerant with the intolerant, mild with the violent, and free from greed among the greedy.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana from whom anger and hatred, pride and hypocrisy have dropped like a mustard seed from the point of a needle.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who utters true speech, instructive and free from harshness, so that he offend no one.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who takes nothing in the world that is not given him, be it long or short, small or large, good or bad.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who fosters no desires for this world or for the next, has no inclinations, and is unshackled.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who has no interests, and when he has understood the truth, does not say How, how? and who has reached the depth of the Immortal.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who in this world has risen above both ties, good and evil, who is free from grief, from sin, and from impurity.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who is bright like the moon, pure, serene, undisturbed, and in whom all gaiety is extinct.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who has traversed this miry road, the impassable world, difficult to pass, and its vanity, who has gone through, and reached the other shore, is thoughtful, steadfast, free from doubts, free from attachment, and content.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who in this world, having abandoned all desires, travels about without a home, and in whom all concupiscence is extinct.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who, having abandoned all longings, travels about without a home, and in whom all covetousness is extinct.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who, after leaving all bondage to men, has risen above all bondage to the gods, and is free from all and every bondage.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who has left what gives pleasure and what gives pain, who is cold, and free from all germs of renewed life: the hero who has conquered all the worlds.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who knows the destruction and the

return of beings everywhere, who is free from bondage, welfaring (Sugata), and awakened (Buddha).

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana whose path the gods do not know, nor spirits (Gandharvas), nor men, whose passions are extinct, and who is an Arahat.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who calls nothing his own, whether it be before, behind, or between; who is poor, and free from the love of the world.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana, the manly, the noble, the hero, the great sage, the conqueror, the indifferent, the accomplished, the awakened.

Him I call indeed a Brāhmana who knows his former abodes, who sees heaven and hell, has reached the end of births, is perfect in knowledge, a sage, and whose perfections are all perfect.

Three Sermons by Buddha

INTRODUCTION

Some Christians may feel humiliated to find that the Buddhist teachings of love and mercy and kindness to fellowmen and animals, and particularly of not requiting evil with evil, stand on the same ethical height with the best of the Christian teachings. It may be a shock to learn that there is real truth even in revealed truth, and that that truth can be arrived at by independent human minds, or that there is something in the nature of human relationships and of this universe which calls for righteousness and mercy, apart from any special revelation. Yet it is undeniable that the hold of Buddhism upon its millions of believers rests not upon the desire to enter Nirvāna, but upon the preaching of such common truths as gentleness and kindness, and that the charm of Buddha's personality is exactly that charm of gentleness and kindness.

To this day I cannot find out the differences in teachings of the Mormon Church from the non-Mormon sects except the claim of a special Revelation to its founder. So many different priestcrafts are trying to sell their particular brands of religion to the populace that only the claim to some "special patented process" can help to make the sale convincing. And so we come upon the curious phenomenon in religion that narrow-minded sectarianism is always a prominent feature of any religion of universal love. There is never a devout saint or believer in universal love who is not a "heretic" to some other believer, whether Christian or Buddhist. Tolstoi says somewhere that those who believe their religion is greater than God will believe that their sect is greater than their religion, and end up by believing that they are greater than their sect.

Consonant with my bias for Chinese sources, I have selected here the famous "Sermon at Benares" from *The Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsan-King*, a Life of Buddha by Asvaghosha, translated from the Sanskrit into Chinese by Dharmaraksha in A.D. 420 and from Chinese into English by Samuel Beal. This emphasizes the Middle Way, between extreme indulgence and extreme asceticism, with some sane comment on the wholesome mind in a wholesome body. It also contains a summary in bare outline of the basic Buddhist teachings concerning the "eightfold path," the existence of suffering, the cause of suffering, and the escape from suffering. The "Sermon on Abuse," which teaches requiting not evil with evil,[1] is taken from the *Sutra of Forty-two Sections*, probably the earliest Buddhist scripture to be translated into Chinese, soon after A.D. 67. Both are reproduced as edited or revised by Dr. Paul Carus. Finally I include the "Fire Sermon," from the *Mahā-Vagga* (translated by Henry Clarke Warren), referred to in T. S. Eliot's *Wasteland*, because it breathes something of the direct, impetuous fire of a prophet. But, as we shall see in the "Fire Sermon," there is one thing in Buddhism which can never convince the truly modern man, and that is the doctrine of the aversion for the body, taught in this Sermon, as well as elsewhere. So long as any religion teaches other-worldliness, I do not care whether it teaches a Heaven of Pearly Gates or a Nirvāna. The body is not bad, that is all there is to it. The body is transient, but it is not bad. It goes through old age and death, but it is not bad. Our passions must be brought under control, but they are not bad in themselves. Our sense impressions are mere illusions, but they are not bad. This is the feeling of the modern man about the truth of the body.

[1] See also the parable of the Patient Elephant. *Gospel of Buddha*, p. 215, and the *Dhammapada*

Three Sermons by Buddha

THE SERMON AT BENARES

On seeing their old teacher approach, the five bhikkhus agreed among themselves not to salute him, nor to address him as a master, but by his name only. "For," so they said, "he has broken his vow and has abandoned holiness. He is no bhikkhu but Gotama, and Gotama has become a man who lives in abundance and indulges in the pleasures of worldliness."

But when the Blessed One approached in a dignified manner, they involuntarily rose from their seats and greeted him in spite of their resolution. Still they called him by his name and addressed him as "friend Gotama."

When they had thus received the Blessed One, he said: "Do not call the Tathāgata by his name nor address him as 'friend,' for he is the Buddha, the Holy One. The Buddha looks with a kind heart equally on all living beings, and they therefore call him 'Father.' To disrespect a father is wrong; to despise him, is wicked.

"The Tathāgata," the Buddha continued, "does not seek salvation in austerities, but neither does he for that reason indulge in worldly pleasures, nor live in abundance. The Tathāgata has found the middle path.

"There are two extremes, O bhikkhus, which the man who has given up the world ought not to follow—the habitual practice, on the one hand, of self-indulgence which is unworthy, vain and fit only for the worldly-minded—and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of self-mortification, which is painful, useless and unprofitable.

"Neither abstinence from fish or flesh, nor going naked, nor shaving the head, nor wearing matted hair, nor dressing in a rough garment, nor covering oneself with dirt, nor sacrificing to Agni, will cleanse a man who is not free from delusions.

"Reading the Vedas, making offerings to priests, or sacrifices to the gods, self-mortification by heat or cold, and many such penances performed for the sake of immortality, these do not cleanse the man who is not free from delusions.

"Anger, drunkenness, obstinacy, bigotry, deception, envy, self-praise, disparaging others, superciliousness and evil intentions constitute uncleanness; not verily the eating of flesh.

"A middle path, O bhikkhus, avoiding the two extremes, has been discovered by the Tathāgata—a path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvāna!

"What is that middle path, O bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathāgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvāna?

"Let me teach you, O bhikkhus, the middle path, which keeps aloof from both extremes. By suffering, the emaciated devotee produces confusion and sickly thoughts in his mind. Mortification is not conducive even to worldly knowledge; how much less to a triumph over the senses!

"He who fills his lamp with water will not dispel the darkness, and he who tries to light a fire with rotten wood will fail. And how can any one be free from self by leading a wretched life, if he does not succeed in quenching the fires of lust, if he still hankers after either worldly or heavenly pleasures? But he in whom self has become extinct is free from lust; he will desire neither worldly nor heavenly pleasures, and the satisfaction of his natural wants will not defile him. However, let him be moderate, let him eat and drink according to the needs of the body.

"Sensuality is enervating; the self-indulgent man is a slave to his passions, and pleasure-seeking is degrading and vulgar.

"But to satisfy the necessities of life is not evil. To keep the body in good health is a duty, for otherwise we shall not be able to trim the lamp of wisdom, and keep our mind strong and clear. Water surrounds the lotus-flower, but does not wet its petals.

"This is the middle path, O bhikkhus, that keeps aloof from both extremes."

And the Blessed One spoke kindly to his disciples, pitying them for

their errors, and pointing out the uselessness of their endeavours, and the ice of ill-will that chilled their hearts melted away under the gentle warmth of the Master's persuasion.

Now the Blessed One set the wheel of the most excellent law rolling, and he began to preach to the five bhikkhus, opening to them the gate of immortality, and showing them the bliss of Nirvāna.

The Buddha said:

"The spokes of the wheel are the rules of pure conduct: justice is the uniformity of their length; wisdom is the tire; modesty and thoughtfulness are the hub in which the immovable axle of truth is fixed.

"He who recognizes the existence of suffering, its cause, its remedy, and its cessation has fathomed the four noble truths. He will walk in the right path.

"Right views will be the torch to light his way. Right aspirations will be his guide. Right speech will be his dwelling-place on the road. His gait will be straight, for it is right behaviour. His refreshments will be the right way of earning his livelihood. Right efforts will be his steps: right thoughts his breath; and right contemplation will give him the peace that follows in his footprints.

"Now, this, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering:

"Birth is attended with pain, decay is painful, disease is painful, death is painful. Union with the unpleasant is painful, painful is separation from the pleasant; and any craving that is unsatisfied, that too is painful. In brief, bodily conditions which spring from attachment are painful.

"This, then, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering.

"Now this, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the origin of suffering:

"Verily, it is that craving which causes the renewal of existence, accompanied by sensual delight, seeking satisfaction now here, now there, the craving for the gratification of the passions, the craving for a future life, and the craving for happiness in this life.

"This, then, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the origin of suffering.

"Now this, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of suffering:

"Verily, it is the destruction, in which no passion remains of this very thirst; it is the laying aside of, the being free from, the dwelling no longer upon this thirst.

"This, then, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of suffering.

"Now this, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the way which

leads to the destruction of sorrow. Verily! it is this noble eightfold path; that is to say:

"Right views; right aspirations; right speech; right behaviour; right livelihood; right effort; right thoughts; and right contemplation.

"This, then, O bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of sorrow.

"By the practice of loving kindness I have attained liberation of heart, and thus I am assured that I shall never return in renewed births. I have even now attained Nirvāna."

And when the Blessed One had thus set the royal chariot wheel of truth rolling onward, a rapture thrilled through all the universes.

The devas left their heavenly abodes to listen to the sweetness of the truth; the saints that had parted from life crowded around the great teacher to receive the glad tidings; even the animals of the earth felt the bliss that rested upon the words of the Tathāgata: and all the creatures of the host of sentient beings, gods, men, and beasts, hearing the message of deliverance, received and understood it in their own language.

And when the doctrine was propounded, the venerable Kondanna, the oldest one among the five bhikkhus, discerned the truth with his mental eye, and he said: "Truly, O Buddha, our Lord, thou hast found the truth!" Then the other bhikkhus, too, joined him and exclaimed: "Truly, thou art the Buddha, thou hast found the truth."

And the devas and saints and all the good spirits of the departed generations that had listened to the sermon of the Tathāgata, joyfully received the doctrine and shouted: "Truly, the Blessed One has founded the kingdom of righteousness. The Blessed One has moved the earth; he has set the wheel of Truth rolling, which by no one in the universe, be he god or man, can ever be turned back. The kingdom of Truth will be preached upon earth; it will spread; and righteousness, goodwill, and peace will reign among mankind."

THE SERMON ON ABUSE

And the Blessed One observed the ways of society and noticed how much misery came from malignity and foolish offences done only to gratify vanity and self-seeking pride.

And the Buddha said: "If a man foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me; the fragrance of goodness always comes to me, and the harmful air of evil goes to him."

A foolish man learning that the Buddha observed the principle of

great love which commends the return of good for evil, came and abused him. The Buddha was silent, pitying his folly.

When the man had finished his abuse, the Buddha asked him, saying: "Son, if a man declined to accept a present made to him, to whom would it belong?" And he answered: "In that case it would belong to the man who offered it."

"My son," said the Buddha, "thou hast railed at me, but I decline to accept thy abuse, and request thee to keep it thyself. Will it not be a source of misery to thee? As the echo belongs to the sound, and the shadow to the substance, so misery will overtake the evil-doer without fail."

The abuser made no reply, and the Buddha continued:

"A wicked man who reproaches a virtuous one is like one who looks up and spits at heaven; the spittle soils not the heaven, but comes back and defiles his own person.

"The slanderer is like one who flings dust at another when the wind is contrary; the dust does but return on him who threw it. The virtuous man cannot be hurt and the misery that the other would inflict comes back on himself."

The abuser went away ashamed, but he came again and took refuge in the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha.[1]

THE FIRE SERMON

THEN THE BLESSED ONE, having dwelt in Uruvelā as long as he wished, proceeded on his wanderings in the direction of Gayā Head, accompanied by a great congregation of priests, a thousand in number, who had all of them aforetime been monks with matted hair. And there in Gayā Head, the Blessed One dwelt, together with the thousand priests.

And there the Blessed One addressed the priests:

"All things, O priests, are on fire. And what, O priests, are all these things which are on fire?

"The eye, O priests, is on fire; forms are on fire; eye-consciousness is on fire; impressions received by the eye are on fire; and whatever sensation, pleasant or unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the fire, that also is on fire.

"And with what are these on fire?

"With the fire of passion, say I, with the fire of hatred, with the fire of infatuation; with birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief, and despair are they on fire.

[1] *Dharma*, the Law of the Path of Buddhist teachings; *Sangha*, the Buddhist Church. These, with Buddha, constitute the " three refuges."

"The ear is on fire; sounds are on fire; . . . the nose is on fire; odours are on fire; . . . the tongue is on fire; tastes are on fire; . . . the body is on fire; things tangible are on fire; . . . the mind is on fire; ideas are on fire; . . . mind-consciousness is on fire; impressions received by the mind are on fire; and whatever sensation, pleasant or unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the mind, that also is on fire.

"And with what are these on fire?

"With the fire of passion, say I, with the fire of hatred, with the fire of infatuation; with birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief, and despair are they on fire.

"Perceiving this, O priests, the learned and noble disciple conceives an aversion for the eye, conceives an aversion for forms, conceives an aversion for eye-consciousness, conceives an aversion for impressions received by the eye; and whatever sensation, pleasant or unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the eye, for that also he conceives an aversion. Conceives an aversion for the ear, conceives an aversion for sounds . . . conceives an aversion for the nose, conceives an aversion for odours . . . conceives an aversion for the tongue, conceives an aversion for tastes . . . conceives an aversion for the body, conceives an aversion for things tangible . . . conceives an aversion for the mind, conceives an aversion for ideas, conceives an aversion for mind-consciousness, conceives an aversion for the impressions received by the mind; and whatever sensation, pleasant or unpleasant, or indifferent, originates in dependence on impressions received by the mind, for this also he conceives an aversion. And in conceiving this aversion, he becomes divested of passion, and by the absence of passion he becomes free, and when he is free, he becomes aware that he is free; and he knows that rebirth is exhausted, that he has lived the holy life, that he has done what it behooved him to do, and that he is no more for this world."

Some Buddhist Parables and Legends

INTRODUCTION

THAT ÆSOP'S FABLES originated from India,[1] is proved by the whole character of Hindu literature, in which the instinct for the fable abounds. The *Panchatantra*, the *Hitopadesa*, the Buddhist *Jātaka* (fables and stories of Buddhist previous lives, technically called "birth-stories," in which Buddha was born as a snake, or an elephant, etc.), and Buddhaghosha's Commentary on the *Dhammapada*[2] all attest to this truth. In Buddhaghosha's Commentary, a story, or sometimes several stories, are told to illustrate each of the 423 ethical epigrams of the *Dhammapada*, with which the story always ends in Æsop fashion.

In the following selections may be found one of the best wedding sermons and one of the best funeral sermons I have ever come across. The story of *Kisā Gotamī*, which tells a great truth in a simple story, is one of the best in the whole Buddhist literature, and its introduction transports us to the magic world of the *Arabian Nights*. Its subject is none other than Death.

The *Marriage Feast in Jambūnada* illustrates many striking parallels between the Buddhist and Christian Gospels, as also does the following story of *Following the Master over the Stream*. The first is taken from the Chinese Life of Buddha, *Fo Pen Hsing Chi Ching*, tr. by Samuel Beal, while the second is taken from the Chinese Dhammapada, *Texts from the Buddhist Canon*, tr. by Beal. The above three stories are reproduced as arranged by Dr. Paul Carus in *The Gospel of Buddha* (Open Court). For another striking parallel, see the story of the lost son who

[1] See Introduction to *Panchatantra*.
[2] Translated by E. W. Burlingame, "*Buddhist Legends*," Harvard Oriental Series, Vols. 28, 29 & 30. Also *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, translated by T. Rogers, London, 1870.

returned to his father's house as a common labourer, in *Gospel of Buddha*, by Paul Carus, p. 182.

The *Greedy Monk* from the *Dhammapada* Commentary illustrates the same technique of enclosing a tale within a tale, characteristic of the *Panchatantra*. The story of *Ocean-of-Beauty*, from the same collection, contains some remarks about womanhood which shows the New York lady in an apartment flat has nothing to teach the Hindu women in methods of attracting a man. The translation is by Eugene Watson Burlingame.

Some Buddhist Parables and Legends

KISĀ GOTAMĪ

There was a rich man who found his gold suddenly transformed into ashes; and he took to his bed and refused all food. A friend, hearing of his sickness, visited the rich man and learned the cause of his grief. And the friend said: "Thou didst not make good use of thy wealth. When thou didst hoard it up it was not better than ashes. Now heed my advice. Spread mats in the bazaar; pile up these ashes, and pretend to trade with them."

The rich man did as his friend had told him, and when his neighbours asked him, "Why sellest thou ashes?" he said: "I offer my goods for sale."

After some time a young girl, named Kisā Gotamī, an orphan and very poor, passed by, and seeing the rich man in the bazaar, said: "My lord, why pilest thou thus up gold and silver for sale."

And the rich man said: "Wilt thou please hand me that gold and silver?" And Kisā Gotamī took up a handful of ashes, and lo! they changed back into gold.

Considering that Kisā Gotamī had the mental eye of spiritual knowledge and saw the real worth of things, the rich man gave her in marriage to his son, and he said: "With many, gold is no better than ashes, but with Kisā Gotamī ashes become pure gold."

And Kisā Gotamī had an only son, and he died. In her grief she carried the dead child to all her neighbours, asking them for medicine, and the people said: "She has lost her senses. The boy is dead."

At length Kisā Gotamī met a man who replied to her request: "I cannot give thee medicine for thy child, but I know a physician who can."

And the girl said: "Pray tell me, sir; who is it?" And the man replied: "Go to Sakyamuni, the Buddha."

Kisā Gotamī repaired to the Buddha and cried: "Lord and Master, give me the medicine that will cure my boy."

The Buddha answered: "I want a handful of mustard-seed." And when the girl in her joy promised to procure it, the Buddha added: "The mustard-seed must be taken from a house where no one has lost a child, husband, parent, or friend."

Poor Kisā Gotamī now went from house to house, and the people pitied her and said: "Here is mustard-seed; take it!" But when she asked, "Did a son or daughter, a father or mother, die in your family?" they answered her: "Alas! the living are few, but the dead are many. Do not remind us of our deepest grief." And there was no house but some beloved one had died in it.

Kisā Gotamī became weary and hopeless, and sat down at the wayside, watching the lights of the city, as they flickered up and were extinguished again. At last the darkness of the night reigned everywhere. And she considered the fate of men, that their lives flicker up and are extinguished. And she thought to herself: "How selfish am I in my grief! Death is common to all; yet in this valley of desolation there is a path that leads him to immortality who has surrendered all selfishness."

Putting away the selfishness of her affection for her child, Kisā Gotamī had the dead body buried in the forest. Returning to the Buddha, she took refuge in him and found comfort in the Dharma, which is a balm that will soothe all the pains of our troubled hearts.

The Buddha said:

"The life of mortals in this world is troubled and brief and combined with pain. For there is not any means by which those that have been born can avoid dying; after reaching old age there is death; of such a nature are living beings.

"As ripe fruits are early in danger of falling, so mortals when born are always in danger of death.

"As all earthen vessels made by the potter end in being broken, so is the life of mortals.

"Both young and adult, both those who are fools and those who are wise, all fall into the power of death; all are subject to death.

"Of those who, overcome by death, depart from life, a father cannot save his son, nor kinsmen their relations.

"Mark! while relatives are looking on and lamenting deeply, one by one mortals are carried off, like an ox that is led to the slaughter.

"So the world is afflicted with death and decay, therefore the wise do not grieve, knowing the terms of the world.

"In whatever manner people think a thing will come to pass, it is often different when it happens, and great is the disappointment; see, such are the terms of the world.

"Not from weeping nor from grieving will anyone obtain peace of mind; on the contrary, his pain will be the greater and his body will suffer. He will make himself sick and pale, yet the dead are not saved by his lamentation.

"People pass away, and their fate after death will be according to their deeds.

"If a man live a hundred years, or even more, he will at last be separated from the company of his relatives, and leave the life of this world.

"He who seeks peace should draw out the arrow of lamentation, and complaint, and grief.

"He who has drawn out the arrow and has become composed will obtain peace of mind; he who has overcome all sorrow will become free from sorrow, and be blessed."

THE MARRIAGE-FEAST IN JAMBŪNADA

THERE WAS A MAN in Jambūnada who was to be married the next day, and he thought, "Would that the Buddha, the Blessed One, might be present at the wedding."

And the Blessed One passed by his house and met him, and when he read the silent wish in the heart of the bridegroom, he consented to enter.

When the Holy One appeared with the retinue of his many bhikkhus, the host whose means were limited received them as best he could, saying: "Eat, my Lord, and all thy congregation, according to your desire."

While the holy men ate, the meats and drinks remained undiminished, and the host thought to himself: "How wondrous is this! I should have had plenty for all my relatives and friends. Would that I had invited them all."

When this thought was in the host's mind, all his relatives and friends entered the house; and although the hall in the house was small there was room in it for all of them. They sat down at the table and ate, and there was more than enough for all of them.

The Blessed One was pleased to see so many guests full of good cheer and he quickened them and gladdened them with words of truth, proclaiming the bliss of righteousness:

"The greatest happiness which a mortal man can imagine is the bond of marriage that ties together two loving hearts. But there is a greater happiness still: it is the embrace of truth. Death will separate husband and wife, but death will never affect him who has espoused the truth.

"Therefore be married unto the truth and live with the truth in holy wedlock. The husband who loves his wife and desires for a union that shall be everlasting must be faithful to her so as to be like truth itself, and she will rely upon him and revere him and minister unto him. And the wife who loves her husband and desires a union that shall be everlasting must be faithful to him so as to be like truth itself; and he will place his trust in her, he will provide for her. Verily, I say unto you, their children will become like unto their parents and will bear witness to their happiness.

"Let no man be single, let everyone be wedded in holy love to the truth. And when Māra, the destroyer, comes to separate the visible forms of your being, you will continue to live in the truth, and you will partake of the life everlasting, for the truth is immortal."

There was no one among the guests but was strengthened in his spiritual life, and recognized the sweetness of a life of righteousness; and they took refuge in the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha.

FOLLOWING THE MASTER OVER THE STREAM

South of Sāvatthi is a great river, on the banks of which lay a hamlet of five hundred houses. Thinking of the salvation of the people, the World-honoured One resolved to go to the village and preach the doctrine. Having come to the riverside he sat down beneath a tree, and the villagers seeing the glory of his appearance approached him with reverence; but when he began to preach, they believed him not.

When the World-honoured Buddha had left Sāvatthi, Sāriputta felt a desire to see the Lord and to hear him preach. Coming to the river where the water was deep and the current strong, he said to himself: "This stream shall not prevent me. I shall go and see the Blessed One," and he stepped upon the water which was as firm under his feet as a slab of granite.

When he arrived at a place in the middle of the stream where the waves were high, Sāriputta's heart gave way, and he began to sink. But rousing

his faith and renewing his mental effort, he proceeded as before and reached the other bank.

The people of the village were astonished to see Sāriputta, and they asked how he could cross the stream where there was neither a bridge nor a ferry.

And Sāriputta replied: "I lived in ignorance until I heard the voice of the Buddha. As I was anxious to hear the doctrine of salvation, I crossed the river and I walked over its troubled waters because I had faith. Faith, nothing else, enabled me to do so, and now I am here in the bliss of the Master's presence."

The World-honoured One added: "Sāriputta, thou hast spoken well. Faith like thine alone can save the world from the yawning gulf of migration and enable men to walk dryshod to the other shore."

And the Blessed One urged to the villagers the necessity of ever advancing in the conquest of sorrow and of casting off all shackles so as to cross the river of worldliness and attain deliverance from death.

Hearing the words of the Tathāgata, the villagers were filled with joy and believing in the doctrines of the Blessed One embraced the five rules and took refuge in his name.

THE GREEDY MONK

THE STORY GOES that the Elder, who was skilled to teach the Law, after listening to a discourse on the subject of being satisfied with but little, accepted a large number of robes with which several monks who had taken upon themselves the Pure Practices honoured him, and besides took all the utensils which they had left and carried them off with him. As the season of the rains was near at hand, he went off into the country. He stopped at a certain monastery to preach the Law, and the novices and probationers liked the way he talked so well that they said to him, "Spend the rainy season here, Reverend Sir." "What allowance is made to a monk who spends the season of rains here?" asked the Elder. "A single cloak," was the reply. The Elder left his shoes there and went to the next monastery. When he reached the second monastery, he asked the same question, "What allowance is made here?" "Two cloaks," was the reply. There he left his walking stick. Then he went to the third monastery and asked the same question, "What is the allowance made here?" "Three cloaks," was the reply. There he left his water-pot.

Then he went to the fourth monastery and asked the same question, "What is the allowance made here?" "Four cloaks," was the reply.

"Very good," said the Elder, "I will take my residence here"; and there he went into residence. And he preached the Law to the laymen and the monks who resided there so well that they honoured him with a great number of garments and robes. When he had completed residence, he sent a message to all the other monasteries, saying, "I left my requisites behind me, and must have whatever is required for residence; pray send them to me." When he gathered all of his possessions together, he put them in a cart and continued his journey.

Now at a certain monastery two young monks who had received two cloaks and a single blanket found it impossible to make a division satisfactory to both of them, and therefore settled themselves beside the road and began to quarrel, saying, "You may have two cloaks, but the blanket belongs to me." When they saw the Elder approaching, they said, "Reverend Sir, you make a fair decision and give us what you think fit." "Will you abide by my decision?" "Yes indeed; we will abide by your decision." "Very good, then." So the Elder divided the two cloaks between the two monks; then he said to them, "This blanket should be worn only by us who preach the law"; and when he had thus said, he shouldered the costly blanket and went off with it.

Disgusted and disappointed, the two young monks went to the Teacher and reported the whole occurrence to him. Said the Teacher, "This is not the first time he has taken what belongs to you and left you disgusted and disappointed; he did the same thing also in a previous state of existence." And he related the following:

The Otters and the Jackal

Once upon a time, long, long ago, two otters named Anutīracārī and Gambhīracārī, caught a big redfish and fell to quarrelling over it, saying, "The head belongs to me; you may have the tail." Unable to effect a division satisfactory to both of them, catching sight of a certain jackal, they appealed to him for a decision, saying, "Uncle, you make such a division of this fish as you think proper and render an award." Said the jackal, "I have been appointed judge by the king, and am obliged to sit in court for hours at a time; I came out here merely to stretch my legs; I have no time now for such business." "Uncle, don't say that, make a division and render an award." "Will you abide by my decision?" "Yes indeed, uncle, we will abide by your decision." "Very good, then," said the jackal. The jackal cut the head and laid that aside, then cut off the tail and laid that aside. When he had done so, he said to them, "Friends, that one of you who runs along the bank (Anutīracārī) shall have the tail, and that one of you who runs in deep water (Gambhīracārī) shall have

the head; as for this middle portion, however, this shall be mine, inasmuch as I am the justice." And to make them see the matter in better light, he pronounced the following Stanza,

> Anutīracārī shall have the tail, and Gambhīracārī shall have the head;
> But as for this middle portion, it shall belong to the justice.

Having pronounced this Stanza, the jackal picked up the middle portion of the fish and went off with it. As for the otters, they were filled with disgust and disappointment, and stood and eyed the jackal as he went away.

When the Teacher finished this Story of the Past, he said, "And thus it was that in times long past this Elder filled you with disgust and disappointment." Then the Teacher consoled these monks and rebuked Upananda, saying, "Monks, a man who admonishes others should first direct himself in the way he should go." And when he had thus spoken, he pronounced the following Stanza,

> A man should first direct himself in the way he should go.
> Only then should he instruct others; a wise man will do so and not grow weary.[1]

A COURTESAN TEMPTS THE MONK OCEAN-OF-BEAUTY

At Sāvatthi, we are told, in a great household possessing forty crores[2] of treasure, was reborn a certain youth of station named Ocean-of-Beauty, Sundarasamudda Kumāra. One day after daybreak, seeing a great company of people carrying perfumes and garlands in their hands, going to Jetavana to hear the Law, he asked, "Where are you going?" "To the teacher to hear the Law," they replied. "I will go, too," said he, and accompanying them, sat down on the outer circle of the congregation. The Teacher, knowing the thoughts of his heart, preached the Law in orderly sequence. Thought Ocean-of-Beauty, "It is impossible to live the life of a householder and at the same time live the Life of Holiness, whereof a polished shell is the image and likeness."

The Teacher's discourse made him eager to retire from the world. Therefore, as the congregation departed, he asked the Teacher to admit him to the order. Said the Teacher, "The Tathāgatas admit no one to the Order who has not obtained permission of his mother and father." So Ocean-of-Beauty went home, and so like youth Ratthapāla and others, by dint of great effort, prevailed upon his mother and father to give him

[1] This verse is from the *Dhammapada*, of which the story is told as a "commentary."
[2] Ten millions.

permission to enter the Order. Having obtained their permission, he retired from the world and was admitted to the Order by the Teacher. Subsequently he made his full profession as member of the Order. Then he thought to himself, "What is the use of my living here?" So departing from Jetavana, he went to Rājagaha and spent his time going his rounds for alms.

Now one day there was a festival at Sāvatthi, and on that day Ocean-of-Beauty's mother and father saw their son's playfellows diverting themselves amid great splendour and magnificence. Thereupon they began to weep and lament, saying, "This is past our son's getting now." At that moment a certain courtesan came to the house, and seeing his mother as she sat weeping, asked her, "Mother, why do you weep?" "I keep thinking of my son; that is why I weep." "But, Mother, where is he?" "Among the monks, retired from the world." "Would it not be proper to make him return to the world?" "Yes, indeed; but he doesn't wish to do that. He has left Sāvatthi and gone to Rājagaha." "Suppose I were to succeed in making him return to the world; what would you do for me?" "We would make you mistress of all the wealth of this household." "Very well, give me my expenses." And taking the amount of her expenses, she surrounded herself with a large retinue and went to Rājagaha.

Taking note of the street in which the Elder was accustomed to make his rounds for alms, she obtained a house in this street and took her abode therein. And early in the morning she prepared choice food, and when the Elder entered the street to make his round for alms, she gave him alms. After a few days had passed, she said to him, "Reverend Sir, sit down right here and eat your meal." So saying, she offered to take the bowl, and the Elder yielded his bowl willingly. Then she served him with choice food, and having so done, said to him, "Reverend Sir, right here is the most delightful spot to which you could come on your rounds for alms." For a few days she enticed him to sit on the veranda, and there provided him with choice food.

Next she won the favour of some small boys by treating them with cakes, and said to them, "See here, boys; when the Elder comes to the house, you come too. And when you come, kick up the dust. And even if I tell you to stop, pay no attention to what I say." So on the following day, while the Elder was eating his meal, the boys came to the house and kicked up the dust. And when the mistress of the house told them to stop, they paid no attention to what she said. On the next day she said to the Elder, "Reverend Sir, these boys keep coming here and kicking up the dust, and, even when I tell them to stop, pay no attention to what I say; sit inside of the house." For a few days she seated him inside of the house

and there provided him with choice food. Then she treated the boys again and said to them, "Boys, while the Elder is eating his meal, make a loud noise. And even if I tell you to stop, pay no attention to what I say." The boys did as they were told.

On the following day she said to the Elder, "Reverend Sir, the noise in this place is unbearable. In spite of all I do to stop them, these boys pay no attention to what I say; sit on the upper floor of the mansion." The Elder gave his consent. She then climbed to the top of the mansion, making the Elder precede her, and closing the door after her. Now the Elder had taken upon himself the strict obligation to receive alms only by making an unbroken round from door to door. But in spite of this fact, so firmly bound was he by the bonds of the craving of taste that he complied with her suggestion and climbed to the topmost floor of the seven-storied mansion. The woman provided the Elder with a seat.

In forty ways, friend Punnamukha, does a woman accost a man: She yawns, she bows down, she makes amorous gestures, she pretends to be abashed, she rubs the nails of one hand or foot with the nails of the other hand or foot, she places one foot on another foot, she scratches on the ground with a stick. She causes her boy to leap up, she causes her boy to leap down, she dallies with her boy and makes him dally with her, she kisses him and makes him kiss her, she eats food and makes him eat food, she gives and begs for gifts, she imitates whatever he does. She talks in a loud tone, she talks in a low tone; she talks as in public, she talks as in private. While dancing, singing, playing musical instruments, weeping, making amorous gestures, adorning herself, she laughs and looks. She sways her hips, she jiggles her waist-gear, uncovers her thigh, covers her thigh, displays her breast, displays her armpit, and displays her navel. She buries the pupils of her eyes, lifts her eyebrows, scratches her lips, and dangles her tongue. She takes off her loin-cloth, puts on her loin-cloth, takes off her turban, and puts on her turban.

Thus did that woman employ all the devices of a woman, all the graces of a woman. And standing before the Elder, she recited the following Stanza:

> Dyed in lac and clad in slippers are the feet of a harlot.
> You are young and you are mine; I am young and I am yours.
> We will both retire from the world later on, and lean on a staff.

Thought the Elder, "Alas! I have committed a grievous sin! I did not consider what I was doing." And he was deeply moved. At that moment the Teacher, although seated within Jetavana, forty-five leagues distant, saw the whole affair and smiled. Elder Ananda asked him, "Reverend Sir, what is the cause, what is the occasion of your smiling?" "Ananda, in

the city of Rājagaha, on the topmost floor of a seven-storied palace, there is a battle on between the monk Ocean-of-Beauty and a harlot." "Who is going to win, Reverend Sir, and who is going to lose?" The Teacher replied, "Ananda, Ocean-of-Beauty is going to win, and the harlot is going to lose." Having thus proclaimed that the Elder would win the victory, the Teacher, remaining seated where he was, sent forth a luminous image of himself and said, "Monk, both renounce lusts and free yourself from desire." So saying, he pronounced the following Stanza:

Whoever in this world renounces lusts, whoever abandons the house life and retires from the world,
Whoever has extinguished the essence of lust, such a man I call a Brahman.[1]

[1] This verse is in the *Dhammapada,* of which the story is told as a "commentary."

The Light of Asia

(LIFE OF BUDDHA)

INTRODUCTION

INDIA PRODUCED too much religion, China too little. A dribble of this religious spirit overflowed from India and inundated the whole Eastern Asia. One cannot help being curious about the fact that the Hindus have rejected Buddhism as the Jews have rejected Christianity. One should have thought that a nation would have embraced teachings which seem to other nations their most important contribution to the world and the highest manifestation of their spirit. Yet this is not the case. The only clue I can find seems to lie in the fact that Jesus attacked the established priestcraft of His time, as Buddha rebelled against the teachings and the sacerdotalism of the Brahmans. That Buddhism represents a revolt against Brahmanism is especially clear in his conversation with the two Brahmans.[1] He was the agnostic and the doubter regarding the *Brahma* and the *Atman* (universal and individual soul) of the *Upanishads*. It seems that the established priesthood was too strong for the revolutionary teachings, and the Brahmans felt an injured pride in the presence of Buddha, as the Pharisees and Sadducees felt an injured pride in the challenge of Jesus. Yet this cannot be the whole explanation. Why should not the Jews have felt the charm, beauty and the greatness of Jesus's teachings, and why should not the Hindus have felt the charm, beauty and the greatness of Buddha? Probably a better explanation is that Judaism in Judea and Brahmanism in India, in neither case to be despised as religious and ethical systems and both being still very vital to-day,[2] had older, truer and deeper roots in their racial consciousness, and

[1] *Sacred Books of the East*, XI, pp. 157-202. Buddha was opposed to the priestcraft and preached directly to the people in their spoken tongue instead of in the classical Sanskrit of the Brahman.
[2] Witness Gandhi, Tagore, Ramakrishna and Vivekenanda.

that Buddhism and Christianity had those universal, idealistic qualities which detracted from their national character. If this is so, we may learn a lesson about the power of history and the strength of national beliefs.

Whatever the explanation, the strength and power of Buddhism in Asia, excepting India, clearly lies in the Mahayana conception of Buddha as Saviour of the world, his great compassion and gentleness and kindness, and his message of saving mankind and freeing it from the sorrows and sufferings of this world. These constitute the great driving power of world religions.

In the study of Buddhism, we may take the poetic approach or the philosophic approach, through moral surrender or through intellectual belief. Sir Edwin Arnold's famous life of Buddha, *Light of Asia,* gives the best poetic approach, while the selection from the *Surangama,* which follows, gives the best philosophic approach.

There is a reason for reprinting the *Light of Asia* complete in this volume, although it was written by an Englishman. This long poem ran to sixty editions in England and eighty editions in the United States in the course of a few years when it was published about a century ago, and sold hundreds of thousands of copies at a time when there were neither best-seller lists, nor the Book-of-the-Month Club. More curiously still, it was a greater success than the author's later volume, *Light of the World,* depicting the life of Jesus. Most Western readers of the elderly generation owe their impression of Buddha to this poem. This is easy to understand. While it raised Buddha to cosmic heights, it never lost the human interest of its story. This is essentially the story of St. Josaphat, borrowed from the Buddhist *Lalitavistara,* who in the romance of *Barlaam and Josaphat,* became a Christian prince who was touched by the sorrows of this world and renounced his palatial glories to become an ascetic. Thus Buddha became actually canonized as a Christian saint in the sixteenth century.[1] (For instances of Christian and Buddhist parallels see the section "Some Buddhist Fables and Legends.") The influence must have been mutual, for while the Christian story of St. Josaphat was written in the eighth century A.D., the story of King Solomon dividing the child between two mothers certainly antedated a similar story in the Buddhist Jātakas.[2]

While the poem does not present the metaphysical system on which Buddhism is based, and which fascinated the Chinese scholars, it gives a true popular picture of Buddha as it appears to the average believer. To put the reader into the state of moral surrender, with all its miracles,

[1] See H. G. Rawlinson's article *India in European Thought and Literature,* in *The Legacy of India,* p.

[2] Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth-Stories,* I, 13, 44. See also the Chinese version of the "Judgment between Two Mothers" in the section "Chinese Tales" in *The Wisdom of China.*

the author chose to put the story in the mouth of an Indian Buddhist, and elaborated a full tapestry of Indian jungles and cities with great artistic skill. The poem has one of the noblest themes of all poetry, the theme of human sorrows. The full title of the poem reads: "The Light of Asia, or the Great Renunciation, being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism (as told by an Indian Buddhist), by Edwin Arnold, Companion of the Star of India, Officer of the Order of the Elephant of Siam, Third Class of the Imperial Order of the Medjideh, etc." Sir Edwin Arnold also translated one story *Nala and Damayantī* from the *Mahābhārata* and wrote the very charming *Indian Idylls* (Boston, 1883).

Sir Edwin Arnold's poem is based on the life of Buddha, the *Buddha-Charita*,[1] written by Asvaghosha, the great Mahayanist teacher, whom I regard as the St. Paul of Buddhism. He lived toward the end of the first century and was author of the famous *Mahāyāna Sraddhotpāda*, or "The Awakening of Faith," translated into Chinese in the beginning of the fifth century. Roughly Buddhism was introduced into China at the beginning of the Christian era, and Buddhist texts were first translated in or soon after A.D. 67, while contact with Buddhist practices through Chinese Turkestan must have taken place as early as the time of the great Chinese Emperor, Han Wuti (140–85 B.C.), when several references were made to the subject. Concerning the important division into Mahayana and Hinayana Buddhism, see the introduction to the selection, *Surangama Sutra*.

There is a good translation of the life of Buddha from the introduction to the *Jātaka* in Chapter One of *Buddhism in Translations*, by Henry Clarke Warren (in *Harvard Oriental Series*, vol. 3, and *Harvard Classics*).

[1] See English translation from the Sanskrit by E. B. Cowell, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 49. For the Chinese version, see *Fo Sho Hing Tsan King*, which was translated by Dharmaraksha, and translated into English by Samuel Beal, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 19.

The Light of Asia

by Sir Edwin Arnold

BOOK THE FIRST

The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,
Lord Buddha—Prince Siddārtha styled on earth—
In Earth and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,
All-honoured, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful;
The Teacher of Nirvāna and the Law.

Thus came he to be born again for men.

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit
Who rule our world; and under them are zones
Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead
Wait thrice ten thousand years, then live again;
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth,
So that the Devas[1] knew the signs, and said
"Buddha will go again to help the World."
"Yea!" spake He, "now I go to help the World
This last of many times; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Sākyas,[2]
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King."

[1] Celestial spirits.
[2] Name of a royal race in the northern frontiers of Magadha, hence Buddha's title "Sākyamuni," or the Sākya sage.

That night the wife of King Suddhōdana,
Maya the Queen, asleep beside her Lord,
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from heaven—
Splendid, six-rayed, in colour rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant
Six-tusked, and white as milk of Kamadhuk—
Shot through the void; and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. "Oh ye," it said,
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"
Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew
With unknown freshness over lands and seas.
And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The grey dream-readers said "The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun;
The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."

In this wise was the holy Buddha born.

Queen Maya stood at noon, her days fulfilled,
Under a Palsa in the Palace-grounds,
A stately trunk, straight as a temple-shaft,
With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms;
And, knowing the time come—for all things knew—
The conscious tree bent down its bows to make
A bower about Queen Maya's majesty;
And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers
To spread a couch; while, ready for the bath,
The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream
Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child
Pangless—he having on his perfect form

The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth;
Of which the great news to the Palace came.
But when they brought the painted palanquin
To fetch him home, the bearers of the poles
Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down
From Mount Sumeru—they who write men's deeds
On brazen plates—the Angel of the East,
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear
Targets of pearl: the Angel of the South,
Whose horsemen, the Kumbhandas, ride blue steeds,
With sapphire shields: the Angel of the West,
By Nāgas followed, riding steeds blood-red,
With coral shields: the Angel of the North,
Environed by his Yakshas, all in gold,
On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold.
These, with their pomp invisible, came down
And took the poles, in cast and outward garb
Like bearers, yet most mighty gods; and gods
Walked free with men that day, though men knew not:
For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again.

But King Suddhōdana wist not of this;
The portents troubled, till his dream-readers
Augured a Prince of earthly dominance,
A Chakravartīn, such as rise to rule
Once in each thousand years; seven gifts he has—
The Chakra-ratna, disc divine; the gem;
The horse, the Aswa-ratna, that proud steed
Which tramps the clouds; a snow-white elephant,
The Hasti-ratna, born to bear his King;
The crafty Minister, the General
Unconquered, and the wife of peerless grace,
The Istrī-ratna, lovelier than the Dawn.
For which gifts looking with this wondrous boy,
The King gave order that his town should keep
High festival; therefore the ways were swept,
Rose-odours sprinkled in the street, the trees
Were hung with lamps and flags, while merry crowds
Gaped on the sword-players and posturers,
The jugglers, charmers, swingers, rope-walkers,
The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts, and bells

That chime light laughter round their restless feet;
The masquers wrapped in skins of bear and deer,
The tiger-tamers, wrestlers, quail-fighters,
Beaters of drum and twanglers of the wire,
Who made the people happy by command.
Moreover, from afar came merchant-men,
Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts
In golden trays; goat-shawls, and nard, and jade,
Turkises, "evening-sky" tint, woven webs—
So fine twelve folds hide not a modest face—
Waist-cloths sewn thick with pearls, and sandal-wood;
Homage from tribute cities; so they called
Their Prince Savārthasiddh, "All-Prospering,"
Briefer, Siddārtha.[1]

'Mongst the strangers came
A grey-haired saint, Asita, one whose ears,
Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds,
And heard at prayer beneath his peepul-tree
The Devas singing songs at Buddha's birth.
Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts;
Him, drawing nigh, seeming so reverend,
The King saluted, and Queen Maya made
To lay her babe before such holy feet;
But when he saw the Prince the old man cried
"Ah, Queen, not so!" and thereupon he touched
Eight times the dust, laid his waste visage there,
Saying, "O Babe! I worship! Thou art He!
I see the rosy light, the foot-sole marks,
The soft-curled tendril of the Swastika,[2]
The sacred primal signs thirty and two,[3]
The eighty lesser tokens. Thou art Buddh,
And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh
Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die;
Howbeit I have seen Thee. Know, O King!
This is that Blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years—
But opened, fills the world with Wisdom's scent
And Love's dropped honey; from thy royal root

[1] Buddha's proper name, meaning "He who has reached the goal."
[2] A Buddhist emblem, still in use to-day.
[3] See list, *Bible of the World*, by R. O. Ballou, p. 242.

A Heavenly Lotus springs: Ah, happy House!
Yet not all-happy, for a sword must pierce
Thy bowels for this boy—whilst thou, sweet Queen!
Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,
Henceforth art grown too sacred for more woe;
And life is woe, therefore in seven days
Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain."

Which fell: for on the seventh evening
Queen Maya smiling slept, and waked no more,
Passing content to Trāyastrinshas-Heaven,
Where countless Devas worship her, and wait
Attendant on that radiant Motherhead.
But for the Babe they found a foster-nurse,
Princess Mahāprajāpati—her breast
Nourished with noble milk the lips of Him
Whose lips comfort the Worlds.
When th' eighth year passed,
The careful King bethought to teach his son
All that a Prince should learn, for still he shunned
The too vast presage of those miracles,
The glories and the sufferings of a Buddh.
So, in full council of his Ministers,
"Who is the wisest man, great sirs," he asked,
"To teach my Prince that which a Prince should know?"
Whereto gave answer each with instant voice:
"King! Viswamitra is the wisest one,
The farthest-seen in Scriptures, and the best
In learning, and the manual arts, and all."
Thus Viswamitra came and heard commands;
And, on a day found fortunate, the Prince
Took up his slate of ox-red sandal-wood
All-beautified by gems around the rim,
And sprinkled smooth with dust of emery,
These took he, and his writing-stick, and stood
With eyes bent down before the Sage, who said,
"Child, write this Scripture," speaking slow the verse
"*Gāyatrī*" named, which only High-born hear.
"Acharya, I write," meekly replied
The Prince, and quickly on the dust he drew—
Not in one script, but many characters—
The sacred verse; Nagri and Dakshin, Nī,

Mangal, Parusha, Yava, Tirthi, Uk,
Darad, Sikhyani, Mana, Madhyachar,
The pictured writings and the speech of signs
Tokens of cave men and the sea-peoples,
Of those who worship snakes beneath the earth
And those who flame adore and the sun's orb,
The Magians and the dwellers on the mounds;
Of all the nations all strange scripts he traced
One after other with his writing-stick,
Reading the master's verse in every tongue;
And Viswamitra said, "It is enough,
Let us to numbers.
After me repeat
Your numeration till we reach the Lakh,[1]
One, two, three, four, to ten, and then by tens
To hundreds, thousands." After him the child
Named digits, decads, centuries; nor paused,
The round lakh reached, but softly murmured on,
"Then comes the kōti, nahut, ninnahut,
Khamba, viskhamba, abab, attata,
To kumuds, gundhikas, and utpalas,
By pundarīkas unto padumas,
Which last is how you count the utmost grains
Of Hastagiri ground to finest dust;
But beyond that a numeration is,
The Kātha, used to note the stars of night;
The Kōti-Kātha, for the ocean drops;
Ingga, the calculus of circulars;
Sarvanikchepa, by the which you deal
With all the sands of Gunga, till we come
To Antah-Kalpas, where the unit is
The sands of ten crore Gungas. If one seeks
More comprehensive scale, th' arithmic mounts
By the Asankya, which is the tale
Of all the drops that in ten thousand years
Would fall on all the worlds by daily rain;
Thence unto Maha-Kalpas, by the which
The Gods compute their future and their past."

" 'Tis good," the sage rejoined. "Most noble Prince,
If these thou know'st, needs it that I should teach

[1] Ten thousand.

The mensuration of the lineal?"
Humbly the boy replied, "Acharya!
Be pleased to hear me. Paramānus ten
A parasukshma make; ten of those build
The trasarene, and seven trasarenes
One mote's-length floating in the beam, seven motes
The whisker-point of mouse, and ten of these
One likhya: likhyas ten a yuka, ten
Yukas a heart of barley, which is held
Seven times a wasp-waist; so unto the grain
Of mung and mustard and the barley-corn,
Whereof ten give the finger-joint, twelve joints
The span, wherefrom we reach the cubit, staff,
Bow-length, lance-length; while twenty lengths of lance
Mete what is named a 'breath,' which is to say
Such space as man may stride with lungs once filled,
Whereof a gow is forty, four times that
A yōjana; and, Master! if it please,
I shall recite how many sun-motes lie
From end to end within a yōjana."
Thereat, with instant skill, the little Prince
Pronounced the total of the atoms true.
But Viswamitra heard it on his face
Prostrate before the boy; "For thou," he cried,
"Art Teacher of thy teachers—thou, not I,
Art Gūrū. Oh, I worship thee, sweet Prince!
That comest to my school only to show
Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st
Fair reverence besides."
Which reverence
Lord Buddha kept to all his schoolmasters,
Albeit beyond their learning taught; in speech
Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,
Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood;
No bolder horseman in the youthful band
E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles;
No keener driver of the chariot
In mimic contest scoured the Palace-courts;
Yet in mid-play the boy would ofttimes pause,
Letting the deer pass free; would ofttimes yield
His half-won race because the labouring steeds

Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt. Then it befell
In the Royal garden on a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
To their nest-places on Himāla's breast.
Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Devadatta, cousin of the Prince,
Pointed his bow, and loosed a wilful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.
Which seeing, Prince Siddārtha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits—
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
The cruel steel forth from the wound, and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.

Then someone came who said, "My Prince hath shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Siddārtha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."

And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine,
Give me my prize, fair Cousin." Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone; but, if the Prince disputes,
Let him submit his matter to the wise
And we will wait their word." So was it done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that;
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the saviour of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains; give him the bird:"
Which judgment all found just; but when the King
Sought out the sage for honour, he was gone,
And someone saw a hooded snake glide forth,—
The gods come ofttimes thus! So our Lord Buddha
Began his works of mercy.

Yet not more
Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's,
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind.
But on another day the King said, "Come,
Sweet son! and see the pleasuance of the spring,
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper; how my realm—
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me—
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled.
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time." So they rode
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke
Dragging the ploughs; the fat soil rose and rolled

In smooth long waves back from the plough; who drove
Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep; among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow;
And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things
Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays
The sun-birds flashed; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith; bee-eaters hawked
Chasing the purple butterflies; beneath,
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and picked,
The seven brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air;
About the painted temple peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast;
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
Goading their velvet flanks: then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did hunt
The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
Who himself kills his fellow; seeing which—
The hungry ploughman and his labouring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to live which makes all living strife—

The Prince Siddārtha sighed. "Is this," he said,
"That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! how hard
The oxen's service! in the brake how fierce
The war of weak and strong! i' th' air what plots!
No refuge e'en in water. Go aside
A space, and let me muse on what ye show."

So saying the good Lord Buddha seated him
Under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed—
As holy statutes sit—and first began
To meditate this deep disease of life,
What its far source and whence its remedy.
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain,
That by their stress his princely spirit passed
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dhyāna,[1] first step of "the path."
There flew
High overhead that hour five holy ones,
Whose free wings faltered as they passed the tree.
"What power superior draws us from our flight?"
They asked,—for spirits feel all force divine,
And know the sacred presence of the pure.
Then, looking downward, they beheld the Buddh
Crowned with a rose-hued aureole, intent
On thoughts to save; while from the grove a voice
Cried, "Rishis![2] this is He shall help the world,
Descend and worship." So the Bright Ones came
And sang a song of praise, folding their wings;
Then journeyed on, taking good news to Gods.

But certain from the King seeking the Prince
Found him still musing, though the noon was past,
And the sun hastened to the western hills:
Yet while all shadows moved, the jambu-tree's
Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,
Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head;
And he who saw this sight heard a voice say,
Amid the blossoms of the rose-apple,

[1] Meditation. [2] Seers.

"Let be the King's son! till the shadow goes
Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift."

BOOK THE SECOND

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The King commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses, one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles bedecked,
Pleasant at seed-time, when the champaks bud—
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names.
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,
Streams wandered wild, and musky thickets stretched,
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn
In midst of which Siddārtha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour;
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,
With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Ministers:
"Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishi spake,"
He said, "and what my dream-readers foretold.
This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings—and this is in my heart;—
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains,
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
Do still incline amid my palaces.
But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me;
How may his feet be turned to that proud road
Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule?"

The eldest answered, "Maharaja![1] love

[1] Great king.

Will cure these thin distempers; weave the spell
Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm?
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows;
The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds."
And all thought good.
But the King answered, "If we seek him wives,
Love chooseth ofttimes with another eye;
And if we bid range Beauty's garden round,
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
Then said another, "Roams the barasingh[1]
Until the fated arrow flies; for him,
As for less lordly spirits, someone charms,
Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the world.
This do, my King! Command a festival
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace, and sports that Sākyas use.
Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eyes,
And cheat his Highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good; wherefore, upon a day,
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace, for 'twas in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. Thus flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lustred with the soorma-stick,
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and the tilka-spots[2] stamped bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes

[1] A stag. [2] The beauty-spots between the eyebrows of Hindu women.

Fixed on the ground; for when they saw the Prince
More than the awe of Majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sate so passionless,
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze;
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,
She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates
Trembling at favour, so divine he seemed,
So high and saint-like and above her world.
Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
Came young Yasōdhara, and they that stood
Nearest Siddārtha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mould; a gait like Parvati's;
Eyes like a hind's in love-time; face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full—folding her palms across her breasts—
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
"Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled.
"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take
This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist;
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

Long after—when enlightenment was full—
Lord Buddha, being prayed why thus his heart
Took fire at first glance of the Sākya girl,
Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
And all it seemed; in ages long gone by
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,
Sate umpire while they raced beneath the firs
Like hares at eve that run their playful rings;
One with flower-stars he crowned; one with long plumes
Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle-cock;
One with fir-apples; but who ran the last

Came first for him, and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
And in the wood they lived many glad years,
And in the wood they undivided died.
Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he and she Yasōdhara;
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round
That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told the careful King
How sate Siddārtha heedless, till there passed
Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasōdhara;
And how—at sudden sight of her—he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel-gift, and what beside
Passed in their speaking glance.
The fond King smiled:
"Look! we have found a lure; take counsel now
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law
With Sākyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
Therefore her father spake: "Say to the King,
The child is sought by princes far and near;
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
Sway sword, and back a horse better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us:
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways?"
Then the King's heart was sore, for now the Prince
Begged sweet Yasōdhara for wife—in vain,
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda chief in sword-play; but the Prince
Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have learned;

Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddārtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasōdhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sākya lords, and town and country round,
Unto the maidān;[1] and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gaily dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned:
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there; till the Prince came
Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without:
Also Siddārtha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and griefs.
But when the Prince saw sweet Yasōdhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest; let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test
And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddārtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cowry-shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
Marvelled and cried; and sweet Yasōdhara
Dropped the gold sari[2] o'er her fearful eyes,

[1] Anglo-Indian word, "parade ground."
[2] Garment of Hindu women, wound round the body with one end thrown over the shoulder.

Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it—low laughing—drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
"That is for play, not love," he said; "hath none
A bow more fit for Sākya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahānu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch it," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,
Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison-horns; and twice Siddārtha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake—"Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a hand's-breadth nigher use;
Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud,
That feeble folk at home that day inquired
"What is this sound?" and people answered them,
"It is the sound of Sinhahānu's bow,
Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot."
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Next, Devadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas-tree six fingers thick;
Ardjuna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;
But two such stems together grew, and both
Siddārtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
Trembled anew seeing the trees erect;
Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns
Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds,
High-mettled, nobly-bred, and three times scoured
Around the maidān, but white Kantaka
Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear-lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
"We too might win with such as Kantaka;
Fetch an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces[1] brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young Sākya
Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held
His seat awhile, and, bidding loose the chains,
Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held
The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
"Let not Siddārtha meddle with this Bhūt,
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame;" but the Prince said, "Let go the chains,
Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face,
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.
Nor stirred he while Siddārtha mounted; then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
"Strive no more, for Siddārtha is the best."

[1]Groom (Anglo-Indian word).

And all the suitors answered "He is best!"
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,
Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
Of manhood 'mid thy rose-bowers and thy dreams
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?
But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou has won."
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and took
A crown of mōgra-flowers, and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,
Proud-pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Siddārtha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.
Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial, beaming with glad love;
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,
And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
Saying, "Dear Prince, behold me, who am thine!"
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after—when enlightenment was come—
They prayèd Lord Buddha touching all, and why
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.
And the World-honoured answered, "Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known;
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
Past things and thoughts, and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himāla's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;
I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa grass
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day-lair; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,

Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,[1]
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yasōdhara
Wore for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while, underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
And I remember, at the end she came,
Snarling, past this and that torn forest-lord
Whom I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince
A willing spoil; and when the stars were good—
Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven—
The marriage feast was kept, as Sākyas use,
The golden gadi[2] set, the carpet spread,
The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,
The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,
The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
Which, coming close, betokened "love till death;"
The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
And temple-offerings made, the mantras[3] sung,
The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.
Then the grey father spake: "Worshipful Prince,
She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
Be good to her, who hath her life in thee."
Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasōdhara,
With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
And love was all in all.
Yet not to love
Alone trusted the King; love's prison-house
Stately and beautiful he bade them build,
So that in all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place.
Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose
A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,

[1] A pool or lagoon in India after a flood.
[2] Seat cushion. [3] Hymns, or metrical passages (prayers or formulas).

Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet,
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sāl,
Thick set with pale sky-coloured ganthi flowers,
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
Buzz out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared
The stainless ramps of huge Himāla's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.
Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp-laced
With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds:
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles: under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls—
Sita and Hanuman and Draupadi;
And on the middle porch God Ganesha,
With disc and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.
By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White, with pink veins; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced; and fish

Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and grey,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendours of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit;
The yellow sunbirds whirred from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand;
For all was peace: the shy black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
And all this House of love was peopled fair
With sweet attendance, so that in each part
With lovely sights were gentle faces found,
Soft speech and willing service; each one glad
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey;
Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream
Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasōdhara
Queen of the enchanting Court.

But, innermost,
Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had spent
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.
The entrance of it was a cloistered square—
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs
Of milk-white marble; bordered round the tank
And on the steps, and all along the frieze
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very Day paused and grew Eve
In love and silence at that bower's gate;
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!

Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell,
Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film,
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
And heavy splendour of the purdah's[1] fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch girls,[2] cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings;[3] while essences
Of musk and champak, and the blue haze spread
From burning spices, soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasōdhara; and thus
Siddārtha lived forgetting.
Furthermore,
The King commanded that within those walls
No mention should be made of death or age,
Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. If one drooped
In the lovely Court—her dark glance dim, her feet
Faint in the dance—the guiltless criminal
Passed forth an exile from that Paradise,
Lest he should see and suffer at her woe.
Bright-eyed intendants watched to execute
Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world
Without, where aches and plagues were, tears and fears,
And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.

[1] Curtain with which Indian women are screened from strangers.
[2] Indian dancing girls.
[3] Hindu musical instrument of the guitar kind.

'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed
In tress of singing-girl or nautch-dancer;
And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,
The dead lives hid, all evil sights removed:
For said the King, "If he shall pass his youth
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,
May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow
To that great stature of fair sovereignty
When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—
The King of kings and Glory of this time."

Wherefore, around that pleasant prison-house—
Where love was gaoler and delights its bars—
But far removed from sight, the King bade build
A massive wall, and in the wall a gate
With brazen folding-doors, which but to roll
Back on their hinges asked a hundred arms;
Also the noise of that prodigious gate
Opening, was heard full half a yōjana.[1]
And inside this another gate he made,
And yet within another—through the three
Must one pass if he quit that Pleasure-house.
Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred,
And over each was set a faithful watch;
And the King's order said, "Suffer no man
To pass the gates, though he should be the Prince:
This on your lives—even though it be my son."

BOOK THE THIRD

In which calm home of happy life and love
Ligged our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
And land awearied on the shores of day,
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage
Thus ofttimes, when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasōdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,

[1] Yōjana, nine English miles.

He would start up and cry, "My world! Oh, world!
I hear! I know! I come!" And she would ask,
"What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck;
For at such times the pity in his look
Was awful, and his visage like a god's.
Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vinas sound; but once they set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—
And those who lay around heard only that;
But Prince Siddārtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these:—

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, not whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

O Maya's[1] *son! because we roam the earth*
Moan we upon these strings: we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,

[1] Buddha's mother's name.

The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.

Thereafter it befell he sate at eve
Amid his beauteous Court, holding the hand
Of sweet Yasōdhara, and some maid told—
With breaks of music when her rich voice dropped—
An ancient tale to speed the hour of dusk,
Of love, and of a magic horse, and lands
Wonderful, distant, where pale peoples dwelled,
And where the sun at night sank into seas.
Then spake he, sighing, "Chitra brings me back
The wind's song in the strings with that fair tale:
Give her, Yasōdhara, thy pearl for thanks.
But thou, my pearl! is there so wide a world?
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll
Into the waves, and are there hearts like ours,
Countless, unknown, not happy—it may be—
Whom we might succour if we knew of them?
Ofttimes I marvel, as the Lord of day
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,
Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,
The children of the morning; oftentimes,
Even in thine arms and on thy breasts, bright wife,
Sore have I panted, at the sun's decline,
To pass with him into that crimson west
And see the peoples of the evening.
There must be many we should love—how else?
Now have I in this hour an ache, at last,
Thy soft lips cannot kiss away: oh, girl!
O Chitra! you that know of fairyland!
Where tether they that swift steed of thy tale?

My palace for one day upon his back,
To ride and ride and see the spread of the earth;
Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes—
The carrion heir of wider realms than mine—
How would I stretch for topmost Himalay,
Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows,
And strain my gaze with searching what is round!
Why have I never seen and never sought?
Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates."

Then one replied, "The city first, fair Prince!
The temples, and the gardens, and the groves,
And then the fields; and afterwards fresh fields,
With nullahs,[1] maidāns, jungle, koss[2] on koss;
And next King Bimbasāra's realm, and then
The vast flat world, with crores[3] on crores of folk."
"Good," said Siddārtha; "let the word be sent
That Channa yoke my chariot—at noon
To-morrow I shall ride and see beyond."

Whereof they told the King: "Our Lord, thy son,
Wills that his chariot be yoked at noon,
That he may ride abroad and see mankind."

"Yea!" spake the careful King, "'tis time he sees;
But let the criers go about and bid
My city deck itself, so there be met
No noisome sight; and let none blind or maimed,
None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk come forth."
Therefore the stones were swept, and up and down
The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets
From spirting skins, the housewives scattered fresh
Red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths,
And trimmed the tulsi-bush before their doors.
The paintings on the walls were heightened up
With liberal brush, the trees set thick with flags,
The idols gilded; in the four-went ways
Suryadeva and the great gods shone
'Mid shrines of leaves; so that the city seemed
A capital of some enchanted land.

[1] Ravines, river-beds. [2] A distance of over two English miles. [3] Millions (Hindu word).

Also the criers passed, with drum and gong,
Proclaiming loudly, "Ho! all citizens,
The King commands that there be seen to-day
No evil sight: let no one blind or maimed,
None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk go forth.
Let none, too, burn his dead nor bring them out
'Till nightfall. Thus Suddhōdana commands."

So all was comely and the houses trim
Throughout Kapilavastu, while the Prince
Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,
Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps, and huge humps
Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke.
Goodly it was to mark the people's joy
Greeting their Prince; and glad Siddārtha waxed
At sight of all those liege and friendly folk
Bright-clad and laughing as if life were good.
"Fair is the world," he said, "it likes me well!
And light and kind these men that are not kings,
And sweet my sisters here, who toil and tend;
What have I done for these to make them thus?
Why, if I love them, should those children know?
I pray take up yon pretty Sākya boy
Who flung us flowers, and let him ride with me.
How good it is to reign in realms like this!
How simple pleasure is, if these be pleased
Because I come abroad! How many things
I need not if such little households hold
Enough to make our city full of smiles!
Drive, Channa![1] through the gates, and let me see
More of this gracious world I have not known."
So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd,
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths; some stroked
Their silken flanks; some brought them rice and cakes,
All crying, "*Jai! jai!* for our noble Prince!"
Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks
And filled with fair sights—for the King's word was
That such should be—when midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,

[1] Buddha's driver.

Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,
An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast's hide to its fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy. One skinny hand
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath.
"Alms!" moaned he, "give, good people! for I die
To-morrow or the next day!" then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood
Blinking, and groaning 'mid his spasms, "Alms!"
Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet
Aside, and thrust him from the road again,
Saying, "The Prince! dost see? get to thy lair!"
But that Siddārtha cried, "Let be! let be!
Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad?
Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he
Moaning 'to-morrow or next day I die?'
Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?
What woe hath happened to this piteous one?"
Then answer made the charioteer, "Sweet Prince!
This is no other than an aged man;
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,
His eyes bright, and his body goodly: now
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit;
His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black;
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark
Which flickers for the finish: such is age;
Why should your Highness heed?" Then spake the Prince:
"But shall this come to others, or to all,
Or is it rare that one should be as he?"
"Most noble," answered Channa, "even as he,
Will all these grow if they shall live so long."
"But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long
Shall I be thus; and if Yasōdhara

Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,
Jālini, little Hasta, Gautami,
And Gunga, and the others?" "Yea, great Sir!"
The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince:
"Turn back, and drive me to my house again!
I have seen that I did not think to see."

Which pondering, to his beauteous Court returned
Wistful Siddārtha, sad of mien and mood;
Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits
Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up
While the best palace-dancers strove to charm:
Nor spake—save one sad thing—when woefully
Yasōdhara sank to his feet and wept,
Sighing, "Hath not my Lord comfort in me?"
"Ah, Sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul
Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,
And we shall both grow old, Yasōdhara!
Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.
Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips
So close that night and day our breaths grew one,
Time would thrust in between to filch away
My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals
The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to grey
And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my heart is fixed to think how Love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old." So through that night he sate
Sleepless, uncomforted.
And all that night
The King Suddhōdana dreamed troublous dreams.
The first fear of his vision was a flag
Broad, glorious, glistening with a golden sun,
The mark of Indra; but a strong wind blew,
Rending its folds divine, and dashing it
Into the dust; whereat a concourse came
Of shadowy Ones, who took the spoiled silk up
And bore it eastward from the city gates.
The second fear was ten huge elephants,
With silver tusks and feet that shook the earth,
Trampling the southern road in mighty march;

And he who sate upon the foremost beast
Was the King's son—the others followed him.
The third fear of the vision was a car,
Shining with blinding light, which four steeds drew,
Snorting white smoke and champing fiery foam;
And in the car the Prince Siddārtha sate.
The fourth fear was a wheel which turned and turned,
With nave of burning gold and jewelled spokes,
And strange things written on the binding tire,
Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled.
The fifth fear was a mighty drum, set down
Midway between the city and the hills,
On which the Prince beat with an iron mace,
So that the sound pealed like a thunderstorm,
Rolling around the sky and far away.
The sixth fear was a tower, which rose and rose
High o'er the city till its stately head
Shone crowned with clouds, and on the top the Prince
Stood, scattering from both hands, this way and that,
Gems of most lovely light, as if it rained
Jacynths and rubies; and the whole world came,
Striving to seize those treasures as they fell
Towards the four quarters. But the seventh fear was
A noise of wailing, and behold six men
Who wept and gnashed their teeth, and laid their palms
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate.

These seven fears made the vision of his sleep,
But none of all his wisest dream-readers
Could tell their meaning. Then the King was wroth,
Saying, "There cometh evil to my house,
And none of ye have wit to help me know
What the great gods portend sending me this."
So in the city men went sorrowful
Because the King had dreamed seven signs of fear
Which none could read; but to the gate there came
An aged man, in robe of deer-skin clad,
By guise a hermit, known to none; he cried,
"Bring me before the King, for I can read
The vision of his sleep;" who, when he heard
The sevenfold mysteries of the midnight dream,
Bowed reverent and said, "O Maharāj!

I hail this favoured House, whence shall arise
A wider-reaching splendour than the sun's!
Lo! all these seven fears are seven joys,
Whereof the first, where thou didst see a flag—
Broad, glorious, gilt with Indra's badge—cast down
And carried out, did signify the end
Of old faiths and beginning of the new;
For there is change with gods not less than men,
And as the days pass kalpas pass—at length.
The ten great elephants that shook the earth
The ten great gifts of wisdom signify,
In strength whereof the Prince shall quit his state
And shake the world with passage of the Truth.
The four flame-breathing horses of the car
Are those four fearless virtues which shall bring
Thy son from doubt and gloom to gladsome light;
The wheel that turned with nave of burning gold
Was that most precious Wheel of perfect Law
Which he shall turn in sight of all the world.
The mighty drum whereon the Prince did beat,
Till the sound filled all lands, doth signify
The thunder of the preaching of the Word
Which he shall preach; the tower that grew to heaven
The growing of the Gospel of this Buddh
Sets forth; and those rare jewels scattered thence
The untold treasures are of that good Law
To gods and men dear and desirable.
Such is the interpretation of the tower;
But for those six men weeping with shut mouths,
They are the six chief teachers whom thy son
Shall, with bright truth and speech unanswerable,
Convince of foolishness. O King! rejoice;
The fortune of my Lord the Prince is more
Than kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be
Beyond fine cloths of gold. This was thy dream!
And in seven nights and days these things shall fall."
So spake the holy man, and lowly made
The eight prostrations, touching thrice the ground;
Then turned and passed; but when the King bade send
A rich gift after him, the messengers
Brought word, "We came to where he entered in
At Chandra's temple, but within was none

Save a grey owl which fluttered from the shrine."
The gods come sometimes thus.
But the sad King
Marvelled, and gave command that new delights
Be compassed to enthral Siddārtha's heart
Amid those dancers of his pleasure-house;
Also he set at all the brazen doors
A doubled guard.

Yet who shall shut out Fate?

For once again the spirit of the Prince
Was moved to see this world beyond his gates,
This life of man, so pleasant, if its waves
Ran not to waste and woeful finishing
In Time's dry sands. "I pray you let me view
Our city as it is," such was his prayer
To King Suddhōdana. "Your Majesty
In tender heed hath warned the folk before
To put away ill things and common sights,
And make their faces glad to gladden me,
And all the causeways gay; yet have I learned
This is not daily life, and if I stand
Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee,
Fain would I know the people and the streets,
Their simple usual ways, and workday deeds,
And lives which those men live who are not kings.
Give me good leave, dear Lord! to pass unknown
Beyond my happy gardens; I shall come
The more contented to their peace again,
Or wiser, father, if not well content.
Therefore, I pray thee, let me go at will
To-morrow, with my servants, through the streets."
And the King said, amidst his Ministers,
"Belike this second flight may mend the first.
Note how the falcon starts at every sight
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye
Cometh of freedom; let my son see all,
And bid them bring me tidings of his mind."

Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,
The Prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,

Which opened to the signet of the King;
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back
It was the King's son in that merchant's robe,
And in the clerkly dress his charioteer.
Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sākya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:
The painted streets alive with hum of noon
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops,
The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts, the skilful armourer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Guru,[1] in a grave half-moon,
The Sākya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods;
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,[2]
The humble toiling Sudra;[3] here a throng
Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
Of asp and nāg, or charm the hooded death
To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd;
There a long line of drums and horns, which went,
With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home; and here a wife

[1] Hindu religious teacher.
[2] The second caste of warriors.
[3] The lowest, fourth caste, the servant class.

Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
Or beg a boy next birth; hard by the booths
Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
For lamps and lotas;[1] thence, by temple walls
And gateways, to the river and the bridge
Under the city walls.

These had they passed
When from the roadside moaned a mournful voice.
"Help, masters! lift me to my feet; oh, help!
Or I shall die before I reach my house!"
A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame
Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust
Writhing, with fiery purple blotches specked:
The chill sweat beaded on his brow, his mouth
Was dragged awry with twitchings of sore pain.
The wild eyes swam with inward agony.
Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose
Half-way, then sank, with quaking feeble limbs
And scream of terror, crying, "Ah, the pain!
Good people, help!" whereon Siddārtha ran,
Lifted the woeful man with tender hands,
With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,
And, while his soft touch comforted the wretch,
Asked, "Brother, what is ill with thee? what harm
Hath fallen? wherefore can'st thou not arise?
Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,
And gasps to speak, and sighs so pitiful?"
Then spake the charioteer: "Great Prince! this man
Is smitten with some pest; his elements
Are all confounded; in his veins the blood,
Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils
A fiery flood; his heart, which kept good time,
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow;
His sinews slacken like a bowstring slipped;
The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,
And all the grace and joy of manhood fled:
This is a sick man with the fit upon him.
See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,
And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth,

[1] Brass pots.

And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke!
Lo! now he would be dead; but shall not die
Until the plague hath had its work in him,
Killing the nerves which die before the life;
Then, when his strings have cracked with agony
And all his bones are empty of the sense
To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.
Oh, sir! it is not good to hold him so!
The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."
But spake the Prince, still comforting the man,
"And are there others, are there many thus?
Or might it be to me as now with him?"
"Great Lord!" answered the charioteer, "this comes
In many forms to all men; griefs and wounds,
Sickness and tetters, palsies, leprosies,
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere"
"Come such ills unobserved?" the Prince inquired.
And Channa said, "Like the sly snake they come
That stings unseen; like the striped murderer,
Who waits to spring from the Karunda bush,
Hiding beside the jungle path; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send."

"Then all men live in fear?"

"So live they, Prince!"

"And none can say, 'I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?' "

"None say it."

"And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,
And so old age?"

"Yea, if men last as long."

"But if they cannot bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And growing old, grow older, then—what end?"

"They die, Prince."

"Die?"

"Yea, at the last comes Death
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,
But all must die—behold, where comes the Dead!"

Then did Siddārtha raise his eyes, and see
Fast pacing towards the river-bank a band
Of wailing people; foremost one who swung
An earthen bowl with lighted coals; behind
The kinsmen, shorn, with mourning marks, ungirt,
Crying aloud, "O Rama,[1] Rama, hear!
Call upon Rama, brothers;" next the bier,
Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,
Whereon lay—stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,
Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead,
Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,
And crying "Rama, Rama!" carried on
To where a pile was reared beside the stream:
Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—
Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed!
He shall not wake for cold, albeit he lies
Naked to all the airs—for soon they set
The red flame to the corners four, which crept,
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint;
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank
Scarlet and grey, with here and there a bone
White midst the grey—the total of the man.

[1] Hindu god, seventh incarnation of Vishnu.

Then spake the Prince: "Is this the end which comes
To all who live?"
"This is the end that comes
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre—
Whose remnants are so petty that the crows
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.
Then came—who knows?—some gust of jungle wind,
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead.
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is nought,
The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice
They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved
Wail desolate, for even that must go,
The body which was lamp unto the life,
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
Here is the common destiny of flesh:
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile:—
Such is man's round."
But lo! Siddārtha turned
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known.
Then cried he, while his lifted countenance
Glowed with the burning passion of a love
Unspeakable, the ardour of a hope
Boundless, insatiate: "Oh! suffering world;
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both! I see, I feel

In black waves down the shapely nape and neck.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
They slept, no wearier than jewelled birds
Which sing and love all day, then under wing
Fold head, till morn bids sing and love again.
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof
In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,
Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms
Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,
The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,
The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
Praised by the Prince, some magic ring to find,
Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length,
Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings
The little fingers still all interlaced
As when the last notes of her light song played
Those radiant eyes to sleep, and sealed her own.
Another slumbered folding in her arms
A desert-antelope, its slender head
Buried with black-sloped horns between her breasts,
Soft nestling; it was eating—when both drowsed—
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed
Together, weaving mōgra-buds, which bound
Their sister-sweetness in a starry chain,
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart,
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her.
Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones
To make a necklet—agate, onyx, sard,
Coral, and moonstone—round her wrist it gleamed
A coil of splendid colour, while she held,
Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up—
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream,

Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
To open and make daylight beautiful.
This was the ante-chamber of the Prince;
But at the purdah's fringe the sweetest slept—
Gunga and Gotami—chief ministers
In that still House of love.
The purdah hung,
Crimson and blue, with broidered threads of gold,
Across a portal carved in sandal-wood;
Whence by three steps the way was to the bower
Of inmost splendour, and the marriage-couch
Set on a dais soft with silver cloths,
Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles
Of neem-blooms. All the walls were plates of pearl,
Cut shapely from the shells of Lanka's wave;
And o'er the alabaster roof there ran
Rich inlayings of lotus and of bird,
Wrought in skilled work of lazulite and jade,
Jacynth and jasper; woven round the dome,
And down the sides, and all about the frames
Wherein were set the fretted lattices,
Through which there breathed, with moonlight and cool airs,
Scents from the shell-flowers and the jasmine sprays;
Not bringing thither grace or tenderness
Sweeter than shed from those fair presences
Within the place—the beauteous Sākya Prince,
And hers, the stately, bright Yasōdhara.

Half risen from her soft nest at his side,
The chuddar[1] fallen to her waist, her brow
Laid in both palms, the lovely Princess leaned
With heaving bosom and fast-falling tears.
Thrice with her lips she touched Siddārtha's hand,
And at the third kiss moaned, "Awake, my Lord!
Give me the comfort of thy speech!" Then he:
"What is it with thee, O my life?" but still
She moaned anew before the words would come;
Then spake, "Alas, my Prince! I sank to sleep
Most happy, for the babe I bear of thee
Quickened this eve, and at my heart there beat

[1] A kind of fine plain-coloured shawl.

That double pulse of life and joy and love
Whose happy music lulled me, but—aho!—
In slumber I beheld three sights of dread,
With thought whereof my heart is throbbing yet.
I saw a white bull with wide-branching horns,
A lord of pastures pacing through the streets,
Bearing upon his front a gem which shone
As if some star had dropped to glitter there,
Or like the kantha-stone the great Snake keeps
To make bright daylight underneath the earth.
Slow through the streets towards the gates he paced,
And none could stay him, though there came a voice
From Indra's temple, 'If ye stay him not,
The glory of the city goeth forth.'
Yet none could stay him. Then I wept aloud,
And locked my arms about his neck, and strove,
And bade them bar the gates; but that ox-king
Bellowed, and, lightly tossing free his crest,
Broke from my clasp, and bursting through the bars,
Trampled the warders down and passed away.
The next strange dream was this: Four Presences
Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful
They seemed the Regents of the Earth who dwell
On Mount Sumeru, lighting from the sky
With retinue of countless heavenly ones,
Swift swept unto our city, where I saw
The golden flag of Indra on the gate
Flutter and fall; and lo! there rose instead
A glorious banner, all the folds whereof
Rippled with flashing fire of rubies sewn
Thick on the silver threads, the rays wherefrom
Set forth new words and weighty sentences
Whose message made all living creatures glad;
And from the east the wind of sunrise blew
With tender waft, opening those jewelled scrolls
So that all flesh might read; and wondrous blooms—
Plucked in what clime I know not—fell in showers,
Coloured as none are coloured in our groves."

Then spake the Prince: "All this, my Lotus-flower!
Was good to see."
"Ay, Lord," the Princess said,

" Save that it ended with a voice of fear
Crying, 'The time is nigh! the time is nigh!'
Thereat the third dream came; for when I sought
Thy side, sweet Lord! ah, on our bed there lay
An unpressed pillow and an empty robe—
Nothing of thee but those!—nothing of thee,
Who art my life and light, my king, my world!
And, sleeping still, I rose, and sleeping saw
Thy belt of pearls, tied here below my breasts,
Change to a stinging snake; my ankle-rings
Fall off, my golden bangles part and fall;
The jasmines in my hair wither to dust;
While this our bridal-couch sank to the ground,
And something rent the crimson purdah down:
Then far away I heard the white bull low,
And far away the embroidered banner flap,
And once again that cry, 'The time is come!'
But with that cry—which shakes my spirit still—
I woke! O Prince! what may such visions mean
Except I die, or—worse than any death—
Thou shouldst forsake me, or be taken?"

Soft

As the last smile of sunset was the look
Siddārtha bent upon his weeping wife.
" Comfort thee, dear!" he said, "if comfort lives
In changeless love! for though thy dreams may be
Shadows of things to come, and though the gods
Are shaken in their seats, and though the world
Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help,
Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me,
Be sure I loved and love Yasōdhara.
Thou knowest how I muse these many moons,
Seeking to save the sad earth I have seen;
And when the time comes, that which will be will.
But if my soul yearns sore for souls unknown,
And if I grieve for griefs which are not mine,
Judge how my high-winged thoughts must hover here
O'er all these lives that share and sweeten mine—
So dear! and thine the dearest, gentlest, best,
And nearest. Ah, thou mother of my babe!
Whose body mixed with mine for this fair hope,
When most my spirit wanders, ranging round

The lands and seas—as full of ruth for men
As the far-flung dove is full of ruth
For her twin nestlings—ever it has come
Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to thee,
Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen,
The utmost of their good, the tenderest
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.
Therefore, whatever after this betide,
Bethink thee of that lordly bull which lowed,
That jewelled banner in thy dream which waved
Its folds departing, and of this be sure,
Always I loved and always love thee well,
And what I sought for all sought most for thee.
But thou, take comfort; and, if sorrow falls,
Take comfort still in deeming there may be
A way to peace on earth by woes of ours;
And have with this embrace what faithful love
Can think of thanks or frame for benison—
Too little, seeing love's strong self is weak—
Yet kiss me on the mouth, and drink these words
From heart to heart therewith, that thou mayst know—
What others will not—that I loved thee most
Because I loved so well all living souls.
Now, Princess! rest; for I will rise and watch."

Then in her tears she slept, but sleeping sighed—
As if that vision passed again—"The time!
The time is come!" Whereat Siddārtha turned,
And, lo! the moon shone by the Crab! the stars
In that same silver order long foretold
Stood ranged to say, "This is the night!—choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good:
To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped."
Moreover, with the whispers of the gloom,
Came to his ears again that warning song,
As when the Devas spoke upon the wind:
And surely Gods were round about the place
Watching our Lord, who watched the shining stars.

"I will depart," he spake; "the hour is come!
Thy tender lips, dear Sleeper, summon me

To that which saves the earth but sunders us;
And in the silence of yon sky I read
My fated message flashing. Unto this
Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me; for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine: I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword:
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates;
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woeful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.
For which of all the great and lesser Gods
Have power or pity? Who hath seen them—who?
What have they wrought to help their worshippers?
How hath it steadied man to pray, and pay
Tithes of the corn and oil, to chant the charms,
To slay the shrieking sacrifice, to rear
The stately fane, to feed the priests, and call
On Vishnu, Shiva, Surya,[1] who save
None—not the worthiest—from the griefs that teach
Those litanies of flattery and fear
Ascending day by day, like wasted smoke?
Hath any of my brothers 'scaped thereby
The aches of life, the stings of love and loss,
The fiery fever and the ague-shake,
The slow, dull, sinking into withered age,
The horrible dark death—and what beyond

[1] Vishnu, the second of the Hindu Trinity, who takes care of the universe, and who incarnates as avataras to help mankind. Shiva, the third of the Trinity, the Destroyer; sometimes regarded as the One God. (Brahmā, as the creator Prajāpati, lord of all creatures, is the other member.) Surya is the Sun-God.

Waits—till the whirling wheel comes up again,
And new lives bring new sorrows to be borne,
New generations for the new desires
Which have their end in the old mockeries?
Hath any of my tender sisters found
Fruit of the fast or harvest of the hymn,
Or bought one pang the less at bearing-time
For white curds offered and trim tulsi-leaves?
Nay; it may be some of the Gods are good
And evil some, but all in action weak;
Both pitiful and pitiless, and both—
As men are—bound upon this wheel of change,
Knowing the former and the after lives.
For so our scriptures truly seem to teach,
That—once, and wheresoe'er and whence begun—
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again; so are we kin
To all that is; and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of this ignorance
Whose shadow is chill fear, and cruelty
Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save!
And means must be! There must be refuge! Men
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?
If one, then, being great and fortunate,
Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed
To rule—if he would rule—a King of kings;
If one, not tired with life's long day but glad
I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed
With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still;
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace

That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man;—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
Oh, summoning stars! I come! Oh, mournful earth!
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen!
Harder to put aside than all the rest!
Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth;
And that which stirs within thy tender womb,
My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,
Whom if I wait to bless my mind will fail.
Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share
A little while the anguish of this hour
That light may break and all flesh learn the Law.
Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,
Never to come again, till what I seek
Be found—if fervent search and strife avail."

So, with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears;
And thrice around the bed in reverence,
As though it were an altar, softly stepped

With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
" For never," spake he, "lie I there again!"
And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
So strong her beauty was, so large his love:
Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth, he turned
And raised the purdah's edge:
There drooped, close-hushed,
In such sealed sleep as water-lilies know,
That lovely garden of his Indian girls;
The twin dark-petalled lotus-buds of all—
Gunga and Gotami—on either side,
And those, their silk-leaved sisterhood, beyond.
"Pleasant ye are to me, sweet friends!" he said,
"And dear to leave; yet, if I leave ye not,
What else will come to all of us save eld
Without assuage and death without avail?
Lo! as ye lie asleep so must ye lie
A-dead; and when the rose dies where are gone
Its scent and splendour? when the lamp is drained
Whither is fled the flame? Press heavy, Night!
Upon their down-dropped lids, and seal their lips,
That no tear stay me and no faithful voice.
For all the brighter that these made my life,
The bitterer it is that they and I,
And all, should live as trees do—so much spring,
Such and such rains and frosts, such winter-times,
And then dead leaves, with maybe spring again,
Or axe-stroke at the root. This will not I,
Whose life here was a God's!—this would not I,
Though all my days were godlike, while men moan
Under their darkness. Therefore farewell, friends!
While life is good to give, I give, and go
To seek deliverance and that unknown Light!"

Then, lightly treading where those sleepers lay,
Into the night Siddārtha passed: its eyes,
The watchful stars, looked love on him: its breath,
The wandering wind, kissed his robe's fluttered fringe;
The garden-blossoms, folded for the dawn,
Opened their velvet hearts to waft him scents
From pink and purple censers: o'er the land,
From Himalay unto the Indian Sea,

A tremor spread, as if earth's soul beneath
Stirred with an unknown hope; and holy books—
Which tell the story of our Lord—say, too,
That rich celestial musics thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
Eastward and westward, making bright the night—
Northward and southward, making glad the ground,
Also those four dread Regents of the Earth,
Descending at the doorway, two by two,—
With their bright legions of Invisibles
In arms of sapphire, silver, gold, and pearl—
Watched with joined hands the Indian Prince, who stood
His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.

Then strode he forth into the gloom, and cried:
"Channa, awake! and bring out Kantaka!"
"What would my Lord?" the charioteer replied—
Slow-rising from his place beside the gate—
"To ride at night when all the ways are dark?"

"Speak low," Siddārtha said: "and bring my horse,
For now the hour is come when I should quit
This golden prison, where my heart lives caged,
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek,
For all men's sake, until the truth be found."

"Alas! dear Prince," answered the charioteer,
"Spake then for nought those wise and holy men
Who cast the stars, and bade us wait the time
When King Suddhōdana's great son should rule
Realms upon realms, and be a Lord of lords?
Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl?
Wilt thou go forth into the friendless waste
That hast this Paradise of pleasures here?"

The Prince made answer, "Unto this I came,
And not for thrones: the kingdom that I crave
Is more than many realms—and all things pass
To change and death. Bring me forth Kantaka!"

"Most honoured," spake again the charioteer,
"Bethink thee of my Lord thy father's grief!
Bethink thee of their woe whose bliss thou art—
How shalt thou help them, first undoing them?"
Siddārtha answered, "Friend, that love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love;
But I, who love these more than joys of mine—
Yea, more than joy of theirs—depart to save
Them and all flesh, if utmost love avail:
Go, bring me Kantaka!"

Then Channa said,
"Master, I go!" and forthwith, mournfully,
Unto the stall he passed, and from the rack
Took down the silver bit and bridle-chains,
Breast-cord and curb, and knitted fast the straps,
And linked the hooks, and led out Kantaka:
Whom, tethering to the ring, he combed and dressed,
Stroking the snowy coat to silken gloss;
Next on the steed he laid the numdah[1] square,
Fitted the saddle-cloth across, and set
The saddle fair, drew tight the jewelled girths,
Buckled the breech-bands and the martingale,
And made fall both the stirrups of worked gold.
Then over all he cast a golden net,
With tassels of seed-pearl and silken strings,
And led the great horse to the palace door,
Where stood the Prince; but when he saw his Lord,
Right glad he waxed and joyously he neighed,
Spreading his scarlet nostrils; and the books
Write, "Surely all had heard Kantaka's neigh,
And that strong trampling of his iron heels,
Save that the Devas laid soft unseen wings
Over their ears, and kept the sleepers deaf."

Fondly Siddārtha drew the proud head down,
Patted the shining neck, and said, "Be still,
White Kantaka! be still, and bear me now
The farthest journey ever rider rode;
For this night take I horse to find the truth,
And where my quest will end yet know I not,

[1] Coarse woollen cloth below the saddle.

Save that it shall not end until I find.
Therefore to-night, good steed, be fierce and bold!
Let nothing stay thee, though a thousand blades
Deny the road! let neither wall nor moat
Forbid our flight! Look! if I touch thy flank
And cry, 'On, Kantaka!' let whirlwinds lag
Behind thy course! Be fire and air, my horse!
To stead thy Lord; so shalt thou share with him
The greatness of this deed which helps the world;
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain
And have no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.
Now, therefore, bear thy master valorously!"

Then to the saddle lightly leaping, he
Touched the arched crest, and Kantaka sprang forth
With armed hoofs sparkling on the stones, and ring
Of champing bit; but none did hear that sound,
For that the Suddha Devas, gathering near,
Plucked the red mohra-flowers and strewed them thick
Under his tread, while hands invisible
Muffled the ringing bit and bridle-chains.
Moreover, it is written when they came
Upon the pavement near the inner gates,
The Yakshas[1] of the air laid magic cloths
Under the stallion's feet, so that he went
Softly and still.
But when they reached the gate
Of tripled brass—which hardly fivescore men
Served to unbar and open—lo! the doors
Rolled back all silently, though one might hear
In daytime two koss off the thunderous roar
Of those grim hinges and unwieldy plates.

Also the middle and the outer gates
Unfolded each their monstrous portals thus
In silence, as Siddārtha and his steed
Drew near; while underneath their shadow lay,
Silent as dead men, all those chosen guards—
The lance and sword let fall, the shields unbraced,
Captains and soldiers—for there came a wind,

[1] Goblins, spirits.

Drowsier than blows o'er Malwa's fields of sleep,
Before the Prince's path, which, being breathed,
Lulled every sense aswoon: and so he passed
Free from the palace.

When the morning star
Stood half a spear's length from the eastern rim,
And o'er the earth the breath of morning sighed,
Rippling Anoma's wave, the border-stream,
Then drew he rein, and leaped to earth, and kissed
White Kantaka betwixt the ears, and spake
Full sweet to Channa: "This which thou hast done
Shall bring thee good, and bring all creatures good:
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.
Lead back my horse, and take my crest-pearl here,
My princely robes, which henceforth stead me not,
My jewelled sword-belt and my sword, and these
The long locks by its bright edge severed thus
From off my brows. Give the King all, and say
Siddārtha prays forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light;
Where, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine—
Mine by chief service!—tell him—mine by love!
Since there is hope for man only in man,
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world."

BOOK THE FIFTH

Round Rājagriha five fair hills arose,
Guarding King Bimbisāra's sylvan town:
Baibhāra, green with lemon-grass and palms;
Bipulla, at whose foot thin Sarsuti
Steals with warm ripple; shadowy Tapovan,
Whose steaming pools mirror black rocks, which ooze
Sovereign earth-butter from their rugged roofs;
South-east the vulture-peak Sailāgiri;
And eastward Ratnagiri, hill of gems.
A winding track, paven with footworn slabs,
Leads thee, by safflower fields and bamboo tufts,
Under dark mangoes and the jujube-trees,
Past milk-white veins of rock and jasper crags,

Low cliff and flats of jungle-flowers, to where
The shoulder of that mountain, sloping west,
O'erhangs a cave with wild figs canopied.
Lo! thou who comest thither, bare thy feet
And bow thy head! for all this spacious earth
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed. Here
Lord Buddha sate the scorching summers through,
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves;
Wearing for all men's sakes the yellow robe,
Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal
Chance-gathered from the charitable; at night
Couched on the grass, homeless, alone; while yelped
The sleepless jackals round his cave, or coughs
Of famished tiger from the thicket broke.
By day and night here dwelt the World-honoured,
Subduing that fair body born for bliss
With fast and frequent watch and search intense
Of silent meditation, so prolonged
That ofttimes while he mused—as motionless
As the fixed rock his seat—the squirrel leaped
Upon his knee, the timid quail led forth
Her brood between his feet, and blue doves pecked
The rice-grains from the bowl beside his hand.

Thus would he muse from noontide—when the land
Shimmered with heat, and walls and temples danced
In the reeking air—till sunset, noting not
The blazing globe roll down, nor evening glide,
Purple and swift, across the softened fields;
Nor the still coming of the stars, nor throb
Of drum-skins in the busy town, nor screech
Of owl and night-jar; wholly wrapt from self
In keen unravelling of the threads of thought
And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinths.
Thus would he sit till midnight hushed the world,
Save where the beasts of darkness in the brake
Crept and cried out, as fear and hatred cry,
As lust and avarice and anger creep
In the black jungles of man's ignorance.
Then slept he for what space the fleet moon asks
To swim a tenth part of her cloudy sea;
But rose ere the False-dawn, and stood again

Wistful on some dark platform of his hill,
Watching the sleeping earth with ardent eyes
And thoughts embracing all its living things;
While o'er the waving fields that murmur moved
Which is the kiss of Morn waking the lands,
And in the east that miracle of Day
Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim
Night seems still unaware of whispered dawn,
But soon—before the jungle-cock crows twice—
A white verge clear, a widening, brightening white,
High as the herald-star, which fades in floods
Of silver, warming into pale gold, caught
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their rims
To fervent golden glow, flushed from the brink
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst;
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,
And, robed in raiment of glad light, the King
Of Life and Glory cometh!

Then our Lord,
After the manner of a Rishi, hailed
The rising orb, and went—ablutions made—
Down by the winding path unto the town;
And in the fashion of a Rishi passed
From street to street, with begging bowl in hand
Gathering the little pittance of his needs.
Soon was it filled, for all the townsmen cried,
"Take of our store, great sir!" and "Take of ours!"
Marking his godlike face and eyes enwrapt;
And mothers, when they saw our Lord go by,
Would bid their children fall to kiss his feet,
And lift his robe's hem to their brows, or run
To fill his jar, and fetch him milk and cakes.
And ofttimes as he paced, gentle and slow,
Radiant with heavenly pity, lost in care
For those he knew not, save as fellow-lives,
The dark surprised eyes of some Indian maid
Would dwell in sudden love and worship deep
On that majestic form, as if she saw
Her dreams of tenderest thought made true, and grace
Fairer than mortal fire her breast. But he
Passed onward with the bowl and yellow robe,
By mild speech paying all those gifts of hearts,

Wending his way back to the solitudes
To sit upon his hill with holy men,
And hear and ask of wisdom and its roads.

Midway on Ratnagiri's groves of calm,
Beyond the city, but below the caves,
Lodged such as hold the body foe to soul,
And flesh a beast which men must chain and tame
With bitter pains, till sense of pain is killed,
And tortured nerves vex torturer no more:
Yogis and Brahmacharis,[1] Bhikshus,[2] all
A gaunt and mournful band, dwelling apart.
Some day and night had stood with lifted arms,
Till—drained of blood and withered by disease—
Their slowly wasting joints and stiffened limbs
Jutted from sapless shoulders like dead forks
From forest trunks. Others had clenched their hands
So long and with so fierce a fortitude,
The claw-like nails grew through the festered palm.
Some walked on sandals spiked; some with sharp flints
Gashed breast and brow and thigh, scarred these with fire,
Threaded their flesh with jungle thorns and spits,
Besmeared with mud and ashes, crouching foul
In rags of dead men wrapped about their loins.
Certain there were inhabited the spots
Where death-pyres smouldered, cowering defiled
With corpses for their company, and kites
Screaming around them o'er the funeral-spoils:
Certain who cried five hundred times a day
The names of Shiva, knit with hissing snakes
About their sun-tanned necks and hollow flanks,
One palsied foot drawn up against the ham.
So gathered they, a grievous company;
Crowns blistered by the blazing heat, eyes bleared,
Sinews and muscles shrivelled, visages
Haggard and wan as slain men's, five days dead;
Here crouched one in the dust who noon by noon
Meted a thousand grains of millet out,
Ate it with famished patience, seed by seed,
And so starved on; there one who bruised his pulse
With bitter leaves lest palate should be pleased;

[1] Brahmana students. [2] Monks, devotees.

And next, a miserable saint self-maimed,
Eyeless and tongueless, sexless, crippled, deaf;
The body by the mind being thus stripped
For glory of much suffering, and the bliss
Which they shall win—say holy books—whose woe
Shames gods that send us woe, and makes men gods
Stronger to suffer than Hell is to harm.

Whom sadly eyeing spake our Lord to one,
Chief of the woe-begones: "Much-suffering sir!
These many moons I dwell upon the hill—
Who am a seeker of the Truth—and see
My brothers here, and thee, so piteously
Self-anguished; wherefore add ye ills to life
Which is so evil?"

Answer made the sage:
" 'Tis written if a man shall mortify
His flesh, till pain be grown the life he lives
And death voluptuous rest, such woes shall purge
Sin's dross away, and the soul, purified,
Soar from the furnace of its sorrow, winged
For glorious spheres and splendour past all thought."

"Yon cloud which floats in heaven," the Prince replied,
"Wreathed like gold cloth around your Indra's throne,
Rose thither from the tempest-driven sea;
But it must fall again in tearful drops,
Trickling through rough and painful water-ways
By cleft and nullah and the muddy flood,
To Gunga and the sea, wherefrom it sprang.
Know'st thou, my brother, if it be not thus,
After their many pains, with saints in bliss?
Since that which rises falls, and that which buys
Is spent; and if ye buy heav'n with your blood
In hell's hard market, when the bargain's through
The toil begins again!"

"It may begin,"
The hermit moaned. "Alas! we know not this,
Nor surely anything; yet after night
Day comes, and after turmoil peace, and we
Hate this accursed flesh which clogs the soul

That fain would rise; so, for the sake of soul,
We stake brief agonies in game with Gods
To gain the larger joys."

"Yet if they last
A myriad years," he said, "they fade at length,
Those joys; or if not, is there then some life
Below, above, beyond, so unlike life
It will not change? Speak! do your Gods endure
For ever, brothers?"
"Nay," the Yogis said,
"Only great Brahm endures: the Gods but live."

Then spake Lord Buddha: "Will ye, being wise,
As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones,
Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and moans,
For gains which may be dreams, and must have end?
Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your flesh,
So scourge and maim it, that it shall not serve
To bear the spirit on, searching for home,
But founder on the track before night-fall,
Like willing steed o'er-spurred? Will ye, sad sirs!
Dismantle and dismember this fair house,
Where we have come to dwell by painful pasts;
Whose windows give us light—the little light—
Whereby we gaze abroad to know if dawn
Will break, and whither winds the better road?"

Then cried they, "We have chosen this for road
And tread it, Rājaputra![1] till the close—
Though all its stones were fire—in trust of death.
Speak, if thou know'st a way more excellent;
If not, peace go with thee!"
Onward he passed,
Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men
Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
But plague it with fierce penances, belike
To please the Gods who grudge pleasure to man;
Belike to baulk hell by self-kindled hells;
Belike in holy madness, hoping soul

[1] Son of a king, prince; "putra" means son.

May break the better through their wasted flesh.
"Oh, flowerets of the field!" Siddārtha said,
"Who turn your tender faces to the sun—
Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned
Silver and gold and purple—none of ye
Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil
Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms! which rise
Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas,
What secret know ye that ye grow content,
From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,
Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered crowns?
Ye, too, who dwell so merry in the trees—
Quick-darting parrots, bee-birds, bulbuls, doves—
None of ye hate your life, none of ye deem
To strain to better by foregoing needs!
But man, who slays ye—being lord—is wise,
And wisdom, nursed on blood, cometh thus forth
In self-tormentings!"

While the Master spake
Blew down the mount the dust of pattering feet,
White goats and black sheep winding slow their way,
With many a lingering nibble at the tufts,
And wanderings from the path, where water gleamed
Or wild figs hung. But always as they strayed
The herdsman cried, or slung his sling, and kept
The silly crowd still moving to the plain.
A ewe with couplets in the flock there was,
Some hurt had lamed one lamb, which toiled behind
Bleeding, while in the front its fellow skipped,
And the vexed dam hither and thither ran,
Fearful to lose this little one or that;
Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly
He took the limping lamb upon his neck,
Saying, "Poor woolly mother, be at peace!
Whither thou goest I will bear thy care;
'Twere all as good to ease one beast of grief
As sit and watch the sorrows of the world
In yonder caverns with the priests who pray."

"But," spake he to the herdsmen, "wherefore, friends!
Drive ye the flocks adown under high noon,
Since 'tis at evening that men fold their sheep?"

And answer gave the peasants: "We are sent
To fetch a sacrifice of goats five-score,
And five-score sheep, the which our Lord the King
Slayeth this night in worship of his gods."
Then said the Master: "I will also go!"
So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb
Beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun,
The wistful ewe low bleating at his feet.

Whom, when they came unto the river-side
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low:
"Lord! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick
Of poison'; and another, 'He will die.'
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes; it was so very small
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And someone said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill—
Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe—
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,

'Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died:
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"
The Master smiled
Exceeding tenderly. "Yea! I spake thus,
Dear Kisagōtami![1] But didst thou find
The seed?"
"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut—
Here in the jungle and towards the town—
'I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola—black'; and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died—
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:
'O Sister! what is this you ask? the dead
Are very many, and the living few!'
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'
'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!'
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'
Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
Therefore I left my child—who would not suck
Nor smile—beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister! thou hast found," the Master said,
"Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm

[1] See story of Kisā Gotamī, in the section, "Some Buddhist Parables and Legends."

I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe;
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives—
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—
As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!"

So entered they the city side by side,
The herdsmen and the Prince, what time the sun
Gilded slow Sona's distant stream, and threw
Long shadows down the street and through the gate
Where the King's men kept watch. But when these saw
Our Lord bearing the lamb, the guards stood back,
The market-people drew their wains aside,
In the bazaar buyers and sellers stayed
The war of tongues to gaze on that mild face;
The smith, with lifted hammer in his hand,
Forgot to strike; the weaver left his web,
The scribe his scroll, the money-changer lost
His count of cowries; from the unwatched rice
Shiva's white bull fed free; the wasted milk
Ran o'er the lota while the milkers watched
The passage of our Lord moving so meek,
With yet so beautiful a majesty.
But most the women gathering in the doors
Asked, "Who is this that brings the sacrifice
So graceful and peace-giving as he goes?
What is his caste? whence hath he eyes so sweet?
Can he be Sākra[1] or the Devaraj[2]?"
And others said, "It is the holy man
Who dwelleth with the Rishis on the hill."
But the Lord paced, in meditation lost,
Thinking, "Alas! for all my sheep which have
No shepherd; wandering in the night with none
To guide them; bleating blindly towards the knife
Of Death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin."

[1] Another name for Indra.
[2] Devaraj, ruler of the gods

Then some one told the King, "There cometh here
A holy hermit, bringing down the flock
Which thou didst bid to crown thy sacrifice."

The King stood in his hall of offering,
On either hand the white-robed Brahmans ranged
Muttered their mantras, feeding still the fire
Which roared upon the midmost altar. There
From scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame,
Hissing and curling as they licked the gifts
Of ghee and spices and the Soma juice,
The joy of Indra. Round about the pile
A slow, thick, scarlet streamlet smoked and ran,
Sucked by the sand, but ever rolling down,
The blood of bleating victims. One such lay,
A spotted goat, long-horned, its head bound back
With munja grass; at its stretched throat the knife
Pressed by a priest, who murmured, "This, dread gods,
Of many yajnas[1] cometh as the crown
From Bimbisāra: take ye joy to see
The spirted blood, and pleasure in the scent
Of rich flesh roasting 'mid the fragrant flames;
Let the King's sins be laid upon this goat,
And let the fire consume them burning it,
For now I strike."
But Buddha softly said,
"Let him not strike, great King!" and therewith loosed
The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great
His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays
For mercy to the gods, is merciless,
Being as god to those; albeit all life
Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set

[1] Sacrifices.

Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.
Also he spake of what the holy books
Do surely teach, how that at death some sink
To bird and beast, and these rise up to man
In wanderings of the spark which grows purged flame.
So were the sacrifice new sin, if so
The fated passage of a soul be stayed.
Nor, spake he, shall one wash his spirit clean
By blood; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood;
Nor bribe them, being evil; nay, nor lay
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts
One hair's weight of that answer all must give
For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that
The fixed arithmetic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
Thus spake he, breathing words so piteous,
With such high lordliness of ruth and right,
The priests drew down their garments o'er the hands
Crimsoned with slaughter, and the King came near,
Standing with clasped palms reverencing Buddh;
While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair
This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice;
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in his wise graved
On rock and column: "Thus the King's will is:—
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful."
So ran the edict, and from those days forth

Sweet peace hath spread between all living ;
Man and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,
On all those banks of Gunga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.

For aye so piteous was the Master's heart
To all that breathe this breath of fleeting life,
Yoked in one fellowship of joys and pains,
That it is written in the holy books
How, in an ancient age—when Buddha wore
A Brahman's form, dwelling upon the rock
Named Munda, by the village of Dālidd—
Drought withered all the land: the young rice died
Ere it could hide a quail; in forest glades
A fierce sun sucked the pools; grasses and herbs
Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled
Scattering for sustenance. At such a time
Between the hot walls of a nullah, stretched
On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,
A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs
Glared with green flame; her dry tongue lolled a span
Beyond the gasping jaws and shrivelled jowl:
Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs,
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch
Rotten with rains; and at the poor lean dugs
Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked,
Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered nought;
While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly
The clamorous twins, and gave her flank to them
With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,
Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith
She laid her famished muzzle to the sand
And roared a savage thunder-peal of woe.
Seeing which bitter strait, and heeding nought
Save the immense compassion of a Buddh,
Our Lord bethought: "There is no other way
To help this murderess of the woods but one.
By sunset these will die, having no meat:
There is no living heart will pity her,
Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.
Lo! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,
And how can love lose doing of its kind

Even to the uttermost?" So saying, Buddh
Silently laid aside sandals and staff,
His sacred thread, turban, and cloth, and came
Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,
Saying, "Ho! mother, here is meat for thee!"
Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,
Sprang from her cubs, and, hurling to the earth
That willing victim, had her feast of him
With all the crooked daggers of her claws
Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs
Bathed in his blood: the great cat's burning breath
Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love.

Thus large the Master's heart was long ago,
Not only now, when with his gracious ruth
He bade cease cruel worship of the Gods.
And much King Bimbisāra prayed our Lord—
Learning his royal birth and holy search—
To tarry in that city, saying oft,
"Thy princely state may not abide such fasts;
Thy hands were made for sceptres, not for alms.
Sojourn with me, who have no son to rule,
And teach my kingdom wisdom, till I die,
Lodged in my palace with a beauteous bride."
But ever spake Siddārtha, of set mind:
"These things I had, most noble King, and left,
Seeking the truth; which still I seek, and shall;
Not to be stayed though Sākra's palace ope'd
Its doors of pearl and Devīs[1] wooed me in.
I go to build the Kingdom of the Law,
Journeying to Gaya and the forest shades,
Where, as I think, the light will come to me;
For nowise here among the Rishis comes
That light, nor from the Shasters,[2] nor from fasts
Borne till the body faints, starved by the soul.
Yet there is light to reach and truth to win;
And surely, O true Friend, if I attain
I will return and quit thy love."
Thereat
Thrice round the Prince King Bimbisāra paced,
Reverently bending to the Master's feet,

[1] Feminine celestial spirits.
[2] Also *shastra*, *sastra*, a Hindu sacred book, particularly a book of laws.

And bade him speed. So passed our Lord away
Towards Uravilva, not yet comforted,
And wan of face, and weak with six years' quest.
But they upon the hill and in the grove—
Alāra, Udra, and the ascetics five—
Had stayed him, saying all was written clear
In holy Shasters, and that none might win
Higher than *Sruti*[1] and than *Smriti*[2]—nay,
Not the chief saints!—for how should mortal man
Be wiser than the Jnana-Kānd,[3] which tells
That Brahm is bodiless and actionless,
Passionless, calm, unqualified, unchanged,
Pure life, pure thought, pure joy? Or how should man
Be better than the Karma-Kānd,[4] which shows
How he may strip passion and action off,
Break from the bond of self, and so, unsphered,
Be God, and melt into the vast divine;
Flying from false to true, from wars of sense
To peace eternal, where the Silence lives?

But the Prince heard them, not yet comforted.

BOOK THE SIXTH

THOU, who wouldst see where dawned the light at last,
North-westwards from the "Thousand Gardens" go
By Gunga's valley till thy steps be set
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring,
Nilājan and Mohāna; follow them,
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahūa-trees,
'Mid thickets of the sansār and the bir,
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet
In Phalgu's bed, flowing by rocky banks
To Gāya and the red Barabar hills.
Hard by that river spreads a thorny waste,
Uruwelaya named in ancient days,
With sandhills broken; on its verge a wood
Waves sea-green plumes and tassels thwart the sky,
With undergrowth wherethrough a still flood steals,

[1] The *Vedas*, orally handed down and considered as divine revelation.
[2] Name of a religious scripture.
[3] The knowledge portion of the *Vedas*
[4] The ritualistic portion of the *Vedas*

Dappled with lotus-blossoms, blue and white,
And peopled with quick fish and tortoises.
Near it the village of Senāni reared
Its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms,
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.

There in the sylvan solitudes once more
Lord Buddha lived, musing the woes of men,
The ways of fate, the doctrines of the books,
The lessons of the creatures of the brake,
The secrets of the silence whence all come,
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go,
The life which lies between, like that arch flung
From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath
Mists for its masonry and vapoury piers,
Melting to void again which was so fair
With sapphire hues, garnet, and chrysoprase.
Moon after moon our Lord sate in the wood,
So meditating these that he forgot
Ofttimes the hour of food, rising from thoughts
Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the noon,
To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce
Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead,
Shaken to earth by chattering ape or plucked
By purple parakeet. Therefore his grace
Faded; his body, worn by stress of soul,
Lost day by day the marks, thirty and two,
Which testify the Buddha. Scarce that leaf,
Fluttering so dry and withered to his feet
From off the sāl-branch, bore less likeliness
Of spring's soft greenery than he of him
Who was the princely flower of all his land.

And once, at such a time, the o'erwrought Prince
Fell to the earth in deadly swoon, all spent,
Even as one slain, who hath no longer breath
Nor any stir of blood; so wan he was,
So motionless. But there came by that way
A shepherd-boy, who saw Siddārtha lie
With lids fast-closed, and lines of nameless pain
Fixed on his lips—the fiery noonday sun
Beating upon his head—who, plucking boughs

From wild rose-apple trees, knitted them thick
Into a bower to shade the sacred face.
Also he poured upon the Master's lips
Drops of warm milk, pressed from his she-goat's bag,
Lest, being low caste, he, by touching, wrong one
So high and holy seeming. But the books
Tell how the jambu-branches, planted thus,
Shot with quick life, in wealth of leaf and flower,
And glowing fruitage interlaced and close,
So that the bower grew like a tent of silk
Pitched for a king at hunting, decked with studs
Of silver-work and bosses of red gold.
And the boy worshipped, deeming him some God;
But our Lord gaining breath, arose and asked
Milk in the shepherd's lota. "Ah, my Lord,
I cannot give thee," quoth the lad; "thou seest
I am a Sudra,[1] and my touch defiles!"
Then the World-honoured spake: "Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deed
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
Give me to drink, my brother; when I come
Unto my quest it shall be good for thee."
Thereat the peasant's heart was glad, and gave.

And on another day there passed that road
A band of tinselled girls, the nautch-dancers
Of Indra's temple in the town, with those
Who made their music—one that beat a drum
Set round with peacock-feathers, one that blew
The piping bansuli, and one that twitched
A three-string sitar. Lightly tripped they down
From ledge to ledge and through the chequered paths
To some gay festival, the silver bells
Chiming soft peals about the small brown feet,
Armlets and wrist-rings tattling answer shrill;
While he that bore the sitar thrummed and twanged
His threads of brass, and she beside him sang—

[1] The lowest caste

"Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's tuned;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of men.

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

So sang the nautch-girl to the pipe and wires,
Fluttering like some vain, painted butterfly
From glade to glade along the forest path,
Nor dreamed her light words echoed on the ear
Of him, that holy man, who sate so rapt
Under the fig-tree by the path. But Buddh
Lifted his great brow as the wantons passed,
And spake: "The foolish ofttimes teach the wise;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most;
Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope."

Now, by that river dwelt a landholder
Pious and rich, master of many herds,
A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor;
And from his house the village drew its name—
"Senāni." Pleasant and in peace he lived,
Having for wife Sujāta, loveliest
Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain;
Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—
Passing calm years of household happiness
Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.
Wherefore, with many prayers she had besought
Lukshmi; and many nights at full-moon gone
Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil
Praying a boy; also Sujāta vowed—
If this should be—an offering of food

Unto the Wood-God, plenteous, delicate,
Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,
Such as the lips of Devs[1] may taste and take.
And this had been: for there was born to her
A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay
Between Sujāta's breasts, while she did pace
With grateful footsteps to the Wood-God's shrine,
One arm clasping her crimson sari close
The wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,
The other lifted high in comely curve
To steady on her head the bowl and dish
Which held the dainty victuals for the God.

But Radha, sent before to sweep the ground
And tie the scarlet threads around the tree,
Came eager, crying, "Ah, dear Mistress! look.
There is the Wood-God sitting in his place,
Revealed, with folded hands upon his knees.
See how the light shines round about his brow!
How mild and great he seems, with heavenly eyes!
Good fortune is it thus to meet the gods."

So,—thinking him divine,—Sujāta drew
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,
With sweet face bent, "Would that the Holy One
Inhabiting this grove, Giver of good,
Merciful unto me his handmaiden,
Vouchsafing now his presence, might accept
These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh made,
With milk as white as new-carved ivory!"

Therewith into the golden bowl she poured
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddh
Dropped attar from a crystal flask—distilled
Out of the hearts of roses: and he ate,
Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood
In reverence apart. But of that meal
So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord
Felt strength and life return as though the nights
Of watching and the days of fast had passed
In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh

[1] Devas (spirits).

Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,
Like some delighted bird at sudden streams,
Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand
Which lave the desert dust from neck and crest.
And more Sujāta worshipped, seeing our Lord
Grow fairer and his countenance more bright:
"Art thou indeed the God?" she lowly asked,
"And hath my gift found favour?"

But Buddh said,
"What is it thou dost bring me?"
"Holy One!"
Answered Sujāta, "from our droves I took
Milk of a hundred mothers, newly-calved,
And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then
With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs
The six noblest and best of all our herds.
That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice
In silver lotas, adding rice, well grown
From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,
So picked that every grain was like a pearl.
This did I of true heart, because I vowed
Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy
I would make offering for my joy, and now
I have my son, and all my life is bliss!"

Softly our Lord drew down the crimson fold,
And, laying on the little head those hands
Which help the worlds, he said, "Long be thy bliss!
And lightly fall on him the load of life!
For thou hast holpen me who am no God,
But one, thy Brother; heretofore a Prince
And now a wanderer, seeking night and day
These six hard years that light which somewhere shines
To lighten all men's darkness, if they knew!
And I shall find the light; yea, now it dawned
Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed
Which this pure food, fair Sister, hath restor
Drawn manifold through lives to quicken life
As life itself passes by many births
To happier heights and purging off of sins.

Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough
Only to live? Can life and love suffice?"

Answered Sujāta, "Worshipful! my heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moists the field.
It is enough for me to feel life's sun
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,
Making the loving summer of our home.
Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares
From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,
And give forth grain, and trim the tulsi-plant,
And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,
When my Lord lays his head upon my lap
Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan;
And so to supper-time at quiet eve,
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.
Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,
After the temple and the talk with friends.
How should I not be happy, blest so much,
And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand
Shall lead his soul to Swarga,[1] if it need?
For holy books teach when a man shall plant
Trees for the travellers' shade, and dig a well
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,
It shall be good for such after their death;
And what the books say that I humbly take,
Being not wiser than those great of old
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.
Also I think that good must come of good
And ill of evil—surely—unto all—
In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now'?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold

1 Heaven

Lurks in those little, naked, grey spring-buds.
Ah, Sir! I know there might be woes to bear
Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust.
If this my babe pass first I think my heart
Would break—almost I hope my heart would break,
That I might clasp him dead and wait my Lord—
In whatsoever world holds faithful wives—
Duteous, attending till his hour should come.
But if Death called Senāni, I should mount
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,
My daily way, rejoicing when the torch
Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke.
For it is written if an Indian wife
Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul
For every hair upon her head a crore
Of years in Swarga. Therefore fear I not;
And therefore, Holy Sir! my life is glad,
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,
Whereon the gods grant pity! But for me,
What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach,
Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus
Thy way of right and duty: grow, thou flower!
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade—the light
Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves
Which must spread broad in other suns, and lift
In later lives a crownèd head to the sky.
Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee!
Excellent heart! learnèd unknowingly,
As the dove is which flieth home by love.
In thee is seen why there is hope for man
And where we hold the wheel of life at will.
Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!
As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."

"Mayest thou achieve!" she said, with earnest eyes

Bent on her babe; who reached its tender hands
To Buddh—knowing, belike, as children know,
More than we deem, and reverencing our Lord;
But he arose—made strong with that pure meat—
And bent his footsteps where a great Tree grew,
The Bōdhi-tree[1] (thenceforward in all years
Never to fade, and ever to be kept
In homage of the world), beneath whose leaves
It was ordained the Truth should come to Buddh:
Which now the Master knew; wherefore he went
With measured pace, steadfast, majestical,
Unto the Tree of Wisdom. Oh, ye Worlds!
Rejoice! our Lord wended unto the Tree!

Whom—as he passed into its ample shade,
Cloistered with columned dropping stems, and roofed
With vaults of glistening green—the conscious earth
Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush
Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs
Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed
Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus-scents
Breathed by the water-gods. Large wondering eyes
Of woodland creatures—panther, boar, and deer—
At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign
From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound
The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood
In honour of our Lord; bright butterflies
Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,
To be his fan-bearers; the fierce kite dropped
Its prey and screamed; the striped palm-squirrel raced
From stem to stem to see; the weaver bird
Chirped from her swinging nest; the lizard ran;
The koil sang her hymn; the doves flocked round;
Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad.
Voices of earth and air joined in one song,
Which unto ears that hear said, "Lord and Friend!
Lover and Saviour! Thou who hast subdued
Angers and prides, desires and fears and doubts,
Thou that for each and all hast given thyself,
Pass to the Tree! The sad world blesseth thee
Who art the Buddh that shall assuage her woes.

[1] The Wisdom-Tree, famous in Buddhist scriptures; *bodhi*, wisdom.

Pass, Hailed and Honoured! strive thy last for us,
King and high Conqueror! thine hour is come;
This is the Night the ages waited for!"
Then fell the night, even as our Master sate
Under that Tree. But he who is the Prince
Of Darkness, Mara—knowing this was Buddh
Who should deliver men, and now the hour
When he should find the Truth and save the worlds—
Gave unto all his evil powers command.
Wherefore there trooped from every deepest pit
The fiends who war with Wisdom and the Light,
Arati, Trishna, Raga, and their crew
Of passions, horrors, ignorances, lusts,
The brood of gloom and dread; all hating Buddh,
Seeking to shake his mind; nor knoweth one,
Not even the wisest, how those fiends of Hell
Battled that night to keep the Truth from Buddh:
Sometimes with terrors of the tempest, blasts
Of demon-armies clouding all the wind
With thunder, and with blinding lightning flung
In jagged javelins of purple wrath
From splitting skies; sometimes with wiles and words
Fair-sounding, 'mid hushed leaves and softened airs
From shapes of witching beauty; wanton songs,
Whispers of love; sometimes with royal allures
Of proffered rule; sometimes with mocking doubts,
Making truth vain. But whether these befell
Without and visible, or whether Buddh
Strove with fell spirits in his inmost heart,
Judge ye:—I write what ancient books have writ.

The ten chief Sins came—Mara's mighty ones,
Angels of evil—Attavāda first,
The Sin of Self, who in the Universe
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,
And, crying "I," would have the world say "I,"
And all things perish so if she endure.
"If thou be'st Buddh," she said, "let others grope
Lightless; it is enough that Thou art Thou
Changelessly; rise and take the bliss of gods
Who change not, heed not, strive not." But Buddh spake,
"The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse:

Melt to thy void again!" Thereat, a cry
Thrilled through the grove, and all that comely rout
Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail
Of vaprous robes.
Next, under darkening skies
And noise of rising storm, came fiercer Sins,
The rearmost of the Ten; Patigha—Hate—
With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.
Little wrought she upon that Holy One
Who with her calm eyes dumbled her bitter lips
And made her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.
Then followed Ruparaga—Lust of days—
That sensual Sin which out of greed for life
Forgets to live; and next him Lust of Fame,
Nobler Aruparaga, she whose spell
Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,
Battles and toils. And haughty Mano came,
The Field of Pride; and smooth Self-Righteousness,
Uddhachcha; and—with many a hideous band
Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped
Toad-like and bat-like—Ignorance, the Dam
Of Fear and Wrong, Avidya, hideous hag,
Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,
The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams
Of levin-lighted rain; stars shot from heaven,
The solid earth shuddered as if one laid
Flame to her gaping wounds; the torn black air
Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,
Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts
Terrible and majestic, Lords of Hell
Who from a thousand Limbos led their troops
To tempt the Master.
But Buddh heeded not,
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled
As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;
Also the Sacred Tree—the Bōdhi-tree—
Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf
Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves
No zephyr spills the gathering gems of dew;

For all this clamour raged outside the shade
Spread by those cloistered stems:
In the third watch,—
The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,
A soft air breathing from the sinking moon—
Our Lord attained *Sammā-sambuddh;*[1] he saw,
By light which shines beyond our mortal ken,
The line of all his lives in all the worlds;
Far back, and farther back, and farthest yet,
Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,
At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks
His path wind up by precipice and crag,
Past thick-set woods shrunk to a patch; through bogs
Glittering false-green; down hollows where he toiled
Breathless; on dizzy ridges where his feet
Had well-nigh slipped; beyond the sunny lawns,
The cataract, and the cavern, and the pool,
Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang
To reach the blue; thus Buddha did behold
Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low
Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher
Whereon the ten great Virtues wait to lead
The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw
How new life reaps what the old life did sow;
How where its march breaks off its march begins;
Holding the gain and answering for the loss;
And how in each life good begets more good,
Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up
Debit or credit, whereupon th' account
In merits or demerits stamps itself
By sure arithmic—where no tittle drops—
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives foregone:
And in the middle watch
Our Lord attained *Abhidjna*[2]—insight vast
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns

[1] Highest knowledge, perfect wisdom; the final liberation from the errors of mortal perceptions.
[2] Supernatural powers.

Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one, yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds
By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendours, star to star
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
From centres ever shifting unto cirques
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas[1]—terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,
Measureless unto speech—whereby these wax
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfils its shining life, and darkling dies.
Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking—behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fulness void, to form the yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best,
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods,
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme;
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use:
So that all things do well which serve the Power,
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly
Globing together in the common work;
And man who lives to die, dies to live well

[1] World epochs and super-epochs.

So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small which suffer life.
These did our Lord see in the middle watch.

But, when the fourth watch came, the secret came
Of Sorrow, which with evil mars the law,
As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire.
Then was the Dukkha-Satya[1] opened him
First of the "Noble Truths"; how Sorrow is
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
Not to be laid aside until one lays
Living aside, with all its changing states,
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
Being and doing. How that none strips off
These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks
Knowledge to know them snares; but he who knows
Avidya—Delusion—set those snares,
Loves life no longer, but ensues escape.
The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees
Delusion breeds Sankhāra, Tendency
Perverse; Tendency Energy—Vidnnān—
Whereby comes Nāmarūpa, local Form
And Name and Bodiment, bringing the man
With senses naked to the sensible,
A helpless mirror of all shows which pass
Across his heart; and so Vedanā grows—
'Sense-life'—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,
But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,
Trishna, that thirst which makes the living drink
Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves
Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love;
Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes and pride
Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife
To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,
Some bitter. Thus Life's thirst quenches itself
With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise
Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense
No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek

[1] The truth regarding sorrows.

All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
And so constraining passions that they die
Famished; till all the sum of ended life—
The *Karma*[1]—all that total of a soul
Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
The 'Self' it wove—with woof of viewless time,
Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—
The outcome of him on the Universe,
Grows pure and sinless; either never more
Needing to find a body and a place,
Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
In new existence that the new toils prove
Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
Thus "finishing the Path"; free from Earth's cheats;
Released from all the Skandhas of the flesh;
Broken from ties—from Upādānas—saved
From whirling on the Wheel; aroused and sane
As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.
Until—greater than Kings, than Gods more glad!—
The aching craze to live, ends and life glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed NIRVANA—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes!

Lo! the Dawn
Sprang with Buddh's victory! lo! in the East
Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth
Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.
High in the widening blue the herald-star
Faded to paler silver as there shot
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills
Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,
And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower
Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan unfold
Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,
Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,
Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved
Glad salutation; darting beams of gold

[1] Action or life, with its law of consequences in the present and future life.

Into the glades; touching with magic wand
The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake
Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes
And saying "It is day!" in nested sleep
Touching the small heads under many a wing
And whispering "Children, praise the light of day!"
Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,
The Köil's fluted song, the Bulbul's hymn,
The "morning, morning" of the painted thrush,
The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth
To find the honey ere the bees be out,
The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's chirp,
The never-finished love-talks of the doves:
Yea! and so holy was the influence
Of that high Dawn which came with victory
That, far and near, in homes of men there spread
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;
The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff
Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.
Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped
Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled
As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung
From fountains farther than the utmost East;
And o'er the heart of sad Yasōdhara,
Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddārtha's bed,
Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail
Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.
So glad the World was—though it wist not why—
That over desolate wastes went swooning songs
Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Prets and Bhuts
Foreseeing Buddh; and Devas in the air
Cried "It is finished, finished!" and the priests
Stood with the wondering people in the streets
Watching those golden splendours flood the sky,
And saying "There hath happed some mighty thing."
Also in Ran and Jungle grew that day
Friendship amongst the creatures; spotted deer
Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,
And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks;

Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam
With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass
The nestling-finch; the emerald halcyons
Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—
Crimson and blue and amber—flitted back
Around his perch; the Spirit of our Lord
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,
Even while he mused under that Bōdhi-tree,
Glorified with the Conquest gained for all,
And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.
Then he arose—radiant, rejoicing, strong—
Beneath the Tree, and lifting high his voice
Spake this, in hearing of all Times and Worlds:—

Many a House of life
Hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught;
Sore was my ceaseless strife!
But now,
Thou Builder of this Tabernacle—Thou!
I know Thee! Never shalt Thou build again
These walls of pain,
Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay
Fresh rafters on the clay;
Broken Thy house is, and the ridge-pole split!
Delusion fashioned it!
Safe pass I thence—deliverance to obtain.

BOOK THE SEVENTH

Sorrowful dwelt the King Suddhōdana
All those long years among the Sākya Lords
Lacking the speech and presence of his Son;
Sorrowful sate the sweet Yasōdhara
All those long years, knowing no joy of life,
Widowed of him her living Liege and Prince.
And ever, on the news of some recluse
Seen far away by pasturing camel-men
Or traders threading devious paths for gain,

Messengers from the King had gone and come,
Bringing account of many a holy sage
Lonely and lost to home; but nought of him
The crown of white Kapilavastu's line,
The glory of her monarch and his hope,
The heart's content of sweet Yasōdhara,
Far-wandered now, forgetful, changed, or dead.

But on a day in the Wasanta-time,
When silver sprays swing on the mango-trees
And all the earth is clad with garb of spring,
The Princess sate by that bright garden-stream
Whose gliding glass, bordered with lotus-cups,
Mirrored so often in the bliss gone by
Their clinging hands and meeting lips. Her lids
Were wan with tears, her tender cheeks had thinned;
Her lips' delicious curves were drawn with grief;
The lustrous glory of her hair was hid—
Close-bound as widows use; no ornament
She wore, nor any jewel clasped the cloth—
Coarse, and of mourning-white—crossed on her breast.
Slow moved and painfully those small fine feet
Which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall
In old years at the loving voice of him.
Her eyes, those lamps of love,—which were as if
Sunlight should shine from out the deepest dark,
Illumining Night's peace with Daytime glow—
Unlighted now, and roving aimlessly,
Scarce marked the clustering signs of coming Spring,
So the silk lashes drooped over their orbs.
In one hand was a girdle thick with pearls,
Siddārtha's—treasured since that night he fled—
(Ah, bitter Night! mother of weeping days!
When was fond Love so pitiless to love,
Save that this scorned to limit love by life?)
The other led her little son, a boy
Divinely fair, the pledge Siddārtha left—
Named Rāhula—now seven years old, who tripped
Gladsome beside his mother, light of heart
To see the spring-blooms burgeon o'er the world.

So, while they lingered by the lotus-pools,

And, lightly laughing, Rāhula flung rice
To feed the blue and purple fish; and she
With sad eyes watched the swiftly-flying cranes,
Sighing, "Oh! creatures of the wandering wing,
If ye shall light where my dear Lord is hid,
Say that Yasōdhara lives nigh to death
For one word of his mouth, one touch of him!"—
Thus, as they played and sighed—mother and child—
Came some among the damsels of the Court
Saying, "Great Princess! there have entered in
At the south gate merchants of Hastinpūr,
Tripusha called and Bhalluk, men of worth,
Long travelled from the loud sea's edge, who bring
Marvellous lovely webs pictured with gold,
Waved blades of gilded steel, wrought bowls in brass,
Cut ivories, spice, simples, and unknown birds,
Treasures of far-off peoples; but they bring
That which doth beggar these, for He is seen!
Thy Lord,—our Lord,—the hope of all the land—
Siddārtha! they have seen him face to face,
Yea, and have worshipped him with knees and brows,
And offered offerings; for he is become
All which was shown, a Teacher of the wise,
World-honoured, holy, wonderful; a Buddh
Who doth deliver men and save all flesh
By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven:
And, lo! he journeyeth hither, these do say."

Then—while the glad blood bounded in her veins
Gunga leaps when first the mountain snows
lt at her springs—uprose Yasōdhara
And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming tears
Beading her lashes. "Oh! call quick " she cried,
"These merchants to my purdah, for mine ears
Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news.
Go bring them in,—but, if their tale be true
Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,
With gems that Kings shall envy: come ye too
My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart."

So went those merchants to the Pleasure-House

Full softly pacing through its golden ways
With naked feet, amid the peering maids,
Much wondering at the glories of the Court.
Whom, when they came without the purdah's folds,
A voice, tender and eager, filled and charmed
With trembling music, saying, "Ye are come
From far, fair Sirs! and ye have seen my Lord—
Yea, worshipped—for he is become a Buddh,
World-honoured, holy, and delivers men,
And journeyeth hither. Speak! for, if this be,
Friends are ye of my House, welcome and dear."

Then answer made Tripusha, "We have seen
That sacred Master, Princess! we have bowed
Before his feet; for who was lost a Prince
Is found a greater than the King of kings.
Under the Bōdhi-tree by Phalgū's bank
That which shall save the world hath late been wrought
By him,—the Friend of all, the Prince of all—
Thine most, High Lady! from whose tears men win
The comfort of this Word the Master speaks.
Lo! he is well, as one beyond all ills,
Uplifted as a god from earthly woes,
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear.
Moreover as he entereth town by town,
Preaching these noble ways which lead to peace,
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves
Troop to the wind or sheep draw after one
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard,
By Gaya in the green Tchīrnika grove,
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence:
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall."

Thus spake he, and Yasōdhara, for joy,
Scarce mastered breath to answer, "Be it well
Now and at all times with ye, worthy friends!
Who bring good tidings; but of this great thing
Wist ye how it befell?"

Then Bhalluk told
Such as the people of the valleys knew
Of that dread night of conflict, when the air
Darkened with fiendish shadows, and the earth

Quaked, and the waters swelled with Māra's wrath.
Also how gloriously that morning broke
Radiant with rising hopes for man, and how
The Lord was found rejoicing 'neath his Tree.
But many days the burden of release—
To be escaped beyond all storms of doubt,
Safe on Truth's shore—lay, spake he, on that heart
A golden load; for how shall men—Buddh mused—
Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,
And drink of error from a thousand springs,
Having no mind to see, nor strength to break
The fleshly snare which binds them—how should such
Receive the Twelve Nidānas[1] and the Law
Redeeming all, yet strange to profit by,
As the caged bird oft shuns its opened door?
So had we missed the helpful victory
If, in this earth without a refuge, Buddh,
Winning the way, had deemed it all too hard
For mortal feet and passed, none following him.
Yet pondered the compassion of our Lord;
But in that hour there rang a voice as sharp
As cry of travail, so as if the earth
Moaned in birth-throe, "*Nasyami aham bhū*
Nasyati lóka!" SURELY I AM LOST,
I AND MY CREATURES: then a pause, and next
A pleading sigh borne on the western wind,
"*Sruyatām dharma, Bhagwat!*" OH, SUPREME!
LET THY GREAT LAW BE UTTERED! Whereupon
The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,
Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear,
As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes
Seeth which buds will open to his beams
And which are not yet risen from their roots;
Then spake, divinely smiling, "Yea! I preach!
Whoso will listen let him learn the Law."

Afterwards passed he, said they, by the hills
Unto Benares, where he taught the Five,
Showing how birth and death should be destroyed,
And how man hath no fate except past deeds,

[1] Causes. The twelve Nidānas form the chain of causation which carries on the misery of the world.

No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.
This was the fifteenth day of Vaishya
Mid-afternoon, and that night was full moon.

But, of the Rishis, first Kaundinya
Owned the Four Truths and entered on the Paths;
And after him Bhadraka, Asvajit,
Basava; Mahānāma; also there
Within the Deer-park, at the feet of Buddh,
Yasad the Prince with nobles fifty-four,
Hearing the blessed word our Master spake,
Worshipped and followed; for there sprang up peace
And knowledge of a new time come for men
In all who heard, as spring the flowers and grass
When water sparkles through a sandy plain.

These sixty—said they—did our Lord send forth,
Made perfect in restraint and passion-free,
To teach the Way; but the World-honoured turned
South from the Deer-park and Isipatan
To Yashti and King Bimbisāra's realm,
Where many days he taught; and after these
King Bimbisāra and his folk believed,
Learning the law of love and ordered life.
Also he gave the Master, of free gift,—
Pouring forth water on the hands of Buddh,—
The Bamboo-Garden, named Wéluvana,
Wherein are streams and caves and lovely glades;
And the King set a stone there, carved with this:—

"What life's course and cause sustain
These Tathāgato made plain;
What delivers from life's woe
That our Lord hath made us know."

And, in that Garden—said they—there was held
A high Assembly, where the Teacher spake
Wisdom and power, winning all souls which heard;
So that nine hundred took the yellow robe—
Such as the Master wears,—and spread his Law;

And this the gāthā[1] was wherewith he closed:—

"Evil swells the debts to pay,
Good delivers and acquits;
Shun evil, follow good; hold sway
Over thyself. This is the Way."

Whom, when they ended, speaking so of him,
With gifts, and thanks which made the jewels dull,
The Princess recompensed. "But by what road
Wendeth my Lord?" she asked: the merchants said,
' Yōjans[2] threescore stretch from the city-walls
To Rājagriha, whence the easy path
Passeth by Sona hither, and the hills.
Our oxen, treading eight slow koss a day,
Came in one moon."
Then the King, hearing word,
Sent nobles of the Court—well-mounted lords—
Nine separate messengers, each embassy
Bidden to say, "The King Suddhōdana—
Nearer the pyre by seven long years of lack,
Wherethrough he hath not ceased to seek for thee—
Prays of his son to come unto his own,
The Throne and people of this longing Realm,
Lest he shall die and see thy face no more."
Also nine horsemen sent Yasōdhara
Bidden to say, "The Princess of thy House—
Rāhula's mother—craves to see thy face
As the night-blowing moon-flower's swelling heart
Pines for the moon, as pale asōka-buds
Wait for a woman's foot: if thou hast found
More than was lost, she prays her part in this,
Rāhula's part, but most of all thyself."
So sped the Sākya Lords, but it befell
That each one, with the message in his mouth,
Entered the Bamboo-Garden in that hour
When Buddha taught his Law; and—hearing—each
Forgot to speak, lost thought of King and quest,
Of the sad Princess even; only gazed
Eye-rapt upon the Master; only hung
Heart-caught upon the speech, compassionate,

[1] A short religious poem, consisting of one verse.
[2] Short for *yōjanas*, each nine English miles.

Commanding, perfect, pure, enlightening all,
Poured from those sacred lips. Look! like a bee
Winged for the hive, who sees the mōgras spread
And scents their utter sweetness on the air,
If he be honey-filled, it matters not;
If night be nigh, or rain, he will not heed;
Needs must he light on those delicious blooms
And drain their nectar; so these messengers
One with another, hearing Buddha's words,
Let go the purpose of their speed, and mixed,
Heedless of all, amid the Master's train.
Wherefore the King bade that Udayi go—
Chiefest in all the Court, and faithfullest,
Siddārtha's playmate in the happier days—
Who, as he drew anear the garden, plucked
Blown tufts of tree-wool from the grove and sealed
The entrance of his hearing; thus he came
Safe through the lofty peril of the place,
And told the message of the King, and hers.

Then meekly bowed his head and spake our Lord
Before the people, "Surely I shall go!
It is my duty as it was my will;
Let no man miss to render reverence
To those who lend him life, whereby come means
To live and die no more, but safe attain
Blissful Nirvāna, if ye keep the Law,
Purging past wrongs and adding nought thereto,
Complete in love and lovely charities.
Let the King know and let the Princess hear
I take the way forewith." This told, the folk
Of white Kapilavastu and its fields
Made ready for the entrance of their Prince.
At the south gate a bright pavilion rose
With flower-wreathed pillars, and the walls of silk
Wrought on their red and green with woven gold.
Also the roads were laid with scented boughs
Of neem and mango, and full mussuks shed
Sandal and jasmine on the dust; and flags
Fluttered; and on the day when he should come
It was ordained how many elephants—

With silver howdahs[1] and their tusks gold-tipped—
Should wait beyond the ford, and where the drums
Should boom "Siddārtha cometh!" where the lords
Should light and worship, and the dancing girls
Where they should strew their flowers, with dance and song
So that the steed he rode might tramp knee-deep
In rose and balsam, and the ways be fair;
While the town rang with music and high joy.
This was ordained and all men's ears were pricked
Dawn after dawn to catch the first drum's beat
Announcing, "Now he cometh!"
But it fell—
Eager to be before—Yasōdhara
Rode in her litter to the city walls
Where soared the bright pavilion. All around
A beauteous garden smiled—Nigrōdha named—
Shaded with bel-trees and the green-plumed dates,
New-trimmed and gay with winding walks and banks
Of fruits and flowers; for the southern road
Skirted its lawns, on this hand leaf and bloom,
On that the suburb-huts where base-borns dwelt
Outside the gates, a patient folk and poor,
Whose touch for Kshatriya and priest of Brahm
Were sort defilement. Yet those, too, were quick
With expectation, rising ere the dawn
To peer along the road, to climb the trees
At far-off trumpet of some elephant,
Or stir of temple-drum; and when none came,
Busied with lowly chores to please the Prince;
Sweeping their door-stones, setting forth their flags,
Stringing the fluted fig-leaves into chains,
New furbishing the Lingam, decking new
Yesterday's faded arch of boughs, but aye
Questioning wayfarers if any noise
Be on the road of great Siddārtha. These
The Princess marked with lovely languid eyes,
Watching, as they, the southward plain, and bent
Like them to listen if the passers gave
News of the path. So fell it she beheld
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,
A yellow cloth over his shoulders cast,

[1] A seat with a canopy and railing for the rider on elephant's back.

Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand
An earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks
And all as gently passing where none gave.
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,
With so commanding presence filled the air,
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts
Grieved to be poor; till slowly, group by group,
Children and men and women drew behind
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,
"Who is he? who? when looked a Rishi thus?"
But as he came with quiet footfall on
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasōdhara
Stood in his path crying, "Siddārtha! Lord!"
With wide eyes streaming and with close-clasped hands,
Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay.

Afterwards, when this weeping lady passed
Into the Noble Paths, and one had prayed
Answer from Buddha wherefore—being vowed
Quit of all mortal passion and the touch,
Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman's hands—
He suffered such embrace, the Master said:
"The greater beareth with the lesser love
So it may raise it unto easier heights.
Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.
Free are ye rather that your freedom spread
By patient winning and sweet wisdom's skill.
Three eras of long toil bring Bodhisāts[1]—
Who will be guides and help this darkling world—
Unto deliverance, and the first is named
Of deep 'Resolve,' the second of 'Attempt,'
The third of 'Nomination.' Lo! I lived

[1] Bodhisattvas.

In era of Resolve, desiring good,
Searching for wisdom, but mine eyes were sealed.
Count the grey seeds on yonder castor-clump,
So many rains it is since I was Ram,
A merchant of the coast which looketh south
To Lanka and the hiding-place of pearls.
Also in that far time Yasōdhara
Dwelt with me in our village by the sea,
Tender as now, and Lukshmi was her name.
And I remember how I journeyed thence
Seeking our gain, for poor the household was
And lowly. Not the less with wistful tears
She prayed me that I should not part, nor tempt
Perils by land and water. 'How could love
Leave what it loved?' she wailed; yet, venturing, I
Passed to the Straits, and after storm and toil
And deadly strife with creatures of the deep,
And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,
Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl
Moonlike and glorious, such as Kings might buy
Emptying their treasury. Then came I glad
Unto mine hills, but over all that land
Famine spread sore; ill was I stead to live
In journey home, and hardly reached my door—
Aching for food—with that white wealth of the sea
Tied in my girdle. Yet no food was there;
And on the threshold she for whom I toiled—
More than myself—lay with her speechless lips
Nigh unto death for one small gift of grain.
Then cried I, 'If there be who hath of grain,
Here is a kingdom's ransom for one life;
Give Lukshmi bread and take my moonlight pearl.'
Whereat one brought the last of all his hoard,
Millet—three seers—and clutched the beauteous thing
But Lukshmi lived, and sighed with gathered life,
'Lo! thou didst love indeed!' I spent my pearl
Well in that life to comfort heart and mind
Else quite uncomforted; but these pure pearls,
My last great gain, won from a deeper wave—
The Twelve Nidānas and the Law of Good—
Cannot be spent, nor dimmed, and most fulfil
Their perfect beauty being freeliest given.

For like as is to Meru yonder hill
Heaped by the little ants, and like as dew
Dropped in the footmark of a bounding roe
Unto the shoreless seas, so was that gift
Unto my present giving; and so love—
Vaster in being free from toils of sense—
Was wisest stooping to the weaker heart;
And so the feet of sweet Yasōdhara
Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led."

But when the King heard how Siddārtha came
Shorn, with the mendicant's sad-coloured cloth,
And stretching out a bowl to gather orts
From base-borns' leavings, wrathful sorrow drave
Love from his heart. Thrice on the ground he spat,
Plucked at his silvered beard, and strode straight forth
Lackeyed by trembling lords. Frowning he clomb
Upon his war-horse, drove the spurs, and dashed,
Angered, through wondering streets and lanes of folk
Scarce finding breath to say, "The King! bow down!"
Ere the loud cavalcade had clattered by:
Which—at the turning by the Temple-wall,
Where the south gate was seen—encountered full
A mighty crowd; to every edge of it
Poured fast more people, till the roads were lost.
Blotted by that huge company which thronged
And grew, close following him whose look serene
Met the old King's. Nor lived the father's wrath
Longer than while the gentle eyes of Buddh
Lingered in worship on his troubled brows,
Then downcast sank, with his true knee, to earth
In proud humility. So dear it seemed
To see the Prince, to know him whole, to mark
That glory greater than of earthly state
Crowning his head, that majesty which brought
All men, so awed and silent, in his steps.
Nathless, the King broke forth, "Ends it in this
That great Siddārtha steals into his realm,
Wrapped in a clout, short, sandalled, craving food
Of low-borns, he whose life was as a God's?
My son! heir of this spacious power, and heir
Of Kings who did but clap their palms to have

What earth could give or eager service bring?
Thou should'st have come apparelled in thy rank,
With shining spears, and tramp of horse and foot.
Lo! all my soldiers camped upon the road,
And all my city waited at the gates;
Where hast thou sojourned through these evil years
Whilst thy crowned father mourned? and she, too, there
Lived as the widows use, foregoing joys;
Never once hearing sound of song or string,
Nor wearing once the festal robe, till now
When in her cloth of gold she welcomes home
A beggar-spouse in yellow remnants clad.
Son! why is this?"
"My Father!" came reply,
"It is the custom of my race."
"Thy race,"
Answered the King, "counteth a hundred thrones
From Maha Sammāt, but no deed like this."

"Not of a mortal line," the Master said,
"I spake, but of descent invisible,
The Buddhas who have been and who shall be
Of these am I, and what they did I do,
And this, which now befalls, so fell before,
That at his gate a King in warrior-mail
Should meet his son, a Prince in hermit-weeds;
And that, by love and self-control, being more
Than mightiest Kings in all their puissance,
The appointed helper of the Worlds shou'd bow—
As now do I—and with all lowly love
Proffer, where it is owed for tender debts,
The first-fruits of the treasure he hath brought;
Which now I proffer."
Then the King amazed
Inquired "What treasure?" and the Teacher took
Meekly the royal palm, and while they paced
Through worshipping streets—the Princess and the King
On either side—he told the things which make
For peace and pureness, those Four noble Truths[1]
Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,
Those eight right Rules whereby who will may walk—

[1] The Four Truths and Eightfold Path—see the summary of Buddha's teachings in the "Sermon at Benares" (Section "Three Sermons by Buddha").

Monarch or slave—upon the perfect Path
That hath its Stages Four and Precepts Eight,
Whereby whoso will live—mighty or mean,
Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old—
Shall, soon or late, break from the wheels of life,
Attaining blest Nirvāna. So they came
Into the Palace-porch, Suddhōdana
With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,
And in his own hand carrying Buddha's bowl,
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes
Of sweet Yasōdhara and sunned her tears;
And that night entered they the Way of Peace.

BOOK THE EIGHTH

A BROAD mead spreads by swift Kohāna's bank
At Nagara; five days shall bring a man
In ox-wain thither from Benares' shrines
Eastward and northward journeying. The horns
Of white Himāla look upon the place,
Which all the year is glad with blooms, and girt
By groves made green from that bright streamlet's wave.
Soft are its slopes and cool its fragrant shades,
And holy all the spirit of the spot
Unto this time: the breath of eve comes hushed
Over the tangled thickets, and high heaps
Of carved red stones cloven by root and stem
Of creeping fig, and clad with waving veil
Of leaf and grass. The still snake glistens forth
From crumbled work of lac and cedar-beams
To coil his folds there on deep-graven slabs;
The lizard dwells and darts o'er painted floors
Where Kings have paced; the grey fox litters safe
Under the broken thrones; only the peaks,
And stream, and sloping lawns, and gentle airs
Abide unchanged. All else, like all fair shows
Of life, are fled—for this is where it stood,
The city of Suddhōdana, the hill
Whereon, upon an eve of gold and blue,
At sinking sun Lord Buddha set himself
To teach the Law in hearing of his own.

Lo! ye shall read it in the Sacred Books
How, being met in that glad pleasuance-place—
A garden in old days with hanging walks,
Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep
Of stately palace-fronts—the Master sate
Eminent, worshipped, all the earnest throng
Watching the opening of his lips to learn
That wisdom which hath made our Asia mild;
Whereto four thousand lakhs of living souls
Witness this day. Upon the King's right hand
He sate, and round were ranged the Sākya Lords
Ananda, Devadatta—all the Court:
Behind stood Seriyut and Mugallan, chiefs
Of the calm brethren in the yellow garb,
A goodly company. Between his knees
Rahula smiled, with wondering childish eyes
Bent on the awful face, while at his feet
Sate sweet Yasōdhara, her heartaches gone,
Foreseeing that fair love which doth not feed
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead,
His victory and hers. Wherefore she laid
Her hand upon his hands, folding around
Her silver shoulder-cloth his yellow robe,
Nearest in all the world to him whose words
The Three Worlds waited for. I cannot tell
A small part of the splendid lore which broke
From Buddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe
Who love the Master and his love of men,
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,
But have not wit to speak beyond the books;
And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.
A little of that large discourse I know
Which Buddha spake on the soft Indian eve;
So, too, I know it writ that they who heard
Were more—lakhs more—crores more—than could be seen,
For all the Devas and the Dead thronged there,
Till Heaven was emptied to the seventh zone
And uttermost dark Hells opened their bars;
Also the daylight lingered past its time

In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,
So that it seemed Night listened in the glens
And Noon upon the mountains; yea! they write,
The Evening stood between them like some maid
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-rolled clouds
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who heard
Though he were stranger in the land, or slave,
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,
Or Mlech or Jungle-dweller—seemed to hear
What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside those
Who crowded by the river, great and small,
The birds and beasts and creeping things—'tis writ—
Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love
And took the promise of his piteous speech;
So that their lives—prisoned in shape of ape,
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,
Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed,
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;
Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves—
Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood
With man who hath less innocence than these,
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke
Whilst Buddha spake these things before the King:

[*The following presentation of Buddha's teachings is omitted. This material is better presented in the sections "Dhammapada," "Three Sermons by Buddha," "Some Buddhist Parables and Legends," and the "Surangama."—Ed.*]

These words the Master spake of duties due
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends;
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break
The clinging chains of sense—whose feet are weak
To tread the higher road—should order so
This life of flesh that all their hither days
Pass blameless in discharge of charities
And first true footfalls in the Eightfold Path;
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful;

And how a thousand thousand lakhs since then
Have trod the Path which leads whither he went
Unto NIRVĀNA, where the Silence lives.

Ah! Blessed Lord! Oh! High Deliverer!
Forgive this feeble script, which doth thee wrong,
Measuring with little wit thy lofty Love.
Ah, Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the Law!
I take my refuge in thy name and thee!
I take my refuge in thy Law of Good!
I take my refuge in thy Order! OM!
The Dew is on the lotus!—Rise, Great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
Om mani padme hum, the Sunrise comes!
The Dewdrop slips into the shining Sea!

The Surangama Sutra

INTRODUCTION

IN SPITE of the tremendous labours of Western scholars, I do not think there is a presentation which gives, in one short, consecutive discourse from original sources, the philosophic basis of Buddhist thought. There are able compilations by eminent scholars, notably *The Gospel of Buddha* (compiled from ancient records), by Dr. Paul Carus (Open Court, Chicago, 1894) and *Buddhism in Translations*, by Henry Clarke Warren (Harvard Oriental Series, Vol. 3, Harvard University Press, 1896, also available in the *Harvard Classics*). Dr. Carus's justly famous *Gospel of Buddha*, first published in 1894, and translated into seven or eight languages, seems to be the best compilation and the ideal book for the average reader. It is written in simple English and draws its sources from both Mahayana and Hinayana texts, while Warren's book confines itself to the latter sources (very largely from the *Visuddhi-magga*). What is difficult to find is one single, consecutive exposition of the Buddhist philosophy from the original sources which should give a fair idea of the Buddhist argument and its method and manner of approach and which can fit into the compass of the present volume.

The present selection from the *Surangama Sutra* gives, I believe, the best approach to the philosophic basis of Buddhist belief for it must never be forgotten that Buddhism is a philosophy—it is a form of religious enlightenment built on a metaphysical basis. There is no other reason for the high prestige Buddhism has always enjoyed among the Chinese scholars. The present selection is a kind of *Essay on Human Understanding* and the *Gospel of St. John* combined, with the intellectual force of the one and the religious spirit of the other. We go through a process of intellectual inquiry that upsets all values, as we

listen to the questions and answers between the Buddha and Ananda, his favourite young disciple; as the real meaning of the ultimate reality taught by Buddha, similar to the basis of Kantian idealism, seemed for ever to be confused by our habitual notions of the physical world, the junior disciples were constantly thrown into perplexity and discouragement. Toward the end, before the final meaning was made plain, Ananda himself "broke into sobs" through utter bewilderment.

The style is familiar and challenges comparison with the *Gospel of St. John*. It shows Buddha's love for young Ananda (St. John), his compassion and pity for those slow of understanding, and his humour (in the remark of the King), and represents Buddha as several times chiding them all for their "easy forgetfulness" of the truth. In aptness and clarity of exposition, it has the marks of a philosophic masterpiece, which is the reason why I have chosen it rather than the *Lankāvatāra*, although the latter gives a more succinct outline of the Buddhist tenets with greater completeness. The translation is by Wei-tao and Dwight Goddard. The chief figures, beside Buddha, are Manjusri and Ananda, who in Chinese Buddhist temples are always worshipped on the right and left of Buddha.

Apart from its intrinsic merit, I have chosen the *Surangama* (Japanese for the Chinese name of the classic, *Shou ling yen*) rather than any of the texts from the Pali, because it represents Mahayana philosophy, a neglected branch of Western studies of Buddhism. Scholars have occupied themselves with the Buddhist *Tripitaka* ("Three Baskets") canons of the Hinayana School written in Pali.[1] The latter is called the "Lesser Vehicle" (*hsiao-ch'eng* in Chinese) of the so-called school of "Southern Buddhism," prevailing in Ceylon, Siam and Burma; while Mahayana is known as the "Greater Vehicle" (*ta-ch'eng* in Chinese) of "Northern Buddhism," prevailing in Thibet, China, Korea and Japan. The study of the Mahayana texts is making a proper beginning only in the last decade, and up to now only a few important Chinese Mahayana texts are available in English translations. The best known in the West, the *Lotus Sutra* (*Saddharma Pundarīka*, tr. by H. Kern, in the *Sacred Books of the East*, and *The Lotus of the Wonderful Law*, tr. by W. E. Soothill, Oxford, 1930) is only a popular text, and is not representative of the best in Mahayana literature.

Owing to the existence of the Pali Hinayana texts in better order and condition for the study of Western students, and owing to the influence of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Rhys Davids, Mahayana Buddhism has not only

[1] See list of these important Buddhist canons in *Buddhist Scriptures* by E. J. Thomas (Wisdom of the East Series), pp. 17-19, or for a more complete analytical list, see *History of Buddhist Thought*, by E. J. Thomas (Knopf), pp. 265-276.

been neglected, but has been even spoken of with contempt. Mr. and Mrs. Rhys Davids were not to blame when they spoke thus of Mahayana Buddhism, not only with a partisan, but also with what amounts to a sectarian hatred, regarding Mahayana Buddhism as "heterodox" and Hinayana as "orthodox"; this is entirely understandable for they devoted their lifetime to the study of the Pali texts. Perhaps I am speaking also with some bias as a Chinese, with Chinese associations. The word "bodhisattva," the most important doctrine of Mahayana religion, is such a common Chinese word that we use it in speaking of a sweet child (like the word "cherub") and of a clay doll. This is not the place to go into arguments. Suffice it to point out that the epithet "heretic" was not only hurled at each other by the Mahayana and Hinayana Buddhists, but also by the Hinayana Buddhists among themselves, of which there were eighteen divergent schools, that authenticity of material regarding Buddha's words can be as little claimed for the Pali texts as for the Sanskrit texts translated into Chinese, and that if the Mahayana texts were written down probably four or five centuries after the death of Buddha, so were the texts of Ceylon. Who can tell whether Xenophon or Plato gives us the real Socrates? Anyway, Mahayana philosophy stemmed out of Buddhism as naturally as Pauline theology stemmed out of Christ's teachings. The greatest of the Mahayana teachers was Asvaghosha, who was born in Oudh and lived toward the end of the first century. Like Paul, he was a haughty and learned scholar converted to Buddhism. Like Paul's stand on circumcision, he wrote the famous attack on the caste system, the *Vajrasūchū*. Unlike Paul, he wrote dramas epics and lyrics. There is no question that here was truly a great mind. "There was no question he did not solve, no opponent he did not confound." Out of this great mind, the Mahayana religion grew. All questions of "heterodoxy" are inconsequential. Moreover, Mahayana religion rose when Brahmanism had come back to its own and the Hinayana Buddhists were losing their hold on the Hindu people.

What is far more important to point out here is that the Mahayana philosophy not only represents an important and natural development of Buddha's doctrines, but also shows a great advance, which accounts for its greater prestige and popularity in China and Japan. First, it represents dissatisfaction with the doctrine of Nirvana as extinction. Secondly, it represents dissatisfaction with the selfish salvation of the few Pratyekas and Arahats, and stands for the salvation of all, through the doctrine of the Bodhisattvas, beings who, having reached Nirvana, voluntarily abstain from that state of submitting to the cycle of re-births in order to save the world. Not until all mankind is delivered can the Buddhas be at peace. Thirdly, it represents the all-important

principle of prayer and devotion (*bhakti*), and teaches salvation by faith rather than by works. And fourthly, it elevates the Buddha into a personal god. (Cf. the elevation of Krishna into a personal god by the Brahmans in the *Bhagavad-Gita.*) It is difficult to see how such developments could be prevented, or how they could be regarded as a "degeneration." Mere "historicity," which is an elusive hope, has, however, concerned the research scholars rather than the larger aspects of human wisdom.

The author of the *Sutra* is unknown. It was written in Sanskrit about the first century and known to the Chinese as *Shou-leng-yen Ching.* It was carried to China by a Hindu Master Paramartha who went by sea to South China, and was translated by him with the help of a Chinese scholar in A.D. 705 at Canton. It is a favourite work of Chinese scholar Buddhists, and the fact of its popularity may be attested by the fact that fifty-six commentaries and various elucidations have been known to exist in Chinese.

Students who are interested should read the Mahayana texts in *The Buddhist Bible*, by Dwight Goddard (published by Goddard, Thetford, Vt.). The works of Dr. D. T. Suzuki, dealing especially with one Mahayana school, the Zen in Japanese or Ch'an in Chinese: *Manual of Zen Buddhism*, *An Introduction to Zen Buddhism*, and his various *Essays*, are also extremely useful. The excellent works of Alan W. Watts, *The Spirit of Zen* (Wisdom of the East Series) and *The Legacy of Asia and Western Man* (University of Chicago) should be very useful in giving insight to the Oriental outlook.

Selections on Southern Buddhism are available. Besides the standard works of Carus and Warren mentioned above, there is an excellent small volume by E. J. Thomas, *Buddhist Scriptures* (Wisdom of the East Series, Murray). *The Bible of the World*, edited by Robert O. Ballou, also contains good material.

In particular, readers may be interested in the following Buddhist works. *Buddhist Legends* (Harvard Oriental Series, vols. 28, 29, 30), by E. W. Burlingame, is a complete translation, with good synopses, of the famous Commentary on the *Dhammapada*, giving a wealth of Buddhist parables to illustrate each of the 423 aphorisms of the *Dhammapada*. The *Dialogues of the Buddha* (*Dīgha-nikāya*) has been translated by Mr. and Mrs. Rhys Davids in 3 vols. (Oxford). The *Visuddhi Magga*, by Buddhaghosa, which is a very able piece of work, has been translated by P. M. Tin (*The Path of Purity*, Pali Text Society, Translation Series, 11, 17, 21).

I have supplied the section titles to make the development of thought easier to follow for the reader.

The Surangama Sutra

Translated by
Wei-Tao and Dwight Goddard

INTRODUCTION

THUS HAVE I HEARD. Upon a memorable occasion, the Lord Buddha while staying at the Jetavana Meditation Hall in the city of Sravasti delivered a discourse to twelve hundred Great Disciples who were all great Arahats and free from all intoxicants, that is, they were all perfectly emancipated from sensual attachments and defilements. They were true heirs of their Lord Buddha and worthy to share their Lord's responsibility for the ever-continuing preaching of the Lord's Dharma. They had all transcended phenomenal existence and could manifest their gracious presence by a Buddhist influence wherever they sojourned. They were so highly advanced in their transcendental attainments that they were perfectly qualified to receive the Dharma from their Lord and Master and had so greatly profited by the Lord's teaching that they knew well how, with the Lord Buddha, to themselves turn the mysterious wheel of the true Dharma. They had kept the Precepts with such strict observance and perfect purity as to be qualified as perfect models for this triple world. They could assume innumerable appearance-bodies in response to the earnest prayer of any sentient being to rescue them and to perfect their emancipation. They were also willing to extend their helping hands into the future, so that all sentient beings in the future might become emancipated and free from all their fetters of earthly defilement.

Among the Great Bhikshus[1] present, acting as leaders, were the wise Sariputra, the Great Maudgalyayana, the Great Kaustila, Purna Meta-

[1] Monks.

luniputra, Subhuti, Upanishada, and many others equally well known and highly regarded. In addition there were present many Pratyaka-Buddhas,[1] who had mastered the teachings and perfected the practices, together with innumerable novice disciples. They all came to pay homage to Lord Buddha and also to associate themselves with all the great Bhikshus and their disciples in this great Dharma Assembly which had gathered for the "Summer Devotion" where they could make public confession and practise Dhyana together.

Besides the great company of Bhikshus and Disciples that had gathered from far and near, there were present Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas[2] from all the ten quarters of the Universe who had come to pay their highest respect to the Lord Shakyamuni Buddha as though it was an offering to a loving parent. Moreover, they came to entreat the Lord Buddha for some high teaching that would solve their mental puzzles and help them to get rid of the troublesome doubts which they occasionally experienced in their meditations.

Then the Lord Buddha ascended the Honourable Throne of Dharma and immediately became absorbed in profound contemplation with such noble solemnity and tranquillity that the whole company were spellbound by its profound silence and mystery. At the same time all the Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas, as numerous as the particles of sand in the river Ganges, with Manjusri the Great Bodhisattva at their head, gathered about the Lord Buddha and merged their deep meditation with the Lord Buddha's perfect Samadhi. Seldom, indeed, had any of them ever before experienced such serenity and quietness as then pervaded this Great Dharma Assembly. Wonderful music like the songs of the Kalavinka and Jiva-jiva birds seem to come from the Lord Buddha's perfect Samadhi and to fill the air with its heavenly music, and floating away to pervade the ten quarters of the Universe.

Upon this occasion, Prasenajit the King of Sravasti in celebration of the anniversary of his father's death, prepared a special feast of choice vegetables and dainties, and came personally to call upon the Lord Buddha and to invite him and all the Great Bodhisattvas-Mahasattvas to attend a reception at the royal palace. At the same time the elders and wealthy laymen of the city added to the King's celebration by preparing jointly another feast and invited all the Disciples of the Lord Buddha to attend while the Lord and the Great Disciples were with the King. The Lord Buddha, knowing all about it, bade his Great Disciple Manjusri to first lead part of the Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas

[1] Masters.

[2] Bodhisattvas, incarnations or rebirths of the Buddha, for the purpose of converting mankind—a peculiar doctrine of Mahayana Buddhism. Here, unlike the Pali texts of Hinayana Buddhism, saints and gods of all degrees were described as present at Buddha's discourse.

and Arahats[1] to attend the Laymen's homes and to receive their offerings.

Ananda was the only one of the Great Disciples who was noticeably absent. Owing to a previous engagement in a distant district, he had not yet returned. He was quite alone and when he reached the Meditation Hall upon his return, he found it deserted, not a single disciple about, nor were there any offerings from their patrons in sight. Then Ananda, thoughtful as ever, took his alms bowl and entered into the city begging food from house to house in regular order, his only thought being to receive the offerings from all alike even to the last *danapati*. It mattered nothing to Ananda whether the offering was small or generous, attractive or repulsive, whether the giver was of the Kshatriya[2] caste or the Candra[3] caste, to him the all important thing was to practise kindness and compassion on all alike with no discrimination whatever. He sought only to attain the inestimable merit of delivering all sentient beings, treating them all alike.

Ananda had heard that the Lord on one occasion had rebuked Subhuti and Mahakatyayana for showing discrimination towards Arahats in their practice of begging. He greatly admired the Lord's liberal mind and determined that he would not commit the same fault himself. He was proud of his good name and did not wish to give cause for people having suspicions about or for slandering himself, so he quietly crossed the dried moat that surrounded the city, entered the city-gate with solemn gravity. He was a noticeable figure in his neat attire and solemn manner as if he was on a special mission to receive some ceremonial offering.

While Ananda was begging in orderly succession, he came to the house of a prostitute named Maudenka who had a beautiful daughter named Pchiti. This young maiden was attracted by Ananda's youthful and attractive person and pleaded earnestly with her mother to conjure the young monk by the magic spell of "*bramanyika*." This the mother did and Ananda coming under the spell of its magic became fascinated by the charm of the young maiden and entered the house and her room.

As soon as the feast was ended, the Lord Tathagata[4] returned to the Meditation Hall in the Jeta Grove. King Prasenajit and his royal ministers and many of the prominent elders and wealthy laymen of the city returned with the Lord to listen further to his wonderful and precious teaching, the like of which they had never before heard. The Lord as

[1] Saints. [2] Warrior (second) caste. [3] *Chandala*, an outcast.

[4] Title of the Buddha, "such-come" in Chinese, generally used to denote both the Buddha and the state of perfect godhead in wisdom ("Tathagataship") attainable by any man. It should be understood that there is no "God" in Buddhism, and that anybody can become a Buddha.

usual first sitting quietly became absorbed in Samadhi,[1] radiating from the crown of his head rays of soft and tender brightness, like lotus petals surrounded by innumerable leaves. In the centre of the Lotus petals there was a vision of the Nirmanakaya Buddha[2] sitting with feet crossed intuiting and radiating the intrinsic Dharani.

The Lord Buddha had known all along what was happening to Ananda and now called Manjusri and bade him repeat the Great Dharani at the place where Ananda was yielding to temptation. As soon as Manjusri reached the house, the magic spell lost its power and Ananda returned to self-control. Manjusri encouraged Ananda and Pchiti and they returned with him to meet the Lord Buddha.

CHAPTER ONE

THE MANY MANIFESTATIONS of the Wonderful Essence-Mind, and of the Perfect Principle of the Three Excellencies within the All-Inclusive Unity of the Womb of Tathagata.

1. THE CONUNDRUM OF THE PERCEIVING MIND AND ITS LOCATION: FALSENESS OF THE MECHANICAL APPROACH

When Ananda came into the presence of the Lord Buddha, he bowed down to the ground in great humility, blaming himself that he had not yet fully developed the potentialities of Enlightenment, because from the beginning of his previous lives, he had too much devoted himself to study and learning. He earnestly pleaded with the Lord Buddha and with all the other Tathagatas from the ten quarters of the Universe, to support him in attaining perfect Enlightenment, that is, to support him in his practice of the Three Excellencies of Dhyana, Samadhi and Samapatti,[3] by some most fundamental and expedient means.

At the same time, all of the Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas, as numerous as the sands of the river Ganges, together with all the Arahats, Pratyeka-Buddhas, from all the ten quarters, with one accord and with gladness of heart, prepared to listen to the instruction to be given to Ananda by the Lord Buddha. With one accord they paid homage to the Lord and then resuming their seats, waited in perfect quietness and patience to receive the sacred teaching.

[1] A state of superconsciousness following meditation.
[2] "Transformation body," one of the three bodies of Buddha. The other two are "Dharmakaya" (body of the Law) and "Sambhogakaya" (the body of Bliss).
[3] *Dhyana*, meditation; *Samadhi*, a state of superconsciousness; *Samapatti*, a further state of heightened exaltation and spiritual powers.

Then the Lord Buddha spoke to Ananda, saying:—Ananda, you and I are from the samẹ ancestral blood and we have always cherished a fraternal affection for each other. Let me ask you a few questions and you answer me spontaneously and freely. When you first began to be interested in Buddhism, what was it that impressed you in our Buddhist way of life and most influenced you to forsake all worldly pleasures and enabled you to cut asunder your youthful sexual cravings?

Ananda replied: Oh, my Lord! The first thing that impressed me were the thirty-two marks of excellency in my Lord's personality.[1] They appeared to me so fine, as tender and brilliant, and transparent as a crystal.

From that time I have constantly thought about them and have been more and more convinced that these marks of excellence would be impossible for anyone who was not free from all sexual passion and desire. And why? Because when anyone becomes inflamed by sexual passion, his mind becomes disturbed and confused, he loses self-control and becomes reckless and crude. Besides, in sexual intercourse, the blood becomes inflamed and impure and adulterated with impure secretions. Naturally from such a source, there can never originate an aureole of such transcendently pure and golden brightness as I have seen emanating from the person of my Lord. It was because of this that I admired my Lord and it was this that influenced me to become one of thy true followers.

The Lord Buddha then said: Very good, Ananda! All of you in this Great Dharma Assembly ought to know and appreciate that the reason why sentient beings by their previous lives since beginningless time have formed a succession of deaths and rebirths, life after life, is because they have never realised the true Essence of Mind and its self-purifying brightness. On the contrary, they have been absorbed all the time busying themselves with their deluding and transient thoughts which are nothing but falsity and vanity. Hence they have prepared for themselves the conditions for this ever returning cycle of deaths and rebirths.

Ananda, if you are now desirous of more perfectly understanding Supreme Enlightenment and the enlightening nature of pure Mind-Essence, you must learn to answer questions spontaneously with no recourse to discriminating thinking. For the Tathagatas in the ten quarters of the universes have been delivered from the ever returning cycle of deaths and rebirths by this same single way, namely, by reliance upon their intuitive minds.

It is because of the straight-forwardness of their minds and the spontaneity of their mentations that the Tathagatas have ever remained,

[1] See *The Bible of the World*, by R. O. Ballou, p. 242.

from beginningless time to endless time, of one pure Suchness, undisturbed by any complexity within their minds nor any rising thoughts of discrimination.

Then the Lord Buddha said Ananda, I want to question you; please listen carefully. You have just said that at the time your faith in me was awakened, that it was due to seeing the thirty-two marks of excellence. Let me ask you: What was it that gave you the sensation of seeing? What was it that experienced the sensation? And who was it that experienced the feeling of being pleased?

Ananda replied: My Lord! At the time I experienced the sensation of being pleased, it was both through my eyes and my mind. When my eyes saw my Lord's excellencies, my mind immediately experienced a feeling of being pleased. It was then that I made up my mind to become thy disciple so that I might be delivered from the cycle of deaths and rebirths.

The Lord said: From what you have just said, Ananda, your feeling of being pleased originated in your eyes and mind. But if you do not know where lies the perception of sight and where the activities of the mind originate, you will never be able to subjugate your worldly attachments and contaminations. It is like a king whose city was pestered by robbers and who tried to put an end to the thieving but was unsuccessful because he could not locate the secret hiding place of the robbers. So it is in the lives of human beings who are always being troubled by worldly attachments and contaminations, causing their perception of sight to become inverted and unreliable and seducing their thoughts and causing them to wander about ignorantly and uncontrolled. Ananda, let me ask you? Referring to your eyes and mind, do you know their secret hiding place?

Ananda replied: Noble Lord! In all the ten different orders of life, the eyes are in the front of the face, as are my Lord's clear lotus eyes, and mine also. The same is true of the other sense organs, they are on the surface of the body, but the mind is hidden within the body.

The Lord Buddha interrupted: Ananda, you are now sitting in the lecture hall, are you not? And when you are looking out to the Jetavana Grove, can you tell me where the hall and the grove are situated?

Certainly, my Lord. This quiet and splendid lecture hall and the Jetavana Grove are both situated in Anathapindika's beautiful park.

Now, Ananda, what do you see first, the people in this hall or the park outside?

I first see my Lord, then I see the noble audience, and other things

in turn, and only afterward do I see the grove and the lovely park outside.

True, Ananda! Now tell me, while you are looking outside at the grove and park, what is it that enables you to distinguish the different views that your eyes see?

Noble Lord! It is because the windows and doors of the lecture hall are open wide. That is why I can see the distant views from inside the hall.

Then the Blessed Lord, in view of the great audience, reached out his golden hand and softly stroked Ananda's head, at the same time speaking to both him and the great assembly, saying:

There is a particular Samadhi called The Highest Samadhi, which was the Lord Buddha's Crowning Experience, and by it he attained a perfect realization of all manifestations and transformations. It was a wonderful door that opened to the mysterious Path that all the Tathagatas of all the ten quarters of all the universe have followed. It is of this Highest Samadhi that I am going to speak. Listen very carefully.

Then Ananda and the great audience bowed to the ground in deep adoration and then resumed their seats and waited humbly for the Master's solemn teaching.

The Lord Buddha then addressed Ananda and the great assembly, saying:

Ananda, you have just said that from the inside of the lecture hall you can look out to the grove and the distant park because the windows and doors are open wide. It is possible that there are some within this very audience that only see these outside things and who are unable to see the Lord Tathagata within.[1]

Ananda interrupted: But my Lord, how can it be that anyone in this hall who can see the grove and streams without can fail to see the Lord within?

It does seem absurd, Ananda, but it is just that way with you. You say that your mind exists within your body and that it is quite clear of all obstructions, but if this clear mind really exists within your body, then you ought to see the inside of your body first of all. But there are no sentient beings who can do this, that is, see both the inside and outside of their bodies. Though they may not see all the inside things—such as the heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.—but at least they ought to see the growth of the finger-nails, the lengthening of the hair, the knotting of the sinews, the throbbing of the pulse. If the mind is within the body, why does it not see these things? But if the mind is within the body and cannot see the things within, how can it see the things

[1] Here it is particularly clear that "Buddha" is not a particular god, but is that indefinable entity or state of perfect wisdom achieved by the godly.

without the body? So you must see that what you have said about the perceiving mind, abiding within the body, is untrue.

With a respectful bow, Ananda said to the Lord: Listening to the words of my Lord, I begin to realize that my mind, after all, may be outside my body. It may be like a lamp. If the lamp is within the room, it will certainly illumine the room first and then, shining through the open door and windows, will illumine the yard outside. If it was like that, why is it that one seeing only outside objects does not see the things within? It must be that the mind is like a lamp placed outside of a room, for then it would be dark within. If one can clearly understand what his mind is, he would no longer be puzzled, but would have the same intelligence and understanding that the Buddhas have. Would it not be so, my Lord?

The Lord replied: Ananda, this morning all of the Bhikshus followed me to the city of Sravasti begging for food in regular order and afterwards all returned to this Grove. I was fasting at the time, but the others ate the food. What think you, Ananda? If only one of the Bhikshus ate the food, would the others be satisfied of their hunger?

Ananda replied: No, my Lord, and why? Because, although all of these Bhikshus are Arahats, yet their physical bodies are individually separated. How could it be, that one Bhikshu eating, could satisfy the hunger of all?

The Lord Buddha replied: Ananda, if your perceiving, understanding mind is really outside your body, then what the mind perceives could not be felt by the body, and what the body feels could not be perceived by the mind. Look at my hand, Ananda. When your eyes are looking at it, does your mind make any discriminations about it?

Yes, my Lord, it makes discriminations.

The Lord continued: But if your mind and body are in mutual correspondence, how can it possibly be said, that the mind exists outside the body? Therefore, Ananda, you ought to know that what you have just said about the mind existing outside the body is impossible.

Then Ananda said: According to what my Lord says, the perceiving mind does not exist within the body because it does not see the things within, neither does it exist outside the body, because the mind and body are in mutual correspondence and therefore cannot be isolated from each other. Yet it seems to be that the perceiving mind must be in some locality.

Then the Lord Buddha questioned Ananda further: But Ananda, where is its abiding place?

Ananda replied: My Lord, since this perceiving mind cannot know the inside of its own body, but can see outside objects, it seems to me

now, that it must be concealed in the sense organ itself. It may be like a man covering his eyes with a crystal bowl; though his eyes are covered yet there is no hindrance to his sight—the eye can still see clearly and make distinctions as usual. The reason that it does not see the inside of the body is because it is a part of the organ of the eye, and the reason it can see outside objects clearly is because it is hidden in the organ of the eye.

But, Ananda, you have just said that this perceiving mind concealed within the organ of the eye is like a crystal bowl covering the eyes. Now suppose a man has covered his eyes with a crystal bowl, but is still able to see outer objects such as mountains, rivers, etc., tell me, does he see the crystal bowl, also?

Yes, my Lord, while the man is covering his eyes with the crystal bowl, he sees the crystal bowl, also.

The Lord said: Ananda, if your mind is just the same as the crystal bowl covering the eyes, why does your mind, while seeing the outside mountains and rivers, not see your own eyes, too? Or, supposing your mind does see your eyes, then your eyes will be regarded as any other objective thing and they will no longer be regarded as a dependent organ. Or, if the mind cannot see everything, then how can it be said of the perceiving mind, that it is concealed within the organ of the eyes in the resemblance of a crystal bowl covering the eyes? Therefore, Ananda, what you have asserted, that this perceiving mind is concealed within the organ of the eyes like a crystal bowl covering the eyes, is impossible also.

Then Ananda said to the Lord Buddha: Honoured of the worlds! It may be like this: As all sentient beings have their intestines inside the body and the opening outside the body, the intestines are hidden to their sight but the opening is visible. While I am standing before you and open my eyes, I see your brightness—this means to see the outside. When my eyes are closed, I see the hiddenness—this means to see the inside.

The Lord interrupted: Ananda, when you close your eyes, you say you see the hiddenness, but this hidden condition, is it in an opposing direction to your eyes, or is it not? If it is directly opposed to your eyes, then the hiddenness must be in front of your eyes, and then it cannot be thought of as a part of your inside. Or suppose it is meant as part of your inside, then when in any dark room, without the light of any such thing as sun, moon, or lamp, the whole dark space of the room might be regarded as your intestines or your heart. Or, if it is in a direction not opposite to your eyes, then how does it happen that the sight of your eyes is being affected at all?

Or, if you put aside this outside perception of sight and say that it is to be regarded as being in an inside opposite direction to your eyes, so that when you shut your eyes, you see darkness only, which would mean to see your inside body. But when you open your eyes and see the brightness, why do you not see your own face, also? If you do not see your own face, it would mean that the face is not in an inside opposite direction to your eyes. Or, supposing you can see your own face, then both this perceiving mind and the organ of sight must be in the open space, or they can no longer be thought of as being in an inside opposite direction.

If your perspective mind is supposed to be in the open space, naturally it cannot belong to the body, and then, when the Lord Tathagata is in sight of your face, which would mean that he is a part of your body, your eyes will, of course, get the perception, but the other parts of your body could not get into consciousness at the same time.

Or, if you persistently claim that the body and the eyes have each a separate consciousness, then there would be two perceiving minds, which would mean that your single personality would see two Buddhas. Therefore you should understand that it is utterly absurd for you to say that to see into the dimness of the eyes is the same as seeing into the inside of the body.

Then Ananda said to the Lord Buddha: I have constantly learned from the instruction of my Lord and from the teaching of all four classes of Thy disciples that all the existences of phenomena are simply the manifestation of the mind itself and vice versa that all the existences of mind are the manifestation of phenomena. Now it seems to me that this thinking mind is really the essence of my mind, and that wherever it happens to meet outer objects, there is a manifestation of mind. That is, the perceiving mind is neither inside, nor outside, nor between the body

The Lord interrupted, saying: What you are just saying—that all the manifestations of thought are simply meant as all the existences of phenomena and that wherever the mind happens to meet outer objects, there are its manifestations. But if your mind has no substantiality of its own, how can it meet any outer objects? Or, if it should be that in spite of the mind having no substantiality of its own, it might happen to meet outer objects, then there would be another newly assumed datum of nineteen spheres of mentation, namely, the six objects, the six sense organs, the six perceptions, plus this newly assumed normality of thought considered as a "thing in itself." And then there must be assumed a new datum of seven objects,—the object of sight, the object of hearing, of smelling, of tasting, of touching, of the unified object of thought,

plus this outer "thing of itself." No, your suggestion is by no means the right interpretation.

Ananda, your interpretation that the perceiving mind has a substantiality of its own at the point where the object and thought meet, would put fetters to your mind, like putting fetters to your hands and feet. Let me ask you in this way: does your mental consciousness arise within or without your body? If it arises within, you should be able to know the inside of your body; if it comes from outside your body you should be able to first see your own face.

Ananda replied: My Lord! I see with my eyes and I perceive with my mind. That does not mean that they are interchangeable.

The Lord Buddha continued: Ananda, if your eyes can see by themselves, then supposing you are within a room, can the door share the perception of seeing? If the door shares with the eyes this perception of seeing, then all dead bodies that still have eye organs intact, should continue to see things. If they can still perceive, how can it be said that they are dead bodies?

Ananda, if we grant that your perceiving mind has some kind of substantiality, is it one body or many bodies? Is it located in one place in your body or is it distributed all over the body? If it is one body, then if you bind one limb the others will feel bound. If they all feel bound, then there can be no sure knowledge of the exact place of the binding. Or, if the perception of being bound is located in one place, then the perceiving mind cannot be considered as one localized body. Or if the perceiving mind is considered to be many bodies or involved in many bodies, it would mean that there must be as many personalities, and the question would arise, which of these localized perceiving minds rightly belongs to you. Or if your mind is considered as being uniformally distributed over all parts of your body, then if your limb was tightly bound, then the whole body would feel the suffering. Or if not uniformally distributed, but only on some parts of the body, then if you touch your head and at the same time touch your feet, one would know it and the other would not. We know that this is not so. Therefore, Ananda, you must see that your suggestion that wherever the mind happens to meet outer objects, there is localized a manifestation of mind is unreasonable.

Then Ananda said to the Lord Buddha: Now I recall hearing my Lord Buddha say, at a time when he was teaching Brother Manjusri and other princes of the Dharma, that the mind neither abides inside nor outside the body. It seems to me, if it is inside and we cannot see the inside, and if it was outside we ought not to feel the outside. We know that we cannot see the inside of the body, so it must mean that

the mind is not abiding inside the body; it must mean that in some way our mind and body are in mutual correspondence with each other through the faculty of perception, and that would mean that it is not abiding outside the body. Now, My Lord, I see that since our mind and body are in mutual correspondence and yet we cannot see the inside of our body, it must be that the perceiving understanding mind must be abiding between these things.

The Lord Buddha resumed: Ananda, now you think that the mind must be abiding between somethings. Let us consider it. If it is abiding between somethings, there must be some particular place where it is abiding. We cannot conceive of an indefinite abiding place. Now Ananda, supposing you guess between what things it is located. Is it located between outside things and our bodies? Then it would be on the surface of the body and could not mean any place within the body. If it is located between parts of the body, then it would be within the body. Or, if it is between external things, what is its standard of direction? Suppose we take the case of a man: if he is standing between things looking toward the east, he must be standing in the west; or if he is looking toward the west, he must be standing in the east; or if he is looking toward the south, he must be standing in the north. If the mind is between things but has no standard of direction, it is the same as saying that it has no existence; or even if it has some standard of direction, there can be no certainty about it (if by just turning he can be either in east or west or north or south). If the standard is uncertain, the mind will be confused naturally.

Ananda replied: What I said of the mind being "between somethings," is not meant in that sense. On one occasion my Lord has said: "As causal conditions, eyes and sights are mutually attracted," but there must be something that is manifested in the consciousness that is dependent upon the eyes. That is what I meant by the mind being " between somethings." The eyes note discriminations while objects and sights are insensible things. As consciousness develops between them, the conceiving mind must be localized between them.

The Lord Buddha interrupted, saying: Ananda, if it is stated that the mind is existing between the sense organ and the object, then, let me ask, is the essence of mind separated into two parts or not? If it is, the object and essential mind will be confusingly mingled, and as the object cannot be exactly the same as essential mind which possesses the consciousness, they must be opposite to each other. How then can you say, that the mind exists between them?

If the statement that the mind is separated into two parts has no ground, then the statement that the insensible object is imperceptive, means just

the same as saying that it has no essence itself and must be, therefore, imperceptible. So the expression "between somethings," has no meaning. Therefore, Ananda, you must admit that the statement that the mind exists between somethings, is an absurd statement that is incapable of interpretation.

Ananda then addressed the Lord Buddha, saying: Noble Lord! Some time ago when my Lord was discussing the intrinsic Dharma with the four great Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas, Maudgalyayana, Subhuti, Purna, and Sariputra, I overheard my Lord to say, that the essence of the discerning, perceiving, conscious mind existed neither inside nor outside, nor between, in fact, that it had no location of existence. Since my Lord has interpreted this in his teachings just now, I have ceased to grasp any arbitrary conception as to the location of mind, but if this is true, and it is something intangible, in what sense can it be thought of as "my mind"?

The Lord Buddha replied: Ananda, as to what you have just said that the essence of the discerning, perceptive, conscious mind has no definite location anywhere, the meaning is clear; it is neither in this world, in the vast open spaces, neither in water, nor on land, neither flying with wings, nor walking, nor is it anywhere. But when you say that your mind no longer grasps any arbitrary conception of the existence of the phenomena of mind, what do you mean by it? Do you mean that the phenomena have no true existence, or that they have no tangible existence? If you mean that they have no true existence, that would mean that they are like hair on a tortoise, or like horns on a rabbit. But so long as you retain this notion of not grasping, you cannot mean perfect non-existence. But what do you mean? Of course if your mind is perfectly blank, it must mean, as far as you are concerned, absolute non-existence, but if you are still cherishing some arbitrary conception of phenomena, you must mean some kind of existence. How is it then, that so long as the notion of not-grasping of anything, as for instance, the notion of "my mind," that you mean its non-existence? Therefore, Ananda, you ought to see that what you have just said concerning the non-existence of anything just because you no longer cherish a conception of it within your mind, and that would mean the non-existence of a discerning, perceptive, conscious mind, would be quite absurd, would it not?

Thereupon, Ananda rose from his place in the midst of the assembly, adjusted his ceremonial scarf, knelt upon his right knee, placed the palms of his hands together, and respectfully addressed the Lord Buddha, saying:

My Noble Lord! I have the honour of being thy youngest relative and thou hast always treated me with affectionate kindness. Although I am now only one of your many converts, thou dost still continue to show

thy affection for me. But in spite of all I have gained mentally, I have not become liberated from contaminations and attachments and consequently I could not overcome the magic spell at the home of a harlot, My mind became confused and I was at the point of drowning in its defilement. I can see now that it was wholly due to my ignorance as to the right realization of what is true and essential Mind. I pray thee, Oh my Lord, to have pity and mercy upon me and show me the right Path to the spiritual graces of the Samapatti so that I may attain to self-mastery and become emancipated from the lure of evil myself, and be able to free all heretics from the bonds of their false ideas and craft.

2. THE TRUE NATURE OF MIND

When Ananda had finished his plea, he bowed humbly before the Lord Buddha, with hands and forehead touching the ground, and the whole audience, awed into intense excitement, waited with earnest and reverential hearts for the response of the Blessed One.

Suddenly in the Meditation Hall, filled with its awed and expectant throng, there appeared a most marvellous sight that transcended everything that had ever been seen before. The Hall was filled with a radiant splendour that emanated from the moon-like face of the Blessed One, like hundreds of thousands of sunbeams scintillating everywhere, and wherever the rays reached immediately there were seen celestial Buddha-lands. Moreover, the person of the Lord Buddha was vibrant with the six transcendental motions simultaneously manifesting and embracing all the Buddha-lands of the ten quarters of all the universes, as numerous as the finest particles of dust in the sunlight. And this all-embracing, blessed and transcendent glory united all these innumerable Buddha-lands into one single whole, and all the great Bodhisattvas of all these innumerable Buddha-lands were seen to be each in his own place with hands raised and pressed together expectantly waiting for the words of the Blessed One.

Then the Lord Buddha addressed the assembly, saying: Ananda, from beginningless time, from life to life, all sentient beings have had their disturbing illusions that have been manifested in their natural development each under the conditioning power of his own individual karma, such as the seed-pod of the okra which when opening always drops three seeds in each group. The reason why all devoted disciples do not at once attain to supreme enlightenment is because they do not realize two primary principles and because of it some attain only to Arahatship, or to Pratyekaship, and some to even lower attainments, to the state of devas and heretics, and some to Mara kings and their depen-

dents. The reason for these great differences is because, not knowing these two basic principles, they become confused in mind and fall into wrong practices. It is as if they were trying to cook fine delicacies by boiling stones or sand, which of course they could never do if they tried for countless kalpas.

"What are these two fundamental principles, Ananda? The First Fundamental Principle is the primary cause of the succession of deaths and rebirths from beginningless time. [It is the Principle of Ignorance, the outgoing principle of individuation, manifestation, transformation, succession and discrimination.] From the working out of this Principle there has resulted the various differentiation of minds of all sentient beings, and all the time they have been taking these limited and perturbed and contaminated minds to be their true and natural Essence of Mind.

The Second Fundamental Principle is the primary cause of the pure unity of Enlightenment and Nirvana that has existed from beginningless time. [It is the Principle of integrating compassion, the in-drawing, unifying principle of purity, harmony, likeness, rhythm, permanency and peace.] By the in-drawing of this Principle within the brightness of your own nature, its unifying spirit can be discovered and developed and realized under all varieties of conditions. The reason why this unifying spirit is so quickly lost amongst the conditions is because you so quickly forget the brightness and purity of your own essential nature, and amid the activities of the day, you cease to realize its existence. That is why, Ananda, you and all sentient beings have fallen through ignorance into misfortune and into different realms of existence.

Now, Ananda, you wish to know the right road to Samapatti, so as to escape from the cycle of deaths and rebirths. Is it not so, Ananda? Then let me ask you some more questions. The Lord Tathagata raised one of his arms with hand and fingers clenched, saying: Ananda, do you see this?

Yes, I see it, my Lord.

What do you see, Ananda?

I see my Lord raising one of his arms with hand clenched and its brightness blinds my eyes and warms my heart.

With what do you see it, Ananda?

I see it with my eyes, of course.

Then the Lord Buddha said: Ananda, you have just answered me by saying that when the Tathagata by clenching his fingers made a shining fist, that its brightness shone into your eyes and warmed your heart. Very good. Now I will ask you: While my fist is shining brightly and while you are looking at it closely, what is it that reveals the existence of your mind?

Ananda replied: You are now asking me about the existence of my

mind. To answer that question I must use my thinking and reasoning faculty to search and find an answer. Yes, now I understand. This thinking and reasoning being is what is meant as "my mind."

The Lord Buddha rebuked Ananda sharply and said: Surely that is nonsense, to assert that your being is your mind.

Ananda stood up with hands pressed together and said with astonishment: Why, my Lord, if my being is not my mind, what else can be my mind?

The Lord Buddha replied: The notion that your being is your mind, is simply one of the false conceptions that arises from reflecting about the relations of yourself and outside objects, and which obscures your true and essential Mind. It is because, since from beginningless time down to the present life, you have been constantly misunderstanding your true and essential Mind. It is like treating a petty thief as your own son. By so doing you have lost consciousness of your original and permanent Mind and because of it have been forced to undergo the sufferings of successive deaths and rebirths.

Ananda, in dismay and confusion, said to the Lord: I am your beloved cousin and owing to my appreciation of your marks of excellence, you have permitted me to become your disciple. So, in regard to my mind, it is not simply that my mind has offered adoration to my Lord Tathagata, but it has also offered praise to all the Buddhas and learned Masters of all the innumerable Buddha-lands. More than that, it is my mind that has been attempting all manner of difficult practices with great resolution and courage. These are all activities of my mind as well as of myself. How can they be separated? Even my evil acts of slandering the Dharma, neglecting good practices, these also are activities of my mind as well as of myself. Myself is my mind. If these acts can be shown to be not the activities of my mind, then I would be mindless, just like any other image made from a log or from earth. Oh, if I should give up my perceptions and consciousness, there would be nothing left that could be regarded as my self or as my mind. What do you mean, my Lord, when you say that my being is not my mind? As you can see, I am astonished and confused. And this audience, they are also in doubt. Pray have mercy upon us all and explain yourself clearly for we are only ignorant disciples.

Thereupon the Blessed Lord laid his hand affectionately upon the head of Ananda and proceeded to explain the true and Essence nature of Mind, desiring to awaken in them a consciousness of that which transcended phenomena. He explained to them how necessary it was to keep the mind free from all discriminating thoughts of self and not-self if they were to correctly understand it.

He continued: Ananda and all my Disciples! I have always taught you that all phenomena and their developments are simply manifestations of mind. All causes and effects, from great universes to the fine dust only seen in the sunlight come into apparent existence only by means of the discriminating mind. If we examine the origin of anything in all the universe, we find that it is but a manifestation of some primal essence. Even the tiny leaves of herbs, knots of thread, everything, if we examine them carefully we find that there is some essence in their originality. Even open space is not nothingness. How can it be then that the wonderful, pure, tranquil and enlightened Mind, which is the source of all conceptions of manifested phenomena, should have no essence of itself?

If you must niggardly grasp this perceptive mind of discriminating consciousness that is dependent upon the different sense organs as being the same as Essential Mind, then the discriminative mind would have to forsake all those activities responding to any kind of form, sight, sound, odour, taste, touch, and seek for another and more perfect self-nature. You are now listening to my teaching and your minds are making discriminations by means of the sounds arising from my speaking, but when the sounds cease and all the perceptions arising from the sounds come to an end, still the mind goes on discriminating the memory of those sounds and you find it difficult to keep your mind in emptiness and tranquillity. This does not mean that I am instructing you not to grasp at these following activities, but I am instructing you to study their nature more closely. If your mind, after the object is removed from sight, still has its discriminating nature, does it necessarily mean that your discriminating mind has lost its substantiality? Does it not rather mean that you are now discriminating merely the shadows and reflections of unreal things which had their origin in objects in the presence of your sight? Objects certainly are not permanent; as they vanish, does your mind vanish, also, and become like hair on a tortoise, or a horn on a rabbit? If mind vanishes, then the Dharmakaya would be exterminated, and who would be devoted to the practice of attaining perseverance in getting rid of the developments arising from the conceptions of phenomena? At this, Ananda and the great audience became more confused and speechless.

The Lord Buddha continued: Ananda, if in this world disciples practised meditation assiduously, though they attained all the nine stages of calmness in Dhyana, yet do not accomplish the attainment of Arahats free from the intoxicants arising from worldly contaminations and attachments, it is wholly due to their grasping this deceiving conception of discriminative thinking that is based on unrealities and mistaking the delusion as being a reality. Ananda, although you have learned a great deal, you are not yet ready for the maturity of Buddhahood.

3. THE MIND IS UNCHANGING; ONLY ITS REFLECTIONS CHANGE

When Ananda heard this solemn teaching, he became very sorrowful and with tears falling, with forehead, hands and feet touching the ground, he paid homage to the Lord. Then kneeling, he said:

Noble Lord! Since I determined to follow thee and become thy disciple, I have always thought that I could rely upon thy supernormal strength and that it would not be difficult to put thy teachings into practice. I expected that the Lord would favour me with an experience of Samadhi in this body; I did not appreciate that the body and mind were different and could not be substituted for each other, so I have likely lost my own mind. Although I have become a disciple of Buddha, my heart is not yet absorbed in Enlightenment. I am like a prodigal son who has forsaken his father. I now see that in spite of my learning, if I am not able to put it into practice, I am not better than an unlearned man. It is like a man talking about food, but never eating and becoming satisfied. We are all entangled in these two hindrances: knowledge and learning, and vexation and suffering. I can now see that it is all due to our ignorance of the eternal and tranquil nature of true Mind. Pray, my Lord Tathagata, have mercy upon us all; show us clearly the mysterious, enlightening Mind, and open our true eye of Enlightenment.

Suddenly from the holy symbol on the breast of the Lord Tathagata there shone forth a glorious, blazing brightness, which radiated forth brilliantly into hundreds and thousands of coloured rays reaching to the ten quarters of the universes, which were instantly turned into innumerable Buddha-lands, and glorified all the holy shrines of the Tathagata, in all the ten quarters of the universes. And, finally, the scintillating splendour returned to rest on the crown of Ananda and upon the crown of each one in the assembly.

Then the Lord Buddha addressed Ananda, saying: For the sake of all I will lift the luminous beacon of the Dharma so that by its light all sentient beings may realize the wonderful, mysterious nature of the pure enlightening Mind and acquire its true intrinsic Eye.

First, let me question you, Ananda. You saw my fist and it seemed bright to you. By what means did its brightness manifest itself? By what means was it seen, and by what means was the thought of brightness conceived?

Ananda replied: My Lord, the brightness comes from the whole luminous body of my Lord which is as brightly shining as a valley filled

with rubies. Your holy body, shining as it does, could not have originated except from Purity itself. Your hand being clenched was in the form of a fist. I saw it with my eyes, my mind conceived its brightness.

The Buddha said: You say that it takes the movement of my fingers and the seeing of your eyes to give you the conception of a fist. Does that mean that the nature of the movement of the fingers and the seeing of the eyes and the thinking of the mind are all alike?

Ananda replied: Yes, my Lord. If you had no hand, or I had no eyes, there could be no conception of a fist. There must be the meeting of the two conditions.

The Lord Buddha interrupted: You state that the movement of the hand and the seeing of the eyes being in agreement, the mind conceives a fist. Is that wholly true? If a man loses his hand he loses it for ever, but if a man loses his eyes, he does not wholly lose the sense of sight, nor does he lose the conception of a fist. Suppose you meet a blind man on the road and you ask him, "In your blindness, what do you see?" He will give you some such answer as this: "I can only see darkness, nothing else." This means that the objects within the range of his former sight have become darkened; there is no loss of his conception of sight but the conception is of darkness.

Ananda asked: My Lord, if the blind man can only perceive darkness, how can it mean that he still possesses the perception of sight?

The Buddha replied: Ananda, this blind man of no eyes simply sees darkness just as any seeing man who is shut up in a dark room sees darkness. Close your eyes, Ananda, what do you perceive but darkness?

Ananda had to admit that as far as perceiving darkness was concerned there was no difference between the blind man, the man in a dark room and himself with his eyes closed.

The Buddha resumed: If the blind man seeing only darkness suddenly recovers his sight and again sees objects, we say that he sees them by means of his eyes. A lamp is suddenly brought into the dark room and we say that the man again sees objects by means of the lamp. That is not strictly true for while the lamp does reveal objects, it is the eyes that perceive them. If it were otherwise and the seeing belonged to the lamp then it would no longer be a lamp and the seeing would have no relation to him. In a true sense, however, it is neither the lamp nor the eyes that perceives objects.

Although this was the second instruction that Ananda had had on this subject, he did not yet understand it and sat dazed hoping for a clearer interpretation of it in the kind and gentle tones of the Master and

he waited with a pure and expectant heart for the Blessed One's further explanation.

The Lord Buddha, in great kindness, let his hand rest kindly on the head of Ananda and said to him: Ananda, at the beginning of my perfect Enlightenment I went to the Deer Forest at Sarnath where Kaundinya and his four disciples were staying and gave them my first teaching. The teaching was this: The reason why all sentient beings fail to attain enlightenment and Arahatship is because they have been led astray by false conceptions regarding phenomena and objects, which defiled their minds. Since that time they had understood the import of that teaching and have become enlightened.

Then Kaundinya rose from his seat and addressed the Lord, saying: Blessed Lord! I am now the oldest in this assembly and am credited with having the best understanding of the Dharma. I attained Arahatship by realizing the significance of objective things. I was like a traveller seeking lodgings where I could satisfy my hunger and take my rest, but, like a traveller after he had satisfied his hunger and taken his rest, he could no longer stay there for a comfortable rest but must set out on another day's journey. If he was the inn-keeper he could do so, but the traveller is the symbol of impermanency. We may also draw a lesson from the sky. After a rain it is fresh and clear and the sun's rays penetrating the clouds light up the dust particles moving about in the air. We think of open space as a symbol of motionlessness and permanency, while we think of dust particles as symbols of motion and impermanency.

The Lord Buddha was much pleased by the words of Kaundinya and said: So it is, it is, Kaundinya! Then raising his hand, he opened his fingers and then closed them, saying: What do you see, Ananda?

Ananda replied: I see my Lord standing before the assembly opening and closing his beautiful fingers.

The Lord resumed: As you watch the fingers of my hand opening and closing, does the perception of motion belong to my hand or to your eyes?

Ananda replied: My Lord, while thy precious hand is opening and closing I recognize the motion as belonging to thy hand and not to my eyes.

The Lord enquired: Ananda, what is in motion and what is still?

Ananda replied: My Lord, it is thy fingers that are in motion, but as to the perception of my eyes, while it can not be said that it possesses the nature of absolute stillness, it can hardly be said that it is in motion.

The Lord Buddha was pleased with this reply and said: So it is, Ananda. Then the Lord Buddha caused a bright beam of light to dart from his hand and fall on Ananda's right side. Ananda quickly turned

his head to look at it. Then the Lord caused another beam of light to fall on Ananda's left, and Ananda quickly turned his head to look at that. Then the Lord Buddha questioned, Ananda, saying: Ananda, what caused you to turn your head about?

My Lord, it was because I saw a shining beam of light springing from my Lord's hand and darting first to my right and then to my left, and I turned my head to look at it.

Ananda, you say that when your eyes followed the light, you turned your head from right to left. Tell me, was it your head or the perception of your sight that moved?

My Lord, it was my head that moved. As to the perception of sight, while it cannot be said that it has the nature of motionlessness, neither can it be said that it has no motion.

The Lord was pleased with this reply and said: So it is, Ananda. When I was looking at you as sentient beings do, it was your head that was moving about, but my perception of sight did not move, and when you were looking at me, it was my hand opening and closing, not your "seeing" that moved. Ananda, can you not see the difference in nature in that which moves and changes, and that which is motionless and unchanging? It is body which moves and changes, not Mind. Why do you so persistently look upon motion as appertaining to both body and mind? Why do you permit your thoughts to rise and fall, letting the body rule the mind, instead of Mind ruling the body? Why do you let your senses deceive you as to the true unchanging nature of Mind and then to do things in a reversed order which leads to motion and confusion and suffering? As one forgets the true nature of Mind, so he mistakes the reflections of objects as being his own mind, thus binding him to the endless movements and changes and suffering of the recurring cycles of deaths and rebirths that are of his own causing. You should regard all that changes as "dust-particles" and that which is unchanging as being your own true Nature of Mind.

Then Ananda and all the assembly realized that from beginningless time they had forgotten and ignored their own true nature, had misinterpreted conditional objects, and had confused their minds by false discriminations and illusive reflections. They felt like a little baby that had found its mother's breast, and became calm and peaceful in spirit. In this spirit they pressed their hands together and made devout obeisance to the Blessed One. They besought the Lord Tathagata to teach them how to make distinctions between body and mind, between the real and the unreal, between that which is true and that which is false, between the manifested nature of deaths and rebirths on the one hand, and the intrinsic nature of that which is unborn and never dies on the other

hand; the one appearing and disappearing, the other forever abiding within the essence of their own mind.

4. ASSURANCE OF IMMORTALITY OF THE MIND; THE BODY IS DESTRUCTIBLE, NOT THE MIND

His Highness King Prasenajit, who was in the assembly, stood up and addressed the Lord Buddha, saying: Honourable Lord, formerly before I had been under the instruction of my Lord, I visited Katyayana and Vairotiputra (two heretic teachers). They both taught that after one's death, the destruction of the body and mind meant Nirvana. Afterwards, I have been occasionally with my Lord, I have had doubts within my mind and even now the matter is not clear. How can I clearly understand and realize this state of non-death and non-rebirth ? I think that all the disciples present who have not yet attained Arahatship, are equally desirous of more perfectly understanding this profound teaching from my Lord Buddha.

The Lord addressed the King, saying: Your Majesty! May I have the honour of asking you some questions about your present body. Is your Majesty's body as permanent and enduring as gold and steel, or is it impermanent and destructible?

Oh, my Lord, my present body of flesh will soon come to destruction.

Your Majesty! While your body has not yet come to destruction, how do you know that it ever will?

My Lord, it is true that this body has not yet come to total destruction, but as I have watched it and reflected about it, I have seen it constantly changing and needing constant renewal. It seems as though it was slowly being changed into ashes, gradually decreasing and fading away. From this I am convinced that it will ultimately come to destruction.

Yes, your Majesty, it is all too true. You are growing old and your health is becoming imperfect. Tell me a little about your present appearance as compared with your boyhood.

Your lordship! When I was a boy, my skin was tender and smooth, in young manhood my blood and energy were in full supply, now as I am getting old, my strength is failing, my appearance is languid and dull, my brain is dull and uncertain, my hair has become grey and white, my face wrinkled. All these changes certainly show that I cannot live much longer. How can I compare my present with my youth?

The Lord Buddha replied kindly: Your Majesty, do not be discouraged, your appearance will not become decrepit as quickly as all that.

Your Lordship! It is true that these changes have been going on so

secretly that I have hardly felt them, but as winters and summers pass I know that I have been gradually changing into my present condition. At twenty I was young for my age, but my appearance was very different than at ten; at thirty I was older; at forty, still older; and now after twenty years I am sixty, and am what I am. I recollect that at fifty years of age I felt comparatively young and strong. Your Lordship! I am conscious that these processes and changes are still going on secretly and that in a brief time, perhaps ten limited years, the end will come.

Moreover, your Lordship, as I think about these changes, I see that it is not a matter of changes in one or two decades, the process is going on yearly. And not only yearly, but month by month, yes, day by day. Now I think of it, the changes are going on faster than that even, breath by breath, changes incessantly going on faster than thoughts. In the end my body will be given over to destruction.

The Lord Buddha said: Your Majesty, from watching this process of change going on you have become convinced that ultimately your body will be given over to destruction. At the time of the destruction of your body, do you think there is anything within your body that is not destructible?

The King Prasenajit pressed his hands together and replied soberly: Certainly, your Lordship, I do not know. I wish I did.

The Lord Buddha said: Your Majesty! I will now show you the nature of no-dying and no-rebirth. At the time you first saw the river Ganges, your Majesty, how old were you?

The King replied: I can remember when my mother brought me there to worship the Deva god. I was then just three years old. I can remember when we crossed the river; I can remember hearing it called the Ganges.

The Lord Buddha said: Your Majesty! You were three years old at that time. As you have said, when ten years had passed, you were older, and down to the age of sixty the processes of change have been going on year after year, month after month, day after day and thought after thought. Your Majesty, you said that when you first saw the river Ganges, you were three years of age. Tell me, when you were thirteen years of age and saw the Ganges, how did it appear to you? Was the sight of it, your mind's perception of the sight, any different?

The King replied: My sight of it was just the same as when I was three years of age. And now at my present age of sixty-two, while the sight of my eyes is not as good, my perception of the sight is just the same as ever.

The Lord Buddha continued: Your Majesty! You have been saddened by the changes in your personal appearance since your youth—

your greying hair and wrinkled face—but you say that your precision of sight compared with it when you were a youth, shows no change. Tell me, Your Majesty, is there any youth and old age in the perception of sight?

Not at all, your Lordship.

The Lord Buddha continued: Your Majesty! Though your face has become wrinkled, in the perception of your eyes, there are no signs of age, no wrinkles. Then, wrinkles are the symbol of change, and the unwrinkled is the symbol of the unchanging. That which is changing must suffer destruction, of course, but the unchanging is naturally free from deaths and rebirths. How is it, Your Majesty, that the unchanging perception of Mind still suffers the illusion of deaths and rebirths and you are still clinging to the teaching of the heretic, who claimed that after the death of the body, everyone was completely destroyed?

After listening to this wonderful instruction that implied that after one's death something survived to reappear in a new body, the King and the whole assembly were much cheered and filled with joy. It was a most interesting occasion.

5. THE CONFUSING CONCEPTION OF THE PHENOMENAL WORLD

THEN ANANDA, after paying the usual reverence to the Lord Buddha, rose in his place and addressed the Lord, saying:

Noble Lord! If the perception of the eyes and ears is free from death and rebirth, why did my Lord say that we had forgotten our true nature of mind and acted in a state of "reversed confusion"? Pray, my Lord, have pity on us all and purify our contaminated minds and clear away our attachments to them.

Immediately the Lord Buddha stretched out his arm with fingers pointing downward in some mystic *mudra*. He said to Ananda: As you are looking at my fingers, are they in an upright position or in a reversed position?

Ananda replied: My Lord! Most people in this world would say that they were in a reversed position, but because the fingers are arranged in some mystic *mudra*, I do not know which is the upright position and which is the reverse.

The Lord replied: Ananda, if human beings regard this as in a reversed position, what would they regard as an upright position?

Ananda replied: My Lord, if you were to turn the hand so that the fingers were pointing up, that they would call an upright position.

The Lord Buddha suddenly turned his hand and said to Ananda: If this interpretation of positions, reversed or upright, is simply made by turning the hand so that the fingers are pointing either up or down without any change in the location of the hand, that is, as viewed by beings in this world, then you should know that the essence of the Lord Tathagata's true body, the pure Dharmakaya, may be interpreted differently by viewing it from different viewpoints of attainment, as being either the Lord Tathagata's "True Omniscience" (upright position), or as the body of one's own mind, the "reversed position."

Now, Ananda, concentrate your mind on this and explain it to me: When you say that your mind is in the reversed position, in what position is your body to be regarded? Is the body, also, in a reversed position?

At this question, Ananda and the whole assembly were confused and stared up at him with open mouths. What did he mean by a reversed position of both their body and mind?

In great compassion of heart, the Lord Buddha pitied Ananda and the great assembly. He spoke to them reassuringly, and his voice was like the subdued sound of the ocean's billows: My good, faithful disciples! Have I not been constantly teaching you that all of the causes and conditions that characterize changing phenomena and the modes of the mind, and all of the different attributes of the mind, and the independently developed conditions of the mind, are simply manifestations of the mind; and all of your body and mind are but manifestations of the wonderful, enlightening, and true nature of the all-embracing and mysterious Essence of Mind?

My good, faithful disciples! Why do you so easily forget this natural, wonderful, and enlightening Mind of perfect Purity—this mysterious Mind of radiant Brightness? And why are you still bewildered in your realizing consciousness? Open space is nothing but invisible dimness; the invisible dimness of space is mingled with darkness to look like forms; sensations of form are mingled into illusive and arbitrary conceptions of phenomena; and from these false conceptions of phenomena, is developed the consciousness of body. So, within the mind, these jumblings of causes and conditions, segregating into groups and coming into contact with the world's external objects, there is awakened desire or fear which divide the mind and cause it to sink into either indulgence or anger. All of you have been accepting this confusing conception of phenomena as being your own nature of mind. As soon as you accepted it as your true mind, is it any wonder that you became bewildered and supposed it to be localized in your physical body, and that all the external things, mountains, rivers, the great open spaces, and the whole world, were outside the body? Is it any wonder that you failed to realize that

everything you have so falsely conceived has its only existence within your own wonderful, enlightening Mind of True Essence?

In likeness you have abandoned all the great, pure, calm oceans of water, and clung to one bubble which you not only accept but which you regard as the whole body of water in all the hundreds of thousands of seas. In such bewilderment, you reveal yourselves as fools among fools. Though I move my fingers up or down, there is no change in the hand itself, but the world makes a distinction, and says that now it is upright, now it is reversed. Those who do this are greatly to be pitied.

6. THE PERCEIVING MIND AND THE "ESSENCE" OF MIND ARE ONE; PERMANENCE OF THE ENLIGHTENING MIND

ANANDA WAS profoundly moved by this teaching, and through the kindness of the Lord Buddha was delivered from his foolish bewilderment. He sincerely repented and pressing his hands together reverenced the Lord Buddha, saying: My Noble Lord! Though I have been listening to the Lord's wonderful teaching and have realized that this wonderful Enlightening Mind is by nature perfect in itself and is the permanent ground of my changing mind, but, as I have been listening to this Teaching of the Dharma, I think of my concentrating mind. I know that it is of a higher order than my conditional mind, but I dare not recognize it as being the pure, original ground of my mind. Pray, my Lord, have pity upon us all and kindly declare to us the complete teaching and remove this root of suspicion and doubt, so that we may attain to supreme Enlightenment.

The Lord Buddha replied to Ananda, saying: Ananda, from what you have just said I can see that you have been listening to my teaching with your conditional mind, and so my teachings have become conditional, also. It shows that you have not yet fully realized the pure Essence of your mind. It is like a man calling the attention of another man to the moon by pointing his finger toward it. The other man ought to look at the moon, but instead he looks at the finger, and by so doing, not only misses the moon, but misses the finger, also. And why? Because he has taken the finger to be the moon. Not only that, he has failed to notice the difference between darkness and brightness. And why? Because he takes the dark finger to be the moon's brightness. That is why he does not know the difference between darkness and brightness. Ananda, you are just as foolish as that man.

The Lord Buddha continued: Ananda, if you take that which discriminates my teaching as your mind, then when it lays aside its

conceptions of the discriminated teaching, the mind should still retain its own discriminating nature, which it does not. It is like a traveller seeking an inn where he may rest for a short time but not permanently. But the inn-keeper lives there permanently, he does not go away. It is the same with this difficulty. If the discriminating mind is your true Mind, it should never change. How can it be your true Mind when, as soon as the sound of my voice ceases, it has no discriminating nature?

Ananda, this is true not only as regards discriminations of sound, but also of sight and all other sensations, and if the mind is free from all conceptions of phenomena, inherently it must be free from discriminations in its own nature. And even if there is no discriminated object before it, the mind is neither vacuity nor phenomena. If it can be, that when you leave off all the conditions of phenomena, there shall remain no discriminating nature of mind, then both your mind and its Essence will have one individual and original nature, which would be their own and true reality.

Ananda said to the Lord Buddha: Noble Lord, if both my mind and its Essence have one originality, why does the wonderful, enlightening original Mind, which has just been proclaimed by the Lord Buddha as being one with my discriminating mind, not return to its original state? Have pity upon us, my Lord, and explain it more clearly.

The Lord Buddha replied, saying: Ananda, as you look at me with this enlightening Essence of sight, its perception of sight is the same thing and yet is not the same as the Enlightening Mind of the wonderful Essence. It is just like a reproduction of the true moon—that is, it is not merely a shadow of the moon. Now, Ananda, listen and I will show you the originality that has no need of returning at all.

Let us consider this great Lecture Hall which opens towards the east: when the crimson sun rises, it is filled with a glorious brightness; but when it is midnight and no moonlight, and the sky overcast by clouds and mist, then there is dense darkness. Again, because it has doors and windows, the interior is visible, but if there were no doors or windows, the perception of sight would be hindered. Where there is only space, then there is only a common emptiness, but when discriminations are made, they straight away condition the sight. When the air is shut in by walls, it soon becomes close and gloomy and permeated with dust; when clear fresh air comes in, the dust soon disappears and the room becomes clear and refreshing to the eyes.

Ananda, during your life you have experienced many changes; I am now going to return these changes to their respective originalities. What do I mean by their respective originalities, Ananda? I will explain. In this Lecture Hall, first let us return the brightness to the crimson sun.

Why? Because if there was no sun, there would be no brightness. That is, the origin of the brightness is in the sun, so let us return the brightness to the sun. Let us do the same with the other conditions; darkness returns to the dim moon, passage of light returns to the doors and windows, hindrance to light returns to the dense walls of the house, conditions return to discriminations, space returns to emptiness, closeness and gloominess return to dust and clearness and freshness return to the purifying air. Thus all the existencies in the world may be included in these eight kinds of phenomena.

Now, Ananda, let us consider the perceiving mind which distinguishes these eight kinds of phenomena and which we have already found has its ground in the enlightening nature of the Essence of Mind; to which one of these eight phenomena shall it be returned? If you return the faculty of perceiving to brightness, then when there is no brightness, there will be no perception of darkness. Though there may be all degrees of illumination between brightness and darkness, perception in its self-nature possesses no differentials. [Therefore, we cannot return perceiving, which belongs to our Essence of Mind to the phenomena of brightness or any other of the eight classes of phenomena noted above.] Thus we see that those things which can be returned to their originalities do not belong to your own true nature; and that which we cannot return to its originality, is the only thing which truly belongs to us. This shows that your mind has its own mysterious nature of brightness and purity, and when you try to refer your mind to the various classes of phenomena, you simply deceive and bewilder yourself, and, by so doing, you have lost your own true nature and have suffered endless misfortunes, like a vagrant adrift on the ocean of deaths and rebirths. That is why, I look upon you as being most pitiable.

7. THE PERCEPTION OF SIGHT IS INFINITE, UNIVERSAL AND IS ITSELF NOT AN OBJECT—THE BASIS OF BUDDHIST IDEALISM

ANANDA WAS still in doubt as to the true nature of his mind, and begged the Lord Buddha for further elucidation, saying: My Lord, though I now can see that the nature of the mind's perceiving is constant and does not need to be referred to any originality in phenomena, yet how can I fully realize that it is my true and essential nature?

The Lord Buddha replied: Ananda, you have not yet attained to the pure state of freedom from the intoxicants, but you have, with the aid of my Transcendental Power, advanced to the first attainment of Dhyana and thus acquired the state of Perfect Intelligence. In the state of Freedom

from Intoxicants, Aniruddha looking upon the countries of this world, sees them as clearly as he sees an amala fruit lying in the palm of his hand. In that state the Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas, looking beyond this world, have seen with like clearness, all the worlds, even hundreds of thousands of worlds. It is the same with the Tathagatas of the ten quarters of all the universes. Their sight reaches everywhere; they see clearly all the Buddha-lands of Purity, greater in number than the fine particles of dust. But the perception of the eyes belonging to ordinary sentient beings cannot pierce through the thickness of a tenth of an inch.

Let us consider the palaces of the Four Heavenly Kings! How great the distances. How different the conditions of water and earth and air. In those Heavenly Realms there may be seen similarities to light and darkness, and all other phenomena of this world, but that is because of the lingering memory of objects seen in this world. Under those Heavenly conditions, you would still have to continue making distinctions between yourself and objects. But, Ananda, I challenge you, by the perception of your sight, to detect which is my True Essence and which manifestation.

Ananda, let us go to the extreme limit of our sight—to the palaces of the sun and moon—do you see anything there that belongs to our nature? Coming nearer to the Seven Golden Mountains that surround Mt. Sumeru, look carefully, what do you see? We see all sorts of brightness and glory, but nothing that belongs to our nature. Moving nearer, we come to the massing clouds, the flying birds, the hurrying winds, the rising of dust, the mountains, the familiar woods, trees, rivers, herbs, vegetables, animals, none of which belongs to our nature.

Ananda, regarding all these things, far or near, as perceived by the pure Essence of your perceiving eyes, they have different characteristics, but the perception of our eyes is always the same. Does this not mean, that this wonderful perception of sight is the true nature of our minds?

Ananda, if the perception of sight is not your own nature, but is to be regarded as an object, then since it is to be regarded as an object, my perception of sight is to be regarded as an object also, and you should be able to see my perception of sight. Moreover, if when you see the same thing that I do, you regard it as seeing my perception of sight, then since you have seen the sphere of my seeing, you should also see the sphere of my not seeing. Why can you not do so? Furthermore, if you falsely say that you see the sphere of my not seeing, it is then simply your own sphere of not seeing and it cannot be the phenomena of my not seeing. And if not, how can it be that the phenomena of your not seeing is to be regarded as mine? Therefore, if you really do not see the sphere of my not seeing, then the selfness of this perception of sight cannot be an object that can be seen with the eyes and touched with the hands. And if it is

not an object, then why is it not your own true nature? If you still falsely regard your perception of sight as an object, the object should be able to see you, too. If you try to explain it in this way, the substantiality of an object and the selfness of the perception of sight of the object would be hopelessly jumbled together. No one would be able to tell which is subject and which object.

8. HOW THE PERCEPTION OF SIGHT, THOUGH BECOMING FINITE, STILL REMAINS UNCHANGEABLE AND TRANSCENDENTAL, WITHOUT ANALOGUE IN THE UNIVERSE

ANANDA, AS THE NATURE of the perception of sight is universal, how can it be regarded as otherwise than your own true nature? What does it mean, Ananda, that you do not recognize the true nature that naturally belongs to you, and on the contrary, you are asking me to show you another reality?

Ananda said to the Blessed One: Noble Lord! If the nature of the perception of my sight is my true nature and not any different, then when my Lord and I (in a Samapatti state) were visiting the transcendental, mystical, and magnificent palaces of the Four Heavenly Kings, and were sojourning in the palaces of the sun and moon, the perception of our sight was then perfect and universal, reaching and including every part of the Saha world. But when we returned to this Jetavena Grove, we see only this Hall—a still, quiet place with doors and windows—and when we look out from within, we are able to see only the verandah and eaves. Now I learn from my Lord, that the essence of the perception of sight naturally permeates the whole universe. If that is so, why is it that now our perception of sight only embraces this little hall and nothing more? What does it mean, my Lord? Does it mean that the perception of sight is reduced from universality to the finiteness of mortal mind? Or is it that the perception of sight is partitioned off by walls and houses? I do not see where the point of your explanation lies. Please explain it more clearly, for we are very ignorant and stupid.

The Lord Buddha replied: As all things in the universe, either great or small, external or internal, are objects in the presence of our sight, so it would not be right to say that our perception of sight has the potentiality of enlarging and reducing. For instance, take an empty square vessel. When you consider the space in the square vessel, is that square space fixed or changeable? If it is fixed, then if you put a round vessel inside of it, the square space would not permit the admission of the

round vessel; or if it is changeable, then the space in the square vessel would no longer appear square. You said that you did not see where the point lies. Well, here is the point: it is the nature of space to be neither fixed nor changeable [and the same is true of the mind's perception], as I have stated before, so it is absurd for you to repeat your question.

Or, Ananda [if you are still unconvinced], suppose you fill the square vessel with objects and then remove the vessel's squareness; are you still troubled as to the existence of shape in open space? Supposing that it is true that when we re-entered the Hall, the perception of our sight became limited, and when we look at the sun, it appears to lengthen to reach the surface of the sun. Or when we build a wall or a house, it appears to set apart or limit the perception of our sight, but when we make a hole in the wall, is the perception of our sight unable to look through and beyond? The point of my explanation is that changeableness is not an attribute of our perception of sight.

The Lord Buddha continued: Ananda! Since beginningless time sentient beings have been led astray by mistaking the nature of their mind to be the same as the nature of any other object. As they thus lose their true and essential Mind their minds become bewildered by outer objects and the perception of their sight becomes changeable to conform to the dimensions of its visual field and to become limited strictly according to outer conditions. But if you can learn to see things by your true and essential Mind, right away you will become equal to all the Tathagatas—both your mind and your body will become perfectly enlightened and you will be in the same state of tranquillity and stillness as though you were sitting under the Bodhi tree. So perfectly universalized will your mind have become that even at the point of a single hair all the kingdoms of the ten quarters of the universe will be seen.

9. WHAT BECOMES THEN OF THE BODY?

ANANDA SAID: Noble Lord, if the Essence of the perception of sight is my wonderful, enlightening Mind, then this wonderful Mind must be something which we can consider, and if the perception of sight is my true Essence, then what becomes of my present body and mind? I feel that both my body and mind have their separate existence, and yet this Essential perception of sight, even in its concentrated state of stillness, appears to make no discrimination of my body. If this Essential Nature of my perception of sight is truly my Mind then it should be able to show me in the presence of my sight, that it is my true self, but if it does, what becomes of my body, does it belong to me or not? This would seem to be contrary to what my Lord has previously said, that

the object could not see the mind. We beg my Lord to have pity upon us and enlighten our ignorant minds.

The Lord Buddha said: Ananda, what you have just questioned, as to whether the perception of sight is something that can be considered as standing in your presence, is not true. If it was really present before your sight and you could really see it, then as the Essence of the perception of sight has a location, it will no longer be without a point of direction.

Suppose we were sitting in the Jetavana Grove and our sight reached everywhere in the grove—to the streams, to the Royal Palace and its mansions, up to the sun and the moon and down to the River Ganges. All of these different phenomena, which we are supposing you are indicating with your hand as being within the purview of our sight, each has its distinctive characteristic; the grove is shady, the sun is bright, the wall is an obstacle to light, the opening in the wall is a passage for the light, and the same is true even of the smaller things, the trees, herbs, fine grasses, etc. Though in dimensions they all differ from one another, so long as it has appearance, there is nothing that is beyond the range of our sight or description. If the perception of sight is present before your sight, you should be able to point to me, which is your perception of sight and describe it to me.

If it is space that is the perception of sight, you ought to know, and if we were to remove perception of sight, what would you substitute for space? If one of the many objects is the perception of sight and has now become the perception of sight, what other object will you substitute for the first? Suppose you look closely, analyse all the phenomena before you, pick out the essential and enlightening, pure and wonderful nature of the perception of sight, and show it to me just as describable and tangible as the other things.

Ananda said to the Lord: My Lord! Standing in the Lecture Hall of this imposing building and looking out into the far distances, to the vista of the Ganges, up to the sun and the moon, looking everywhere my hand can point and my sight can reach, there is nothing in sight but objects, and I see nothing that is analogous to my perception of sight. It is just as my Lord has taught us. I am simply a junior Arahat not yet free from the intoxicants, but it is the same with the Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas, we are all alike unable to detect the presence of anything to be called the perception of sight among all the appearances of phenomena, nor are we able to point out an analogous something that transcends all objects.

The Lord Buddha was greatly pleased with this reply and said: So it is, Ananda, so it is! There is neither the Essence of the perception of sight,

nor any other essential nature transcending all objects. There is no such "thing" as the perception of sight. Now let me ask you some more questions.

10. ALL PHENOMENA ARE ILLUSION; PHENOMENA AND SPACE "BELONG TO" THE PERCEPTION OF SIGHT

SUPPOSE, ANANDA, that you and I are again sitting in the Jeta Grove, looking over the gardens, even to the sun and moon, and seeing all the multitudinous objects, and no such thing as perception of sight can be pointed out to us. But, Ananda, among all these multitudinous phenomena, can you show me anything which does not belong to the perception of sight?

Ananda replied: Noble Lord! True, I see every part of the Jeta Grove, but see nothing which does not belong to perception of sight. And why? Because if the trees in the grove do not belong to the perception of sight, we could not call them trees. But if the trees belong to the perception of sight, why do we still call them trees? It is the same with space. If it does not belong to the perception of sight, we could not see space, and if it does belong to the perception of sight, why should we still call it space? I am convinced now that all objects whatsoever, be they little or big, wherever there are manifestations and appearances, all belong to the perception of sight.

Again, the Lord Buddha expressed agreement, saying: So it is, Ananda, so it is!

Then all the junior disciples, except the older ones among them who had finished the practice of meditation, having listened to the discussion and not understanding the significance of the conclusion, became confused and frightened and lost control of themselves.

The Lord Tathagata, recognizing that the junior disciples where thrown into perplexity and discouragement by the teaching, took pity upon them and consoled them, saying to Ananda and to all of them:

My good, pious disciples! Do not be disturbed by what has been taught. All that the supreme Teacher of the Dharma has taught are true and sincere words, they are neither extravagant nor chimerical. They are not to be compared with the puzzling paradoxes given by the famous heretic teachers. Do not be disturbed by what has been taught, but ponder upon it seriously and never give yourself up either to sadness or delight.

Thereupon the great disciple Manjusri, regarded by all as a Prince of the Lord's Dharma, took pity upon the confused ones among the Brothers, rose in his place and, bowing with great reverence at the feet

of the Lord Buddha, said to him: Blessed Lord! There are some among the Brothers in this Assembly who have not yet fully realized the significance of these two seemingly ambiguous interpretations relating to whether phenomena and space belong to perception of sight, which have been presented by my Lord Tathagata.

Blessed Lord! If the conditioning causes in the presence of our sight, such as phenomenal objects, space, etc., are meant as belonging to the perception of sight, they should have relations to be pointed out; or, if they are not meant as belonging to the perception of sight, they should not be seen by our sight. The Brothers do not see the point of the teaching and, therefore, have become confused and frightened. It does not mean that the roots of the Brothers' goodness in previous lives are too weak for such profound teaching, but for them the explanation needs to be very plain. I pray the Blessed Lord to be kind enough to bring out the Truth more simply as to what relations there are lying between the phenomenal objects and the Essence of the perception of sight. What are their origins, and how is the ambiguity as to whether they belong or do not belong, to be gotten rid of.

Then the Lord Buddha replied: Manjusri and all my good pious Disciples! The Tathagatas in the ten quarters of the universe, together with all the great Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas, as they are intrinsically abiding in Samadhi, regard all of the perceptions of sight, their causes and conditions, and all the conceptions of phenomena, as being visionary flowers in the air, having no true nature of existence within themselves. But they regard the perceiving of sight as belonging to the Essence of the wonderful, pure, enlightening Mind (*Bodhi*). Why should there be any ambiguity as to belonging or not belonging, between the perception of sight and the perceiving of objects?

Manjusri, let me ask you, supposing there is another Manjusri, just such as you are. What do you think? Is there truly another Manjusri? Or is it an impossible supposition?

Blessed Lord, it is just as you say, it is impossible. I am the true Manjusri; it is impossible to have another of me. And why? Because if it was possible to have another in perfect likeness, there would be two Manjusris, but I would still be the one and true Manjusri. There is no ambiguity of one or two.

The Lord Buddha was pleased with this reply and continued: It is just the same with this wonderful, enlightening perception of sight, the seeing of objects, as well as objects themselves, they all intrinsically belong to the pure, perfect, Essential Mind of the wonderful, enlightening, Supreme Bodhi. But they have been discriminated as phenomena of sight, space, the perception of seeing, hearing, etc. It is just like a

man with defective eyes seeing two moons at the same time. Who can tell which is the true moon? Manjusri, there is only one true moon; there can be no ambiguity of one being true and the other untrue. Therefore, when one is looking upon these manifestations arising from the senses in contact with objects, he must remember that they are all illusion and then there will be no ambiguity. But if the feeling still persists that there is some ambiguity as to whether the essence of the perceiving mind is the wonderful, enlightening Mind of the True Essence or not, the wonderful enlightening Mind itself can free you from the ambiguity as to whether it is the True Mind or not.

11. "PERCEPTION" IS PURE REALITY AND IS NOT DEPENDENT ON CAUSES AND CONDITIONS

Ananda said: Noble Lord! My Lord Dharma has said that the perceptions and their causes are universally permeating the ten quarters, that by nature they are tranquil and permanent, and that their nature is devoid of deaths and rebirths. If this is so, then what is the difference between it and the heretical teachings, such as the doctrine of "emptiness," the doctrine of " naturalism," and similar teaching, all of which teach that there is a "True Ego" universally permeating the ten quarters? My Lord has also given teachings to the wise Sariputra, our Brother, and to many others, on Mount Lankara, in which he explained to them that, while the heretics were always talking about "naturalism," my Lord taught the principle of "causes and conditions," which was fundamentally different from the teachings of the heretical philosophers. Now when I learn from my Lord's teaching that this nature of perception of sight is also natural in its origin, is devoid of death and rebirth, and is perfectly free from all sorts of illusive reversions, it does not seem to belong to your principle of "causes and conditions." How can it be distinguished from the "naturalism" taught by the heretics? Pray explain this to us, so that we do not fall into their heresy, and so that we may realize the wonderful, enlightening, and intelligent nature of our True Mind.

The Lord Buddha replied, saying: Ananda, I have already explained it to you and shown you the Truth, but you have not realized it. On the contrary, your mind is bewildered and you have mistaken my teaching of Mind-essence as being "naturalism." Ananda, if your perception of sight belonged to "naturalism," then we should examine into the essence of its nature. Let us do so. In this wonderful, enlightening perception of sight, what would you take as belonging to itself? Does your perception of sight take its brightness from its own nature? Does it take

its darkness from its own nature? Does it take its limitlessness from its own nature? Or its being limited by impenetrable objects as belonging to its own nature?

Ananda, if brightness belongs to it by nature, then it should not see darkness. If its ability to see everywhere in space belongs to it, then it should not be hindered by impenetrable objects. The opposite of this is true also. If darkness belongs to its nature, then there should be no brightness in the perception of sight. How then could it see the phenomena of brightness?

Then Ananda said to the Lord Buddha: Noble Lord! If this wonderful perception of sight cannot be explained as belonging to the principle of "naturalism," then how can it be explained as belonging to the principle of " cause and condition?" When I come to study the question of how the perception of sight can arise from causes and conditions, my mind is still confused. I beg my Lord to explain it for us once more.

The Lord Buddha replied: Ananda, as to what you have just asked me about the nature of cause and condition, I would rather ask you a few questions first. Supposing the nature of your perception of sight was before us now for our examination. How could it be manifested to us? Would it be because of its brightness? Or its darkness? Or because of the clearness of space? Or because of the impenetrability of objects?

If the perception of sight is manifested by reason of its brightness, then we could not see darkness, or vice versa. And the same would be true if our perception of sight was manifested by the clearness of space, or the impenetrability of objects. Again, Ananda. Is the perception of sight manifested by the condition of brightness? Or the condition of darkness? Or the condition of the clearness of space? Or under the condition of impenetrable objects? If it is manifested under the condition of brightness, then it could not see darkness. And the same would be true of the opposite, or of open space and its opposite, impenetrable objects.

Ananda, you ought to realize that the nature of this essentially wonderful, intelligent, enlightening, perception of sight belongs to neither cause nor condition, to neither nature nor phenomena, to neither the ambiguities of being or not being, or of nothingness or not nothingness. Neither does the conception of sight belong to any conception of phenomena, and yet it embraces all phenomena.

Now, Ananda, after all these arguments, how can you discriminate within your mind, and how can you make distinctions and give them all those worldly fictitious names? You might as well try to take a pinch

of space, or rub space with your hand. You would use up your strength and the air in the space would remain undisturbed. How would it be possible for you to catch and hold even a tiny bit of space? The same is true of your perception of sight.

Then Ananda said to the Lord Buddha: Noble Lord! If this wonderful, enlightening nature of perception of sight belongs neither to its own nature, nor to causes and conditions, then why did my Lord once explain to the Bhikshus that the nature of perception of sight is under four kinds of conditions, namely, space, brightness, mind and eyes? What did you mean by that explanation?

The Lord Buddha replied, saying: Ananda! What I said about the causes and conditions in this phenomenal world, was not my supreme, intrinsic Teaching. Let me ask you again, Ananda: When the people of this world say they can see this and that, what do they mean by it, Ananda?

My Lord, they mean that by the light of the sun or the moon or a lamp, they are able to see, and when devoid of the light of sun, moon or lamp, they are unable to see.

Suppose, Ananda, there is no light and they are unable to see things, does that mean that they cannot see the darkness? If it is possible to see darkness when it is too dark to see things, it simply means there is no light; it does not mean they cannot see. Supposing, Ananda, they were in the light and could not see the darkness; does that mean, also, that they cannot see? Here are two kinds of phenomena, light and darkness, and of both you say, 'he cannot see.' If these two kinds of phenomena are mutually exclusive, then he cannot see at all and that would mean, as far as the perception of sight is concerned, a temporary discontinuance of existence. But the fact is not so. Therefore, it is quite clear that you must mean that he cannot see at all. I am puzzled to know just what you do mean, when you say, "he cannot see in the darkness."

Listen now, Ananda, to what I am going to teach you. When you are seeing light, it does not mean that the perception of sight belongs to light, and when you are seeing darkness, it does not mean that the perception of sight belongs to darkness. It is just the same when you see through clear space, or cannot see through impenetrable objects. Ananda, you should understand the significance of those four things, for when you are speaking of the perception of sight you are not referring to the phenomena of seeing with the eyes, but to the intrinsic perception of sight that transcends the experiential sight of the eyes, and is beyond its reach. Then how can you interpret this transcendental perception of sight as being dependent upon causes and conditions, or nature, or

a synthesis of all of them. Ananda, are you of all the Arahats so limited in understanding that you cannot comprehend that this Perception of Sight is pure Reality itself? This is a profound teaching and I want all of you to ponder upon it seriously. Do not become tired of it, nor indolent in realizing it. While it is the most profound of all teachings, it is the surest way to Enlightenment.

12. THE MYSTIC, INTUITIVE PERCEPTION OF REALITY; PARTICULARITIES DUE TO IMAGININGS OF THE SICK MIND

STILL ANANDA WAS NOT SATISFIED and said to the Lord Buddha: Noble Lord! Although my Lord has explained to us the principles of causes and conditions, of naturalism, and all the phenomena of conformity and non-conformity, yet we do not fully realize any of them, and now as we listen to the teachings of our Lord about Perception of Sight, we become more puzzled than ever. We do not understand what you mean when you say that our mental perception of sight is not our intrinsic Perception of Sight. Pray, my Lord, have mercy upon us; give us the true eye of Transcendental Intelligence and reveal to us more clearly our Intuitive Mind of Brightest Purity. At this Ananda was so far overcome that he broke into sobs and bowed down to the ground waiting for the Lord's further instruction.

Thereupon the Blessed One had pity for Ananda and for all the younger members of the Assembly, and solemnly recited the Great Dharani which is the mystic way to the full attainment of Samadhi.

Then he said: Ananda! Though you have an excellent memory, it seems to serve only to increase your knowledge. You are still a long way from the mysterious insight and reflection that accompany the attainment of Samapatti. Now, Ananda, listen carefully to me and I will teach you more particularly, not for your sake alone, but for the sake of all true disciples in the future, so that all alike may reap the fruit of Enlightenment.

The reason why all sentient beings in this world have ever been bound to the cycle of deaths and rebirths is because of two reverse, discriminative and false perceptions of the eyes which spring up everywhere to bind us to this present life and keep us turning about in the cycle of deaths and rebirths by every wind of karma. What are these two reverse perceptions of the eyes? One is the false perception of the eyes that is caused by individual and particular karma of any single sentient being. The other is the false perception of eyes that is caused by the general karma of many sentient beings.

Ananda, what is meant by the false perceptive karma that is caused by the individual and particular karma of single sentient beings? Supposing in this world there was someone who was suffering from inflammation of the eyes, so that when he looked at the light of a lamp in the night time, he would see a strange halo of different colours, surrounding the light. What do you think, Ananda? Is this strange bright halo caused by the lamp, or does it belong to the perception of the eyes? If it belongs to the lamp, then why do others with healthy eyes not perceive it? If it belongs to the perception of the eyes, then why does not everyone see it? What is the strange sight only perceived by the single individual with the inflamed eyes?

Again, Ananda. If this halo that surrounds the light, exists independently of the lamp, then other objects near by should have like halos about them, screen, curtain, desk, table, etc. If it exists independently of the perception of the eyes, then it ought not to be seen by the eyes at all. How is it, that only the inflamed eyes see it?

Ananda, you should know that the sight really belongs to the lamp, but the halo is caused by the inflammation of the particular eyes, for the halo and the perception are both under the condition of the inflammation, but the nature that perceives the effect of the inflammation of the eyes is not sick itself. So, in conclusion, it should not be said that the halo belongs exclusively either to the lamp or to the perception of the eyes, nor should it be said that it belongs neither to the lamp nor to the perception of the eyes. It is just the same as the reflection of the moon in still water: it is neither the real moon nor its double. And why? Because the reproduction of any sight is always accounted for by causes and conditions, so that the learned and intelligent do not say that the origin of any sight that can be accounted for by causes and conditions, belongs to the object, nor does not belong to the object. It is the same with the sight caused by the inflamed eyes, which should not be said to be either independent of the perception of the eyes nor not independent of the perception of the eyes. Would it not be absurd to try and distinguish what part of the sight belongs to the eyes and what part belongs to the lamp? Would it not be more absurd to try and distinguish which part of the sight does not belong to the lamp and which part does not belong to the inflamed eyes?

Ananda! Now let us consider what is meant by false perception of eyes that is caused by the general karma of many sentient beings. In this world there are many thousands of kingdoms, great and small. Supposing we think that in one of the smallest of these kingdoms, all of the people are under the influence of a common bad condition of mind, that is, they all see many sorts of unpropitious signs that are not

seen by any other people—two suns, two moons, or different eclipses of the sun or moon, or halos about the sun or moon, or comets, with or without tails, or flying meteors seen only for an instant, or gloomy shadows like a great ear near the sun or moon, or sometimes rainbows seen early or late. Supposing that all these strange phenomena of evil omen are seen only by this small kingdom, and have never been seen or heard of by any other people. Now, Ananda, we will consider these two examples together. First let us refer to the individual and particular false perception of eyes as seen by a single individual in the strange halo about the night lamp. Though it appeared to belong to the conditions in the presence of sight, yet, after all, it belonged to the perception of the inflamed eyes. The imaginary halo meant only the sickness of the perception of eyes; it had nothing whatever to do with sight in itself. That is, the nature of the perception of the eyes that sees an imaginary halo is not responsible for the viewing mistakes. For instance, Ananda, when you are viewing the whole appearance of a country, seeing its mountains, rivers, kingdoms, people, etc., they seem to be discriminated particulars of fact, but in truth, they are all made up by the original, beginningless, sickness of perceiving eyes. To both the visual condition of the eyes and the perception of the eyes these particular sights seem manifested in our presence, but to our intuitive, enlightened nature it is seen to be, what it truly is, a morbid sight indicative of sick eyes. So any and all perceptions of enlightened nature, for instance, even the particular perception of eyes itself, are seen to be simply an obscuring mist. But our fundamental, intuitive, enlightening Mind that perceives this perception of eyes and its visual conditions can by no means be regarded as something imaginary and morbidly sick. Therefore, we must be careful not to plunge this intuitive nature that perceives this morbid mist that is discriminated by the perception of inflamed eyes into the same morbid mist. We must be careful to distinguish between the perception of our eyes and the intrinsic Perception of Sight by our enlightened Mind that is conscious of the fallible perception of the eyes.

Since this intrinsic Sight is not identical with the perception of the sight as perceived by the eyes, how can the perceptions of morbid sight, such as your common seeing, hearing, perceiving and discriminating, how can you continue to call it your True Mind, Ananda? Thus when you are regarding yourself, or me, or any of the ten species of sentient beings in this world, you are simply regarding the morbid mist of the perception of the eyes; it is not the true, unconditioned Sight. The nature of this intrinsic Sight naturally manifests no morbid mist in its transcendental Perceiving and, accordingly, your intrinsic Mind is not the same as your perceiving, experiential mind.

Ananda! Let us now regard those sentient beings with their general, common and false perception of eyes and compare them with this one person who is suffering under his individual and particular karma of false perception of eyes. This inflamed-eye individual who perceived an imaginary halo about the light, caused by the morbid mist in his perceiving mind, is perfectly typical of all the people in that little kingdom who saw the imaginary unpropitious signs in the heavens caused by the general and common karma of false perceptions of eyes. They are alike developments of a false perception of sight since beginningless time. For instance, in this great world with its continents and oceans, in the social world with all its races of people and kingdoms, all of these sentient beings and all the natural phenomena all have their origin in the intuitive, enlightening, non-intoxicating, mysterious, intrinsic Mind, but they are all manifestations of the false, morbid conditions that belong respectively to the perceptions of the eyes, ears, nose, tongue, touch, discrimination, emotion, thinking. All these sentient beings are ever subject to the sufferings of an unceasing cycle of deaths and rebirths according to the general principle of causes and conditions.

Ananda! If you can remain perfectly independent of these false perceptions and of all conformity and non-conformity to them, then you will have exterminated all the causes leading to deaths and rebirths and, besides, you will have attained a perfectly matured enlightenment that is of the nature of non-death and non-rebirth. This is the pure Intrinsic Mind, the ever abiding Intuitive Essence.

[*This covers roughly half of the First Chapter. There follow discussions of the questions on the sole reality of the "Essence of Mind," with further developments on the falsity of the perception of the other senses of hearing, tasting and smelling, the twelve locations of contact between consciousness and objects, the eighteen spheres of mentation (sense-organs, sense-minds and sense-perceptions) and their relations to the four elements (earth, fire, wind and water); these four elements with our perceptions and the notion of space constitute the "six elements" of the phenomenal world.*

[*Chapter Two discusses the positive side of the intuitive perception, the untying of the "knots" of sense-perceptions and the acquiring of "transcendental sense-organs" corresponding to the six physical senses, with special emphasis on the transcendental sense of hearing as best suitable to the realization of the ultimate reality, which is easy to understand because a sound lingers in our ears after it ceases, being without shape and therefore "spiritual" in character.*

[*For a fair estimate of Buddhist thinking, however, it is always important*

to get back to the practical outcome of its religious spirit, or the Buddhist way of life. *The following selection from the Second Chapter is intended to supplement the above philosophical exposition.—Ed.*]

Thereupon the Blessed Lord, sitting upon his throne in the midst of the Tathagatas and highest Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas from all the Buddha-lands, manifested his Transcendent Glory surpassing them all. From his hands and feet and body radiated supernal beams of light that rested upon the crowns of each Tathagata, Bodhisattva-Mahasattva, and Prince of the Dharma, in all the ten quarters of all the universes, in number more numerous than the finest particles of dust. Moreover, from the hands and feet and bodies of all the Tathagatas, Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas and Princes of the Lord's Dharma, in all the ten quarters of the universes, went forth rays of glorious brightness that converged upon the crown of the Lord Buddha and upon the crowns of all the Tathagatas, Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas and Arahats present in the assembly. At the same time all the trees of the Jeta Park, and all the waves lapping on the shores of its lakes, were singing the music of the Dharma, and all the intersecting rays of brightness were like a net of splendour set with jewels and overarching them all. Such a marvellous sight had never been imagined and held them all in silence and awe. Unwittingly they passed into the blissful peace of the Diamond Samadhi and upon them all there fell like a gentle rain the soft petals of many different coloured lotus blossoms—blue and crimson, yellow and white—all blending together and being reflected into the open space of heaven in all the tints of the spectrum. Moreover, all the differentiations of mountains and seas and rivers and forests of the Saha World blended into one another and faded away leaving only the flower-adorned unity of the Primal Cosmos, not dead and inert but alive with rhythmic life and light, vibrant with transcendental sounds of songs and rhymes, melodiously rising and falling and merging and then fading away into silence.

THE BUDDHIST WAY OF LIFE

"No teaching that is unkind can be the true teaching of Buddha."

Then Ananda and all the great assembly were purified in body and mind. They acquired a profound understanding and a clear insight into the nature of the Lord Buddha's Enlightenment and experience of highest Samadhi. They had confidence like a man who was about to set forth on a most important business to a far-off country, because they knew the route to go and to return. All the disciples in this great assembly

realized their own Essence of Mind and purposed, henceforth, to live remote from all worldly entanglements and taints, and to live continuously in the pure brightness of the Eye of Dharma.

Then Ananda, rising in the midst of the assembly, straightened his robe, with the palms of his hands pressed together, knelt before the Lord Buddha. In the depths of his nature he was already enlightened and his heart was filled with happiness and compassion for all sentient beings and, especially, did he desire to benefit them by his newly acquired wisdom. He addressed the Lord Buddha, saying: Oh my Lord of Great Mercy! I have now realized the True Door of Dharma for the attainment of Enlightenment, and have no more doubt about its being the only Door to Perfect Enlightenment. My Lord has taught us that those who are only starting the practice of Bodhisattvaship and have not yet delivered themselves, but who already wish to deliver others, that this is a sign of Bodhisattvaship. And when those who have attained Enlightenment have a deep purpose to enlighten others, that this is a sign of the Lord Tathagata's descent from the Pure Land for the deliverance of all the world. Although I have not yet delivered myself, I already wish to deliver all sentient beings of this present kalpa. Noble Lord! Sentient beings of this age and world are gradually becoming more and more alienated from my Lord's favour, and the propagation of heretical teachings, deceiving people and leading them astray, more and more flourishes. I want to persuade them to concentrate their minds in dhyana for the attainment of Samadhi. What can I do to help them arrange a True Altar to Enlightenment within their minds so that they may be kept far away from all deceiving temptations and in whose progress there shall be no retrogressing or discouragement in the attainment of Enlightenment?

In response to this appeal, the Blessed One addressed the assembly: Ananda has just requested me to teach how to arrange a True Altar of Enlightenment to which sentient beings of this last kalpa may come for deliverance and protection. Listen carefully as I explain it to you.

Ananda and all in this assembly! In explaining to you the rules of the Vinaya,[1] I have frequently emphasized three good lessons, namely, (1) the only way to keep the Precepts is first to be able to concentrate the mind; (2) by keeping the Precepts you will be able to attain Samadhi; (3) by means of Samadhi one develops intelligence and wisdom. Having learned these three good lessons, one has gained freedom from the intoxicants and hindrances.

Ananda, why is concentration of mind necessary before one can keep the Precepts? And why is it necessary to keep the Precepts before one

[1] Religious discipline.

can rightly practise dhyana and attain Samadhi? And why is the attainment of Samadhi necessary before one may attain true intelligence and wisdom? Let me explain this to you. All sentient beings in all the six realms of existence are susceptible to temptations and allurements. As they yield to these temptations and allurements, they fall into and become fast bound to the recurring cycles of deaths and rebirths. Being prone to yield to the temptations and allurements, one must, in order to free himself from their bondage and their intoxication, concentrate his whole mind in a resolution to resist them to the uttermost. The most important of these allurements are the temptations to yield to sexual thoughts, desires and indulgence, with all their following waste and bondage and suffering. Unless one can free himself from this bondage and these contaminations and exterminate these sexual lusts, there will be no escape from the following suffering, nor hope of advancement to enlightenment and peacefulness. No matter how keen you may be mentally, no matter how much you may be able to practise dhyana, no matter to how high a degree of apparent Samadhi you may attain, unless you have wholly annihilated all sexual lusts, you will ultimately fall into the lower realms of existence. In these lower Mara realms of existence there are three ranks of evil ones: the Mara king, evil demons, and female fiends, and all of them have each his and her own double who disguise themselves as "angels of light" who have attained supreme Enlightenment.

After my Parinirvana,[1] in the last kalpa[2] of this world, there will be plenty of all these kinds of evil spirits everywhere. Some of them will beset you openly with avarice and concupiscence and others of them will pose as holy and learned masters. No one will escape their machinations to lure them into the swamps of defilement and thus to lose the Path to Enlightenment. Therefore, Ananda, and all of you, should persistently teach the people of this world to attain perfect concentration of mind, so that they may be enabled to keep the Precept of purity and thus be able to practise dhyana successfully and attain Samadhi. This is the clear teaching of all the Blessed Buddhas of the past, and it is my instruction at the present, and it will be the instruction of all Tathagatas of the future.

Therefore, Ananda, a man who tries to practise dhyana without first attaining control of his mind is like a man trying to bake bread out of a dough made of sand; bake it as long as he will, it will only be sand made a little hot. It is the same with sentient beings, Ananda. They can not hope to attain Buddhahood by means of an indecent body. How can they hope to attain the wonderful experience of Samadhi out of bawdiness? If the source is indecent, the outcome will be indecent; there will

[1] Near-Nirvāna. [2] Age, or Cycle.

ever be a return to the never-ending recurrence of deaths and rebirths. Sexual lust leads to multiplicity; control of mind and Samadhi lead to enlightenment and the unitive life of Buddhahood. Multiplicity lead to strife and suffering; control of mind and dhyana lead to the blissful peace of Samadhi and Buddhahood.

Inhibition of sexual thoughts and annihilation of sexual lusts is the path to Samadhi, and even the conception of inhibiting and annihilating must be discarded and forgotten. When the mind is under perfect control and all indecent thoughts excluded, then there may be a reasonable expectation for the Enlightenment of the Buddhas. Any other teaching than this is but the teaching of the evil Maras. This is my first admonition as to keeping the Precepts.

The next important hindrance and allurement is the tendency of all sentient beings of all the six realms of existence to gratify their pride of egoism. To gain this one is prone to be unkind, to be unjust and cruel, to other sentient beings. This tendency lures them into the bondage of deaths and rebirths, but if this tendency can be controlled they will no longer be lured into this bondage for right control of mind will enable them to keep the Precept of kindness to all animate life. The reason for practising dhyana and seeking to attain Samadhi is to escape from the suffering of life, but in seeking to escape from suffering ourselves, why should we inflict it upon others? Unless you can so control your minds that even the thought of brutal unkindness and killing is abhorrent, you will never be able to escape from the bondage of the world's life. No matter how keen you may be mentally, no matter how much you may be able to practise dhyana, no matter to how high a degree of Samadhi you may attain, unless you have wholly annihilated all tendency to unkindness toward others, you will utimately fall into the realms of existence where the evil ghosts dwell.

There are three ranks of these ghosts: the highest are the mighty ghosts, the next are the Yaksha ghosts who fly in the air, and the lowest are the Raksha ghosts that live under the earth. Each of these ghosts has his double that disguises itself as having attained enlightenment. After my Parinirvana in the last kalpa these different kinds of ghosts will be encountered everywhere deceiving people and teaching them that they can eat meat and still attain enlightenment. But how can any faithful follower of the Lord Tathagata kill sentient life and eat the flesh?

You of this great Assembly ought to appreciate that those human beings who might become enlightened and attain Samadhi, because of eating meat, can only hope to attain the rank of a great Raksha and until the end of their enjoyment of it must sink into the never ceasing round of deaths and rebirths. They are not true disciples of Buddha. If they kill

sentient beings and eat the flesh, they will not be able to escape from this triple world. Therefore, Ananda, next to teaching the people of the last kalpa to put away all sexual lust, you must teach them to put an end to all killing and brutal cruelty.

If one is trying to practise dhyana and is still eating meat, he would be like a man closing his ears and shouting loudly and then asserting that he heard nothing. The more one conceals things, the more apparent they become. Pure and earnest bhikshus and Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas, when walking a narrow path, will never so much as tread on the growing grass beside the path. How can a bhikshu, who hopes to become a deliverer of others, himself be living on the flesh of other sentient beings?

Pure and earnest bhikshus, if they are true and sincere, will never wear clothing made of silk, nor wear boots made of leather, because it involves the taking of life. Neither will they indulge in eating milk or cheese, because thereby they are depriving the young animals of that which rightly belongs to them. It is only such true and sincere bhikshus who have repaid their karmic debts of previous lives, who will attain true emancipation, and who will no more be bound to wander to this triple world. To wear anything, or partake of anything for self-comfort, deceiving one's self as to the suffering it causes others or other sentient life, is to set up an affinity with that lower life which will draw them toward it. So all bhikshus must be very careful to live in all sincerity, refraining from even the appearance of unkindness to other life. It is such true hearted bhikshus who will attain a true emancipation. Even in one's speech and especially in one's teaching, one must practise kindness for no teaching that is unkind can be the true teaching of Buddha. Unkindness is the murderer of the life of Wisdom. This is the second admonition of the Lord Buddha as to the keeping of the Precepts.

Then there is the Precept of not taking anything that does not rightfully belong to one, not coveting it or even admiring it. One must learn to keep this Precept in all sincerity if he is to hope for escape from the chain of deaths and rebirths. The purpose of your practice of dhyana is to escape from the suffering of this mortal life. No matter how keen you may be mentally, no matter how much you may be able to practise dhyana, no matter to how high a degree of apparent Samadhi you may attain, unless you refrain from covetousness and stealing, you will fall into the realm of heretics.

There are three grades of these heretics: the first grade are the spiritual heretics tempting one to rank and privilege and power and egoistic pride. The second grade are mental goblins tempting one to false ideas that will enhance one's knowledge and erudition. The third grade are the common heretics of this world who teach among human beings

what is not true Dharma. You will be beset by these heretics on every hand, within and without. And each one of these heretic goblins will have his double who disguises himself as one who has attained supreme enlightenment and who sets himself up as a teacher of highest truth. After my Parinirvana, in the last kalpa of this world, there will be plenty of these goblin-heretics about, hiding themselves within the very personalities of the saints, the better to carry out their deceiving tricks. Sometimes they gain control of some great and good Master and teach under the pressige of his name. They often assert that they have received their Dharma from some notable Master, deceiving ignorant people, discouraging them and even causing them to go insane. In such deceptive ways do they spread their false and destructive heresies.

For all these various reasons, I teach my bhikshu-brothers not to covet comforts and privileges, but to beg their food, not here and there, or now and then, but to make it a regular habit so that they will be better able to overcome the greediness and covetousness that hinders their progress towards enlightenment. I teach them not to cook their own food even, but to be dependent upon others for even the poorest living so that they will realize their oneness with all sentient life and are but sojourners in this triple world. Under these conditions, how can bad men be tempted to put on our Buddhist garments and to offer the Dharma of all the Tathagatas as goods for sale? To do this is to accumulate all kinds of evil karma. Nevertheless, these heretics insist that their selfish and acquisitive acts are in conformity with Buddha's teaching and that Buddhism allows them to teach and act in these acquisitive ways. By so doing they defame the true Buddhist Bhikshus who have been tested and tried in some formal religious ceremony. On the contrary, they only reveal themselves as belonging to some heretical sect but, meanwhile, they have deluded and bewildered and turned astray or hindered many sentient beings so that they fall into the hells of suffering.

If after my Parinirvana there shall be bhikshus who undertake to practise dhyana and to attain Samadhi and who prove their sincerity and earnestness by some sacrifice before an image of the Tathagata, such as cutting off a part of their body, or burning a finger, or even burning one spot on their head with incense, such disciples immediately pay all their karmaic debts accumulated from beginningless time, and they will be immediately emancipated from the bondage of this triple world. Although such disciples will not at once attain Supreme Enlightenment, yet they reveal their right resolution and are on the right Path by the practice of dhyana.

But if they are not enough in earnest to sacrifice even the slightest comfort, even if they attain a measure of tranquillity, they will have to

be reborn in a human body for the payment of the debts of previous lives. Thus I, myself, suffered for about three months to eat the rye in horses' fodder, so hungry was I, in recompense of the debt of an earlier life. Thus you must teach the people of this world who are practising dhyana in the hope of attaining Samadhi, that they must abstain from stealing and covetousness.

Therefore, Ananda, if any of my disciples who are trying to practise dhyana, do not abstain from stealing and covetousness, their efforts will be like trying to fill a leaking pot with water; no matter how long they try, they will never succeed. So all of you, my bhikshu disciples, with the exception of your poor garments and your begging bowls should have nothing more in possession. Even the food that is left over from your begging after you have eaten should be given to hungry sentient beings and should not be kept for the next meal. Moreover, you should look upon your own body, its flesh, blood and bone, as not being your own but as being one with the bodies of all other sentient beings and so be ever ready to sacrifice it for the common need. Even when men beat you and scold you, you must accept it patiently and with hands pressed together bow to them humbly. Furthermore, you should not accept one teaching, or one principle, that is easy and agreeable, and reject the rest of the Dharma; you should accept all with equitable mind lest you misinterpret the Dharma to the new converts. Thus living, the Lord Buddha will confirm your attainment as one who has acquired the true Samadhi. As you teach the Dharma to others, be sure that your teaching is in agreement with the above so that it may be regarded as a true teaching of Buddha, otherwise it would be as heretical as the deceptive words of the goblin-heretics who are murderers of the life of Wisdom. This is the third admonition of the Lord Buddha as it relates to the Precepts.

Then there is the Precept of not deceiving nor telling lies. If the sentient beings of the six realms of existence should refrain from killing, stealing and adultery, and should refrain from even thinking about them, but should fail to keep the Precept of truthfulness and not be sincere in their practice of dhyana and their attainment of Samadhi, there would be no emancipation for them; they would fall into the ranks of the Maras who are satisfied with any slight attainment and who boast of it, or they would fall into the ranks of Maras who become prejudiced and egoistically assertive, and what is of more importance, they would lose their seed of Buddhahood.

Such disciples presumptuously assume an attainment before they have attained it; they assume realization before they have realized it; they affect to be the most respected and competent masters, and speak to the people loftily, boasting: "I have attained to the degree of Srotapanna,

or to the degree of Sakradagamin, or to the degree of Anagamin, or to the degree of Arahat, or to the degree of Pratyeka-Buddha." They claim to have attained to the Ten Gradual Grounds of Tranquillity, or to the degree of those Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas who have attained to the stage of No Recension. Moreover, they covet the respect of people, they like to see them humble in their presence, they greedily watch for offerings from the people. Such disciples are to be regarded as no better than unbelievers, no better than hardened Icchantikas. They not only lose their own seed of Buddhahood, they destroy the seed of Buddhahood in others. Such disciples progressively lose their nature of kindness and gradually lose the measure of understanding that they had attained and shall at last sink into the Sea of the Three Kinds of Suffering, namely, (1) the suffering of pain, (2) the loss of enjoyment, (3) the suffering of decay. They will not attain to Samadhi for a long, long time in after lives.

Nevertheless, Ananda, in the time after my Parinirvana, I urge all of you Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas and Arahats to choose to be reborn in the last kalpas wholly for the sake of delivering all sentient beings.[1] You should make use of all manner of transformations, such as disciples, laymen, kings, lords, ministers, virgins, boy-eunuchs, and even as harlots, widows, adulterers, thieves, butchers, pedlers, etc., so as to be able to mingle with all kinds of people and to make known the true emancipation of Buddhism and the following peace of Samadhi. You must never speak of your own true rank of Bodhisattva-Mahasattva and Arahat, you must never reveal the Lord Buddha's Secret Cause of Attainment, nor speak without discretion before those who are not practising meditation. Except towards the end of your mortal life, you may disclose to your most worthy disciples the secret teachings and instruction, lest the evil heretics disturb and lure them away by their lies. To teach the world to observe the Precept of truthful sincerity, to practise dhyana with sincerity and to attain a true Samadhi, this is the clear and true instruction of the Lord Buddha.

Therefore, Ananda, if any disciple does not abstain from deceit, he is like a man moulding human dung instead of carving sweet-smelling sandalwood. I have always taught my bhikshu Brothers to keep their intuitive minds in straightforward sincerity as their true Altar of Enlightenment, and at all times, whether walking, standing, sitting or lying down, there should be no falsehood in your life. How disgraceful is it for heretics whose lives are filled with deceit to present themselves as having attained supreme enlightenment. They are like poverty stricken

[1] The doctrine of "bodhisattvaship," voluntarily abstaining from Nirvana and continuing in the cycle of rebirths until the world is saved, is an essential tenet of Mahayana Buddhism. A "bodhisattva" therefore corresponds somewhat to the Christian idea of "Saviour."

people who pretend to be kings or wealthy merchants, only to shame and destroy their own lives. For any such disciple who dares to represent himself as a Prince of the Dharma, there will be a terrible retribution.

It has always been a truism that any disease in a seed will reveal itself in diseased and abortive fruit. Such a disciple, seeking to attain the Lord Buddha's Enlightenment can be likened to a man trying to bite his own navel. How impossible for them to attain true Enlightenment. But bhikshus whose lives are as straight as the chord of a bow will certainly attain Samadhi. They need never fear the wiles of the Maras. They are the bhikshus who are certain to attain the Bodhisattva-Mahasattvas' supreme understanding and insight. Any lesson or instruction that is in agreement with the foregoing can be relied upon as being a true teaching of the Lord Buddha. Differing from it, it is simply a false teaching of the heretics who have always been murderers of the Life of Wisdom. This is the fourth admonition of the Lord Buddha.

Ananda! As you have asked me as to the best method for concentrating the mind of those who have difficulty in following the common methods, I will now reveal to you the Lord Buddha's Secret Method for the attainment of Bodhisattva-Mahasattvahood. But you must remember that it is of first importance to fully observe the Four Precepts as explained above. To become a Bodhisattva-Mahasattva, one must have a nature as pure and clear and repellent as frost and ice, so that no false growths of leaves and branches shall sprout out from the true Mind, such as the three poisons of lust, hatred and infatuation; or the four wickednesses of the mouth: falsehood, slander, obscene words, and flattery.

Ananda! If any of the disciples in the last kalpa should be unable to overcome their old habits, you may teach them to recite this Dharani of mine. It is called The Supreme Dharani of the Radiating Brightness of the Lord Buddha's Crowning Experience. It is the invisible transcendental power that rays out from the Tathagata's Wisdom Eye manifesting the unconditioned Essential Mind of the Lord Buddha. It is the transcendental radio-activity of Power and Glory that was revealed in me at the time of my Highest Samadhi, at the hour of my Perfect Enlightenment, as I sat amid the Lotus Blossoms under the Bodhi-tree.

Listen, Ananda! At the time you were helpless under the magic charm of the maiden Pchiti, what was it that released you and restored your control of mind? Your coming under her control was not a chance happening of this life, or of this kalpa alone: you had been in affinity with her for many a kalpa. Suddenly, when Manjusri repeated this Dharani, the bonds that bound you to her were destroyed, her passion for you was ended, and by once listening to my teaching she became enlightened. Although she was a prostitute and apparently had no interest

in the Dharma, by the invisible power of my transcendental Dharani she immediately attained to the perfection of all dhyana practice. What this Dharani did for her and for you, it can do for all others. Rest assured all my Bhikshu Brothers in his great assembly, you who are earnestly seeking Supreme Attainment, rest assured that, by the power of this Great Dharani, you will attain Buddhahood.

What Is Nirvana?

INTRODUCTION

EVERY STUDENT OF BUDDHISM must be interested in a correct notion of Nirvaṅa, the goal of this religious effort. Naturally this has puzzled many serious minds. Sir Edwin Arnold, in his Preface to "The Light of Asia," expresses the "firm conviction that a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions, or in Nothingness as the issue and crown of Being." Yet what is it?

The foregoing philosophical exposition in the *Surangama Sutra* must have prepared the reader to expect a philosophic and at the same time mystic outcome of such speculations. The process of religious enlightenment is a process of divesting oneself of the illusions of the sensory world and constantly rising to a higher conception of an ideal world, such as arrived at by Kantian idealism. It is a steady process of dropping off of errors arising from the finite "discriminating mind," such as the habitual and ingrained notion of the ego and the individuality of things. From this, the reader can already deduce what the final outcome must be. It is the reaching of that unconditioned, infinite world. But then the mechanism of our thinking and language fails, because our words must fail to describe an unconditioned existence. To call it "destruction" is to assume that there is something to destroy, and to call it "emptiness" is to assume the contrast of a substantial world. When we read that Nirvana is "neither being, nor non-being," we realize that the words "being" and "non-being" are no longer adequate. If we could think of a world without our pet notions of space and time, that is, an unconditioned world, we would have a fair notion of what Nirvana means. The doggedly logical, finite mind can never rise to this conception, and therefore it is hard for western scholars to grasp its significance.

The following disquisition gives, in my opinion, the best description of the Mahayana conception of the Nirvana, found in the end of *Lan-*

kāvatāra Sūtra. The *Lankāvatāra Sūtra* is very popular with the Chinese Buddhist students, there being four Chinese translations of it, in A.D. 420, 443, 513, and 700, of which the first one was lost. It gives a clear and well-reasoned outline of Buddhist metaphysics in a shorter, better-ordered and more complete scheme than the *Surangama*. Readers who are interested in such a clear summary are referred to "The Buddhist Bible," edited by Dwight Goddard (published by Goddard, Thetford, Vt.). But I have chosen the *Surangama*, rather than the *Lankāvatāra*, because the latter is like a well-written history of philosophy, while the former is like an original masterpiece in philosophy. Both employ the Bud-dhaesque method of dialogue, but anyone who examines both can have no doubt as to the superior aptness and freshness of Buddha's illustrations and the flesh-and-blood quality of the *Surangama*.

What Is Nirvana?

Then said Mahamati to the Blessed One [1]: Pray tell us about Nirvana?

The Blessed One replied: The term, Nirvana, is used with many different meanings, by different people, but these people may be divided into four groups: There are people who are suffering, or who are afraid of suffering, and who think of Nirvana; there are the philosophers who try to discriminate Nirvana; there are the class of disciples who think of Nirvana in relation to themselves; and, finally, there is the Nirvana of the Buddhas.

Those who are suffering or who fear suffering, think of Nirvana as an escape and a recompense. They imagine that Nirvana consists in the future annihilation of the senses and the sense-minds; they are not aware that Universal Mind and Nirvana are One, and that this life-and-death world and Nirvana are not to be separated. These ignorant ones, instead of meditating on the imagelessness of Nirvana, talk of different ways of emancipation. Being ignorant of, or not understanding, the teachings of the Tathagatas, they cling to the notion of Nirvana that is outside what is seen of the mind and, thus, go on rolling themselves along with the wheel of life and death.

As to Nirvanas discriminated by the philosophers: there really are none. Some philosophers conceive Nirvana to be found where the mind-system no more operates owing to the cessation of the elements that make up personality and its world; or is found where there is utter indifference to the objective world and its impermanency. Some conceive Nirvana to be a state where there is no recollection of the past or present, just as when a lamp is extinguished, or when a seed is burnt, or when a fire goes out; because then there is the cessation of all the substrate, which is explained by the philosophers as the non-rising of discrimination. But this is not Nirvana, because Nirvana does not consist in simple annihilation and vacuity.

[1] Buddha.

Again, some philosophers explain deliverance as though it was the mere stopping of discrimination, as when the wind stops blowing, or as when one by self-effort gets rid of the dualistic view of knower and known, or gets rid of the notions of permanency and impermanency; or gets rid of the notions of good and evil; or overcomes passion by means of knowledge; to them Nirvana is deliverance. Some, seeing in "form" the bearer of pain, are alarmed by the notion of "form" and look for happiness in a world of "no-form." Some conceive that in consideration of individuality and generality recognizable in all things inner and outer, that there is no destruction and that all beings maintain their being for ever and, in this eternality, see Nirvana. Others see the eternality of things in the conception of Nirvana as the absorption of the finite-soul in Supreme Atman [1]; or who see all things as a manifestation of the vital-force of some Supreme Spirit to which all return; and some, who are especially silly, declare that there are two primary things, a primary substance and a primary soul, that react differently upon each other and thus produce all things from the transformation of qualities; some think that the world is born of action and interaction and that no other cause is necessary; others think that Ishvara is the free creator of all things; clinging to these foolish notions, there is no awakening, and they consider Nirvana to consist in the fact that there is no awakening.

Some imagine that Nirvana is where self-nature exists in its own right, unhampered by other self-natures, as the variegated feathers of a peacock, or various precious crystals, or the pointedness of a thorn. Some conceive being to be Nirvana, some non-being, while others conceive that all things and Nirvana are not to be distinguished from one another. Some, thinking that time is the creator and that as the rise of the world depends on time, they conceive that Nirvana consists in the recognition of time as Nirvana. Some think that there will be Nirvana when the "twenty-five" truths are generally accepted, or when the king observes the six virtues, and some religionists think that Nirvana is the attainment of paradise.

These views severally advanced by the philosophers with their various reasonings are not in accord with logic nor are they acceptable to the wise. They all conceive Nirvana dualistically and in some causal connection; by these discriminations philosophers imagine Nirvana, but where there is no rising and no disappearing, how can there be discrimination? Each philosopher relying on his own text book from which he draws his understanding, sins against the truth, because truth is not where he imagines it to be. The only result is that it sets his mind to wandering

[1] Here we see the Buddhistic rebellion against Brahmanism. In this section, we see the variety of schools of philosophy prevailing in the few centuries before Christ and the background against which developments of Buddhistic thought naturally arose.

about and becoming more confused as Nirvana is not to be found by mental searching, and the more his mind becomes confused the more he confuses other people.

As to the notion of Nirvana as held by disciples and masters who still cling to the notion of an ego-self and who try to find it by going off by themselves into solitude: their notion of Nirvana is an eternity of bliss like the bliss of the Samadhis—for themselves. They recognize that the world is only a manifestation of mind and that all discriminations are of the mind, and so they forsake social relations and practise various spiritual disciplines and in solitude seek self-realisation of Noble Wisdom by self-effort. They follow the stages to the sixth and attain the bliss of the Samadhis but as they are still clinging to egoism they do not attain the "turning-about" at the deepest seat of consciousness and therefore they are not free from the thinking-mind and the accumulation of its habit-energy. Clinging to the bliss of the Samadhis, they pass to their Nirvana, but it is not the Nirvana of the Tathagatas. They are of those who have "entered the stream"; they must return to this world of life and death.

Then said Mahamati to the Blessed One: When the Bodhisattvas yield up their stock of merit for the emancipation of all beings, they become spiritually one with all animate life; they themselves may be purified, but in others there yet remains unexhausted evil and unmatured karma. Pray tell us, Blessed One, how the Bodhisattvas are given assurance of Nirvana? and what is the Nirvana of the Bodhisattvas?

The Blessed One replied: Mahamati, this assurance is not an assurance of numbers nor logic; it is not the mind that is to be assured but the heart. The Bodhisattva's assurance comes with the unfolding insight that follows passion hindrances cleared away, knowledge hindrance purified, and egolessness clearly perceived and patiently accepted. As the mortal-mind ceases to discriminate, there is no more thirst for life, no more sex-lust, no more thirst for learning, no more thirst for eternal life, with the disappearance of these fourfold thirsts, there is no more accumulation of habit-energy; with no more accumulation of habit-energy the defilements on the face of Universal Mind clear away, and the Bodhisattva attains self-realisation of Noble Wisdom that is the heart's assurance of Nirvana.

There are Bodhisattvas here and in other Buddha-lands, who are sincerely devoted to the Bodhisattva's mission and yet who cannot wholly forget the bliss of the Samadhis and the peace of Nirvana—for themselves. The teaching of Nirvana in which there is no substrate left behind, is revealed according to a hidden meaning for the sake of these

disciples who still cling to thoughts of Nirvana for themselves, that they may be inspired to exert themselves in the Bodhisattva's mission of emancipation for all beings. The Transformation-Buddhas teach a doctrine of Nirvana to meet conditions as they find them, and to give encouragement to the timid and selfish. In order to turn their thoughts away from themselves and to encourage them to a deeper compassion and more earnest zeal for others, they are given assurance as to the future by the sustaining power of the Buddhas of Transformation, but not by the Dharmata-Buddha.

The Dharma which establishes the Truth of Noble Wisdom belongs to the realm of the Dharmata-Buddha. To the Bodhisattvas of the seventh and eighth stages, Transcendental Intelligence is revealed by the Dharmata-Buddha and the Path is pointed out to them which they are to follow. In the perfect self-realisation of Noble Wisdom that follows the inconceivable transformation death of the Bodhisattva's individualised will-control, he no longer lives unto himself, but the life that he lives thereafter is the Tathagata's universalised life as manifested in its transformations. In this perfect self-realisation of Noble Wisdom the Bodhisattva realises that for Buddhas there is no Nirvana.

The death of a Buddha, the great Parinirvana, is neither destruction nor death, else would it be birth and continuation. If it were destruction, it would be an effect-producing deed, which it is not. Neither is it a vanishing nor an abandonment, neither is it attainment, nor is it of no attainment; neither is it of one significance nor of no significance, for there is no Nirvana for the Buddhas.

The Tathagata's Nirvana is where it is recognised that there is nothing but what is seen of the mind itself; is where, recognising the nature of the self-mind, one no longer cherishes the dualisms of discrimination; is where there is no more thirst nor grasping; is where there is no more attachment to external things. Nirvana is where the thinking-mind with all its discriminations, attachments, aversions and egoism is forever put away; is where logical measures, as they are seen to be inert, are no longer seized upon; is where even the notion of truth is treated with indifference because of its causing bewilderment; is where, getting rid of the four propositions, there is insight into the abode of Reality. Nirvana is where the twofold passions have subsided and the twofold hindrances are cleared away and the twofold egolessness is patiently accepted; is where, by the attainment of the "turning-about" in the deepest seat of consciousness, self-realisation of Noble Wisdom is fully entered into—that is the Nirvana of the Tathagatas.

Nirvana is where the Bodhisattva stages are passed one after another; is where the sustaining power of the Buddhas upholds the Bodhisattvas

in the bliss of the Samadhis; is where compassion for others transcends all thoughts of self; is where the Tathagata stage is finally realised.

Nirvana is the realm of Dharmata-Buddha; it is where the manifestation of Noble Wisdom that is Buddhahood expresses itself in Perfect Love for all; it is where the manifestation of Perfect Love that is Tathagatahood expresses itself in Noble Wisdom for the enlightenment of all;—there, indeed, is Nirvana!

There are two classes of those who may not enter the Nirvana of the Tathagatas: there are those who have abandoned the Bodhisattva ideals, saying, they are not in conformity with the sutras, the codes of morality, nor with emancipation. Then there are the true Bodhisattvas who, on account of their original vows made for the sake of all beings, saying, "So long as they do not attain Nirvana, I will not attain it myself," voluntarily keep themselves out of Nirvana. But no beings are left outside by the will of the Tathagatas; some day each and every one will be influenced by the wisdom and love of the Tathagatas of Transformation to lay up a stock of merit and ascend the stages. But, if they only realised it, they are already in the Tathagata's Nirvana for, in Noble Wisdom, all things are in Nirvana from the beginning.

Glossary of Hindu Words

PRONUNCIATION

The pronunciation of Sanskrit and Pali words in the transcription used in this book is simple. All vowels are pronounced as in Italian, except that the short *a* has the sound of *u* in *but*. The consonant combinations, *dh, th, kh,* etc., are pronounced as aspirated stops, as in "*bird-house*," "*hothouse*," "*block house*." G is always hard, and *c* is always pronounced as *ch*, as in *church*. The difference between dental and lingual *d, t,* between lingual and palatal *sh*, and between the different *n*'s has been ignored for the convenience of the lay reader. Where the long marks are used over vowels, the long vowel is almost always accented.

VARIATIONS OF SPELLING AND NAMES

The editor has tried to achieve uniformity of spelling in the selections from different translators as far as possible. These selections use transcriptions with different degrees of exactness. Absolute uniformity is not possible without too much violence to the texts made by different translators. In the case of better-known Anglicised words, it is a question whether the retention of the accents is desirable. Moreover, in the general reading of books on Indian literature, such variations will be encountered again and again. It is well to know when such variations refer to the same word.

1. The palatal *sh* is variously rendered as *ç, s, ś* and *sh*. Thus the Hindu god may be spelled as *Çiva, Siva* or *Shiva*, and the word for, "scripture" may be spelled as *çastra, sastra* or *shastra*.

2. English usage has established certain inconsistencies which are now

adopted. Thus the stem form is kept in *Nirvana* and *atman*, while *Brahma* and *karma* stand for *Brahman* and *karman*. Furthermore, the word *Brahmana* becomes *Brahman*, and is further Anglicised as *Brahmin*. Also the unaccented final *a* in Hindu words is almost silent in practice, and we often find this letter omitted, especially in verse, as *Arjun* for *Arjuna*.

3. There are differences between Sanskrit and Pali for the same words. The Sanskrit is the classical language of Hindu scriptures, the great epics and the Buddhist Mahayana texts translated into Chinese. Pali is a later form of the Sanskrit language, containing many simplifications, chiefly known as the language of the Buddhist *Tripitaka* (Hinayana "Pali Canons"). Thus the Sanskrit word *tripitaka* ("three baskets") becomes *tipitaka* in Pali. A few examples will show the simplification.

(SANSKRIT)	(PALI)
Nirvana	*Nibbana*
Sutra	*Sutta*
Bhikshu	*Bhikkhu*
Dhyana	*Jhana*
Arahant	*Arahat*
Prajna	*Panna*

A great part of this glossary is based on that by Swami Vivekananda in "Raja Yoga" (Brentano).

Aditi. "The earliest name invented to express the infinite," Max Müller.

Adityas. The sons of Aditi, especially Varuna and the sun.

Agni. The god of fire and light, an important Vedic god.

Akasa. The all-pervading material of the universe.

Amitabha. Boundless light, later personified as Amitabha Buddha, or Amita, very popular in Chinese Buddhism.

Ananda. Bliss. Name of Buddha's cousin and favourite disciple.

Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi. Most perfect knowledge, the highest state of Buddha knowledge.

Arahat (skt. *Arahant*). An enlightened one, a Buddhist saint (tr. into Chinese as *Lohan*).

Asana. Position of the body during meditation in *yoga* practice.

Asrama. Hermitage.

Asura. A high divine being in the Vedas; later a demon.

Atman. The eternal self, as distinguished from the false self; the universal principle in man.

Avidya. Ignorance; the active principle of ignorance which prevents us from seeing the truth.

Bhagavad. Blessed; also used as a title of Buddha.
Bhakti. Intense love of God; devotion or devotional practice of religion.
Bhikkhu (skt. *Bhikshu*). A monk, mendicant, friar, or religious devotee (tr. as *pich'iu* in Chinese).
Bhikkhuni (skt. *Bhikshuni*). A nun (tr. as *pich'iuni* in Chinese).
Bodhi. Wisdom. *Bodhi-tree,* or *Bo-tree,* the tree at Buddha-Gaya where Buddha attained enlightenment.
Bodhisatta (skt. *Bodhisattva*). "Essence of wisdom," one who is on his way to become a Buddha; in Mahayana Buddhism, one who has already attained Nirvana but voluntarily renounces it to save mankind.
Brahma. Anglicised form of skt. stem-form *Brahman* (nom. *s. Brahmā*). The world-soul personified, the chief god of Brahmanism.
Brahman. (1) Anglicised form of skt. *Brahmana.* A member of the Brahman caste, highest caste in India, from whom priests are chosen, but not necessarily a priest. A Brahmin. (2) Hindu word *Brahman,* (neuter) signifying the supreme essence, or world soul; when personified, it is *Brahmā* (masculine).
Brahmacharin. A Brahman student who has taken the religious vows.
Buddha. "The Enlightened." Name of Sakyamuni, the founder of Buddhism, but also may be anyone who has attained the state of godhead.

Chaitya. A shrine or temple.
Chandala. An outcast son of a Sudra father and a Brahman mother.
Chandan. Sandal-tree; the fragrant sandal paste.
Channa. Name of Buddha's driver.
Chitta. The "mind-stuff" in the *yoga* doctrine.
Chowri. (Properly *Chamari*) the Indian yak, whose tail is used as a fa

Devas. Gods, celestial beings.
Dhamma (skt. *Dharma*). An important Buddhist word with many meanings, the natural condition of things or beings, the law of their existence, truth, religious truth, the Buddhist Doctrine, the law (Law), the ethical code of righteousness.
Dharana. Fixing the mind on one object in *yoga* practice.
Dharma (see *Dhamma*).
Dharmakaya. The body of the Law; one of the three bodies of Buddha (see *Nirmanakaya* and *Sambhogakaya*).
Dhyana (Pali *Jhana*). Meditation as a form of religious practice aiming at attaining a mystic vision. Tr. into Chinese as *Ch'an* and into Japanese as *Zen.* Name of an important Buddhist sect in China and Japan.

Gandhara. Name of a country famous for its horses.
Gandharva. A celestial musician.
Gatha. A short verse, with a religious meaning.
Gautama (see *Gotama*).
Gayatri. An especially sacred verse of the *Rigveda*.
Ghee. Clarified butter.
Gita. Song.
Gotami. A female member of the Gotama clan.
Gotama (skt. *Gautama*). Buddha's family name. (See also *Siddhartha* and *Sakyamuni*).
Guna. A quality or attribute, but more specifically the three *Gunas* refer to the three mystic elements or principles out of which all things and beings in this world are made: these are, *Sattva*, light or illumination principle; *Rajas*, activity or passion principle, and *Tamas*, dullness, heaviness or inertia principle.
Guru. A spiritual teacher or preceptor.

Hansa. Swan or goose.
Hari. The Lord, usually designating Vishnu.
Hinayana. "The Lesser Vehicle," name of the "Southern School" of Buddhism with its centre in Ceylon, given by its opponents of the Mahayana School.

Iddhi (skt. *Riddhi*). Control of mind over matter, including powers of levitation and assuming any shape at will.
Indra. Important Vedic god of the firmament.
Isi. Pali word for skt. *Rishi*, which see.
Isvara (also *Iswara*). The Supreme Ruler, but always used to represent a personal and transcendent God.

Jain. Modernized form of skt. *Jaina;* an adherent of the Jain sect, or Jainism, emphasizing asceticism and self-mortification, criticized by Buddha.
Jataka. A Buddhist birth-story, i.e., a story telling about one of Buddha's previous lives as a human being or as an animal.
Jhana. Pali for skt. *Dhyana*, which see.

Kaivalya. The state of isolation or complete independence of the soul from the phenomenal world attained by *yoga* practice.
Kalpa. A world cycle.
Karma. Important Buddhist term, meaning work or deeds, with their necessary and natural consequences in this and future life.

Kisa Gotami (skt. *Krisha Gautami*), the slim or thin Gotami, name of the heroine in one of the Buddhist parables.
Krishna. The eighth incarnation of Vishnu; the personal god in *Bhagavad-Gita.*
Kriya-Yoga. Preliminary *yoga,* aiming at cleansing the mind.
Kshatriya. Member of the second, warrior, caste.

Magga (skt. *Marga*). The path; especially referring to the eightfold path of Buddhism, consisting of: right views, high aims, right speech, upright conduct, a harmless livelihood, perseverance in good, intellectual activity and earnest thought.
Mahayana. "The Greater Vehicle," name given themselves by followers of the "Northern School" of Buddhism now prevailing in Thibet, China, Korea and Japan. (See introduction to the selection, *Surangama Sutra*).
Manas. The deliberate faculty of the mind.
Mantra. Any prayer, holy verse, sacred or mystic word recited or contemplated during worship.
Mara. The Evil One, the tempter, the destroyer, the god of lust and sin.
Maya. Illusion; also name of Buddha's mother, with a curious similarity in sound to Maria.
Mrityu. Death; another name for the king of death, Yama.
Muni. A sage.

Nibbana. Pali word for *Nirvana,* which see.
Nirmanakaya. The body of the transformation (see *Dharmakaya*).
Nirvana. Freedom; extinction of "the illusions." Condition of emancipation from the finite world.

Om. The sacred mystic word said at the beginning of prayers, meaning the "Supreme Being," the "Bliss Absolute."

Paramita. Perfection or virtue.
Paulkasa. An outcast, son of a Sudra father and a Kshatriya mother.
Pitaka. "Basket." *Tripitaka* is the name of the "Three Baskets," or three bodies of Buddhist Canons.
Prajapati. The creator of the universe and lord of the creatures.
Prajna. Highest knowledge which leads to the realization of the Deity.
Prakriti. Nature.
Prana. Breath.
Pranayama. Control of breathing in *yoga* practice.

Pratyekabuddha. A Buddha who works out his individual salvation only.
Purusha. The soul behind the mind-consciousness, the Seer, the eternal in man.

Raja. "To shine"; royal.
Rajas. One of the three *Gunas*, which see.
Raja Yoga. "Royal Yoga," the science of conquering the inner nature.
Rakshas. A class of demons ranging at night and capable of assuming different forms.
Rasa. The mythical river in the firmament.
Rishi. A saint, an anchorite, a seer.

Sadhyas. Celestial beings.
Sakya. Name of Buddha's race, a royal race in the northern frontiers of Magadha.
Sakyamuni. "The Sage of the Sakyas," name of Buddha.
Samadhi. The state of spiritual ecstasy, achieved through meditation; the highest state attained through *yoga.*
Sambhogakaya. The body of Bliss (see *Dharmakaya*).
Samyama. "Control"; in *yoga* practice, the perfect control of the mind.
Sangha. The Buddhist church or brotherhood.
Sankhya. The name of the school of philosophy, founded by Kapila.
Sastra. Holy Scripture.
Sattva. See *Guna.*
Satyam. Truthfulness.
Siddhartha. Buddha's proper name.
Siddhas. *Yogas* who have attained supernatural powers.
Siddhis. The supernatural powers which come through *yoga.*
Siva. The destroyer of the Hindu Trinity. (See *Brahma* and *Vishnu.*)
Sloka. The common verse form of sixteen-syllable lines, used in the Hindu epics.
Soma. Name of a plant and its juice, an intoxicating drink used in Vedic rituals; also personified as a god and identified with the moon.
Sudra. The fourth and lowest caste of servants and labourers. (See also *Brahman, Kshatriya* and *Vaisyas.*)
Surya. The Sun-god.
Sutra. "Thread," any essay or guide of a religious character.
Sutta. Pali for skt. *Sutra.*
Swami. A title meaning "master" or "spiritual teacher."
Swayamvara. A form of bridal, the bride selecting her husband from among suitors.

Tamas. See under *Guna.*

Tathagata. A word denoting the highest religious enlightenment, used of Buddha and by Buddha of himself, generally explained as "the Perfect One"; translated into Chinese as "Thus Come," or *Julai.*

Udgitha. Ritual chant.

Urmya. An epithet of night

Vaisyas. The third caste of merchants (see *Brahman, Kshatriya,* and *Sudra*).

Varuna. The old Vedic god of the sky.

Vayu. The wind.

Vedas. The Hindu Scriptures consisting of the *Rigveda,* the *Yajurveda,* the *Samaveda,* the *Arthavaveda;* also the *Brahmanas* and the *Upanishads.*

Vedanta. "The end of the Vedas," the final philosophy of the Vedas as expressed in the *Upanishads.*

Vishnu. The "Preserver" of the Hindu Trinity (see *Siva*), who takes care of the universe and incarnates from time to time to save mankind.

Visvakarman. The Creator of the universe.

Yakshas. A class of supernatural beings.

Yajna. Sacrifice.

Yama. Death; the King of Death.

Yasodhara. Wife of Buddha, who became one of the first Buddhist nuns.

Yoga. "Yoking," or joining the lower self to the higher self by means of mental control.

Yogi, or *Yogin.* One who practises *yoga.*

Yojana. The distance of about nine English miles.